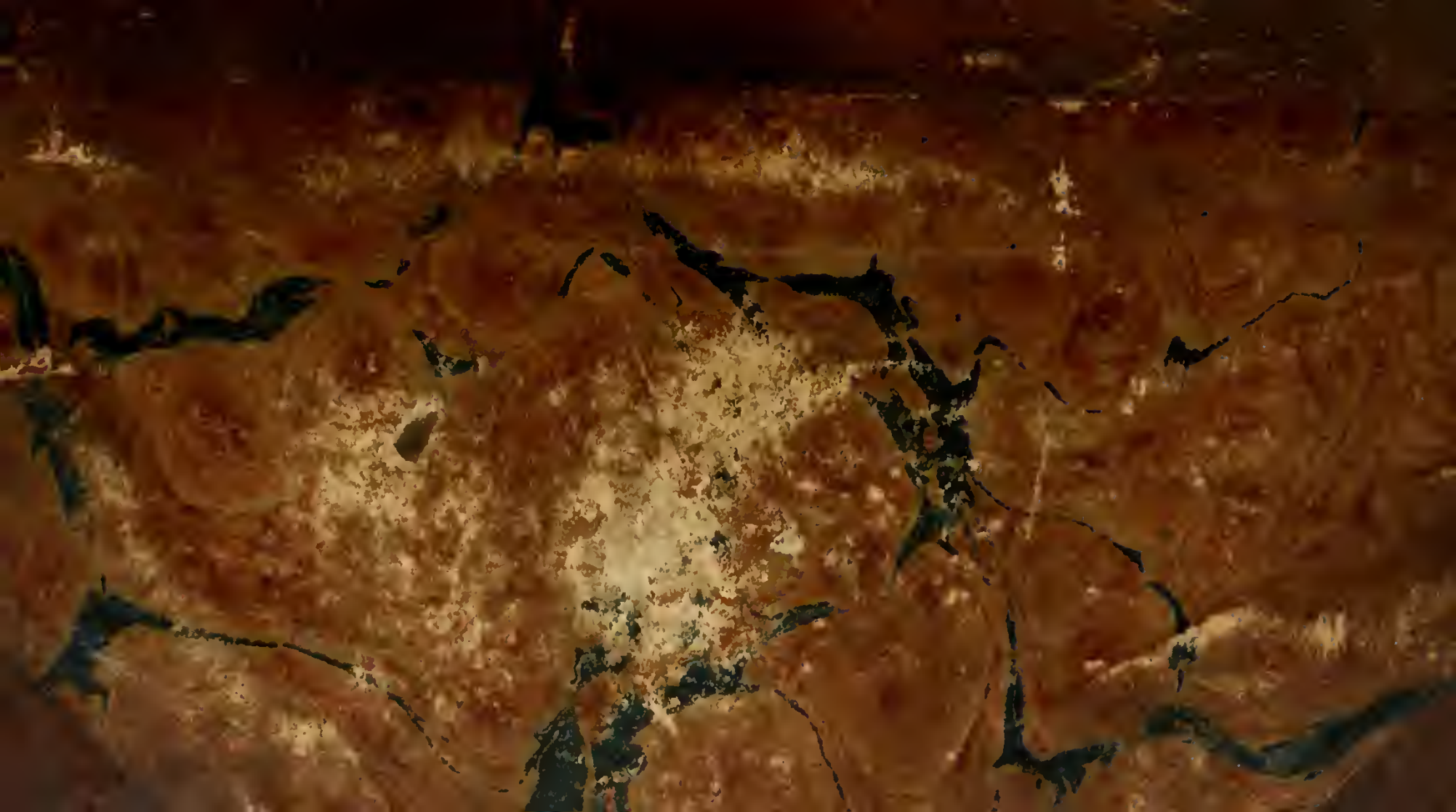

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GILBERT,

AN AMATORY RURAL POEM.

IN EIGHT CANTOS.

BY

JAMES TEMPLEMAN.

Love will still be lord of all.

SCOTT.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR SHERWOOD, NEELY, AND JONES,

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GILBERT,

AN AMATORY POEM,

&c.

TO

THOMAS TEMPLEMAN, ESQ.

THIS VOLUME

OF

POEMS AND TALES

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

HIS MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

LONDON,
May 4, 1809.

INTRODUCTION.

I CANNOT preface this edition of GILBERT better, than by presenting my readers with the liberal remarks of some literary Friends concerning it. They, indeed, have treated the POEM very handsomely, far beyond its real merits. To their good-nature only, I must owe the mention of *beauties* I am still at a loss to discover; but the faults alluded to, it has been my endeavour to amend.

I now beg leave to present my several acknowledgments to the GENTLEMEN who favoured me with their advice; particularly the immortal AUTHOR of the LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL. His letter I hold as an invaluable treasure; the words of which are deeply impressed on my memory.

LONDON,
Feb. 15, 1809.

To Mr. C——n.

DEAR SIR,

I YESTERDAY received the enclosed sheets by favour of Mr. Ridgway, and snatch a moment from very close and laborious duty, to give you, as desired, my opinion of their contents. The title of "GILBERT, an *amatory* POEM," did not prepossess me in the author's favour; it seemed he were treating on a subject unlikely to afford much novelty, and I began to peruse his work with cool indifference. I was, however, soon undeceived, and felt the fullest conviction, that we ought not to give way, too rashly, to ill-founded prejudices; nor condemn the merits of a book before we well understand for why.

The Poem of *Gilbert* displays a considerable share of invention. It is a pleasing picture, that must have cost the author much time and study: the characters are well delineated, and the rural scenery admirably diversified.

I am aware, that many illiberal critics will consider it a fault, in this writer's having chosen his personages from the lower class of mankind, thinking that the common dialect of such sort of people is, in general, too mean to be worthy of note. An unskilful poet must have sunk under such a disadvantage, unable to attach any circumstances meet to excite our curiosity: but, in the present undertaking, the difficulty is overcome by a forcible combination of striking images, which bear on the mind with irresistible strength; not only to keep the attention fixed, but form, as

it were, a fruitful vine, of which Gilbert is the stem. And, if the criterion of real genius is decided to consist in originality, we have it here in a most eminent degree. This author's aim is to paint Nature in her humblest capacity, and he has fairly won the laurel from all modern competition.

Aristotle very rightly observes, that ability to invent, is, itself, the soul of poetry. An indifferent person may write smooth verses, which, by the helpful aid of classical learning, may be correct in every respect; but yet, if they are destitute of that animative zest, which alone will crown unnumbered faults with immortality, they must sink into oblivion: it ever remains with the inventive powers to raise poetry into estimation; and if an author is in possession of a gift so divine, it enables him to overcome every other difficulty.

> " * Nor the learn'd exercise of schools,
> Nor the stiff pedantry of rules,
> Awake in splendid fame,
> More high than where those rules can reach,
> From Nature's book, which angels teach
> To bards who catch the flame."

Throughout Gilbert the above invaluable property shines with a lustre truly sublime. It is occasionally interspersed with pertinent reflections, that evince a knowledge of mankind, which cannot be acquired from books. These are scattered with judgment, and increase our interest in the work itself.

I intend some remarks, by way of critique, on this novel performance, to explore a few of its many beauties, and dwell a little on the excellent

* See p. xxxv.

MORAL it holds out to the reader. The fable is simply as follows:

Gilbert, by profession a carrier, falls in love with *Jenny*, living at the TOLL-GATE, through which he goes, occasionally, with his tilted cart. Not being able to break his mind properly to the maiden, coldness and reserve on her part ensues, which Gilbert misinterprets, wrongly, into slight. At length he is led to wander abroad in the open country, and strolls about unsettled in his mind, and heavily oppressed with grief. He saves the life of a worthy gentleman, at whose house he finds the object of his sincere attachment. His mistake is cleared up, and the poem thereupon concludes.

From the foregoing statement, it is evident, it must have required no small share of genius to supply the lack of materials in so barren a subject: but, what is still more surprising, all the *materials* are of the *richest quality*, and easily brought to spring up from the very SUBJECT ITSELF.

How sweetly, but yet with what force, does the poet strike upon his theme proposed! It is a fine transition, when he touches on the clang of WAR, and gives the very report and echo of the exploding engines:—

'While dreadful guns *loud roar*,
Vent fire and smoke, and *shake* the *rattling* shore;'

To say immediately after,

'I sing of Nature, and a Lover's pains;
Woods, rivers, rocks, and fields, excite my humbler strains.'

It is the swell of a full organ dying away to the soft and delicate tones of a melodious harp; and,

as it came unexpectedly, it gave me the greater delight. I was no longer alive to any trivial faults, or verbal errors—I perused the whole, throughout, with the highest degree of satisfaction.

The *labourer*, working on the highway, expresses his plaint in the bitterest style: indignant at his poverty, which he attributes to his wife and children, he regrets the old enjoyments of his youthful days, envying *Gilbert* the single life which leaves him at liberty to go where he pleases. We hardly can bestow on him any pity, of which he seems utterly unworthy. The reply GILBERT makes discovers a happy contrast of sentiment.

Nell's sad story, told by the SHEPHERD, exhibits images of another cast. The moral is striking, but the tale itself has a contrary effect to what was expected. Here follows a fine display of WOOD SCENERY.

The opening of the second CANTO is enriched with images of a prime quality. The woodman at work in the dingle gives a nice shade to the colours. *Gilbert* felling the tree, its *crash* in falling, the *sap* draining from the trunk, and the youth tying the faggots, are among the unnumbered beauties of the Poem.

The woodman's cottage is a familiar picture; it is, nevertheless, described under circumstances which render it uncommonly interesting. The CONVERSATION at supper-time, and the harmless mirth of the rustics, in which is introduced the shepherd playing the *bladder and string*, are replete with NOVELTY AND ENTERTAINMENT. *Gilbert* finds here a little relief from his sorrows.

Susan's story, related by the *farmer's boy*, is in

the pathetic style. It is charmingly told, and excites a degree of pity at her untimely fate. *Gilbert* in the hay-loft proves himself worthy of his friend's confidence; through which, and his ability to resist temptation, he paves the way for his future happiness. The SCENERY of the FARM-YARD, the occupation of the farmer, and the solicitude expressed for Gilbert by the young boy, are the best conceived things I ever met with. I find a neat allegorical apostrophe to CLEANLINESS: I shall insert it here.

> 'Fair *Cleanliness*, sweet-scented, lovely maid!
> How bless'd the cottage where thou art display'd!
> Good *Health* delights to follow close thy train,
> And *Poverty* attempts to frown in vain:
> When thou midst want set'st out thy charms divine,
> Still are we led to fancy plenty thine;
> Thy magic touch gives things more value still;
> And where thou dwell'st, the more content we feel.'
>
> *Canto* V. verse 173.

GILBERT's adventure with the king of the gipsies, and his undertaking to carry a letter for his friend *Herbert*, ultimately crown his felicity. His meeting with his Jenny will be read with interest; and the GOOD ADVICE which Herbert receives on his return home, is worthy the reader's attention.

I would willingly extend my remarks; but for want of talent I must be as concise as possible.

It is universally allowed, that "Nature is partial in bestowing her gifts." We behold, at times, an individual, by some dignifying inherent quality, rise above the herd of mankind; or, to use the language of a celebrated tourist, "Great minds have assisted themselves in their emancipation from ob-

security in a most astonishing manner; and, to the eternal honour of that delicious intuition, that heavenly inspiration, that something so infinitely beyond science and the schools, whenever this nucleus has burst its confines, it has never failed to spread unusual splendour, and attract superior admiration." The truth of which is exemplified, by our looking into the laboured effusions of authors. We perceive many abound with flashes of genuine wit, and others, with all the *helps* that LEARNING can bestow, dull and insipid; but we cannot apply the latter case, justly, to the Author of *Gilbert*. He seems well endowed with a lively imagination, and is at no loss to keep up the merits of his personages. His INVENTION gains in strength, the more we read; until, at last, it forms itself, as it were, into a vast mirror, drawing every thing around within its own proper focus.

He is no mean poet; and it adds not a little to his merit, that he has chosen his heroes from among the lower orders of mankind. It is likely he will meet with some readers ever ready to find fault; but to the admirers of real GENIUS, and lovers of poetic harmony, the Poem of *Gilbert* will be a standing dish.

It would require a CAPEL LOFFT to discriminate, fully, its several beauties. I have pointed out a few of them, and must leave it to greater abilities than mine to finish what I have indifferently begun. At the same time, I am far from saying it has no blemishes; but they * are chiefly of a verbal na-

* Since my writing the above I have examined over the emendatory improvements, and in no case can apply the same

ture, and trivial to those who read more for amusement than to discover errors.

In the following lines I perceive a mistake in the grammatical construction, which rather obscures the sense:

> 'Loud dreary groans his breaking *heart issue.*'
>
> *Canto* I. verse 25.

Again,

> 'Say, at thy home, more happy still to be,
> Dwells the good wife, source of felicity;
> With children young thy wishes *gratified*,
> And gifted blessings crown thy fireside?'
>
> *Canto* II. verse 139.

In the underneath quotation, the word 'cruel' has a very bad effect; it throws too great a stress on the first foot, or syllable.

> 'Alas! what signs of madness vex my brain!
> My blood no longer burns in ev'ry vein:
> My senses fled, an outcast lorn I die,
> Far from the glance of her disdainful eye:
> Yet, *cruel* Jane! one kindly tear bestow;
> Drop but one tear in pity to my woe.'
>
> *Canto* I. verse 341.

I have taken the liberty, as it will appear, to make a trifling alteration in the third verse. I think it an improvement. There are not many lines throughout the whole piece that will properly ad-

Remarks to the present *Edition:* these faults appear to have been carefully corrected by the Author. I conceive it will be found, as a poetical work, only equalled by its remarkable *cheapness*, enabling every reader to become a purchaser.

S. P.

mit of it. I believe fewer errors ever escaped any author in a labour of such extent.

As I am now touching on the more discordant Parts, I subjoin a letter*, written by a person who appears better able to condemn, than to treat with candour, the light imperfections of an author. I have little occasion to observe to the intelligent reader, that, although it seems to have been written with all the malevolence of a mere critic, it is, nevertheless, too futile in its substance to obtain weight.

" If poetry," says an able writer, " possesses a certain zest and vigour, it will float, one day or other, in spite of ten thousand faults; and if it is not, as sailors term it, sea-worthy, it will sink to rights, though caulked by all the critical carpenters in Europe." But it is my opinion that GILBERT will bear a verbal comparison with even the last

* " To Mr. G——E.

" Dear Sir,

" At your request I have perused the sheets which accompany this letter, and shall give you my opinion of their contents. There cannot be two opinions, indeed, about the matter. The Poem comes with the dignity of an Epic, and is divided, not only into Cantos, but into *Books too*. It is the attempt, at composition in verse, of a farmer's son, who has gotten his education at a Sunday school, and read Bloomfield, and nothing else. If, however, the Author had a Capel Lofft to revise, and in many instances to rewrite, his verses, and the project were not somewhat deficient in novelty, he might perhaps have attained as much success as the Author of the Farmer's Boy: but a second Bloomfield is like a second Young Roscius. As it is, his verses are the most incorrect and tasteless things that ever passed the compositor's stick; and if ever the Author of Gilbert makes a blaze in the world, his book must be his fuel. B——n F——d."

edition of the *Farmer's Boy;* admitted too, that the one was revised by a CAPEL LOFFT, and the other the unlettered effusions of a farmer's son. The critic, however, errs; for the AUTHOR is not indeed a farmer's son, but only a *young merchant*, well known in the commercial world; who studies POETRY more with a view to relax the fatigues of a *counting-house*, than in any expectation to derive pecuniary emolument from it. But the character of a writer does not depend so much on what he may happen to be, as on the merits of his works.

I now hasten to close my account, with little more than some CRITICAL REMARKS concerning GILBERT, written by a gentleman whose sentiments agree more favourably with mine. They contain, besides, an explanation of the MORAL it is intended should be conveyed. Speaking of the Poem, he says:

"I have read it over and over again; and perhaps there are not many lines but what I have now by heart, easy to quote on occasion; the result of which is, that no book I ever met with has afforded me more rational pleasure, or so much amusement; nor do I recollect any author whom I have studied more, though I read a great many. But what most excites my surprise, is the poet's ingenuity.—He has formed a handsome story in verse, of a subject which no one else has ever attempted in like manner. This is not to be wondered at. It is a scanty field, where few but the author of *Gilbert* would venture to glean.

"The native simplicity of GILBERT often excites my smiles, attempered with pity. I can

hardly forbear my compassion, even when it occurs to mind that he is at last made happy.

" The situation of the man repairing the roads I cannot well enter into, never having myself experienced *domestic unhappiness.* I admire the character of the Woodman. It shows that contentment and industry are the truest sources of RURAL FELICITY—the surest guardians against *profligacy* and *vice.*

" NELL and SUSAN are incidents which cannot be too widely circulated : they hold out a most doleful but true picture of the sorrows of female seduction, and the utter ruin of those, who place their implicit confidence in the false oaths of a designing lover.

" JOYCE is a heedless young woman violently bent on the gratification of an illicit passion ; but young women, like Joyce, may learn from Gilbert, of there having been more than one *Joseph* in the world, and that no temptation whatever can bring a truly virtuous mind to swerve from the paths of RECTITUDE and HONOUR. Had *Gilbert* complied with her evil wishes, possibly her kindness might have tempted him to remain in her father's family, and thus, not only prevent his saving the life of a fellow-creature, but deprive him of the accidental circumstance of finding his JANE, and the consequent happy issue of their meeting.

" From a summary statement of the several characters in this *interesting* POEM, particularly in the case of *Nell, Susan,* and *Gilbert,* we may draw this salutary and excellent moral, that sooner or later VIRTUE WILL BE ITS OWN REWARD, AND VICE CARRY WITH ITSELF ITS OWN PUNISHMENT,

" In fine, if *Bloomfield* has received so much applause, who had so wide a scope with his popular subject;

' The fields his study, Nature was his book ;'

how much more is due to the AUTHOR of Gilbert, who has reared his own superstructure, without any ground, apparently, to build on, or any materials to build with!

" But I should err against truth and my own judgment, were I to say, it is entirely free from faults. I have not myself pointed out any. I read for pleasure, not to discover errors; and where I find any in Gilbert, I willingly allow that even Milton and Shakspeare are not infallible. Southey is not always perfect, and in *Bloomfield* I can perceive faults without number, yet he had the advantage of a Capel Lofft to revise his book.

" F. J. P."

In course of the work there are two or three lines which seem to clash with other writers. I shall quote them here.

Gray, in his Elegy, expresses, that

' Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness in the desert air.'

Compare these in Gilbert:

' Rank nettles, thyme, wood-betony, henbane,
Here waste their virtue and their strength in vain.'

Canto II. verse 25.

And in Bloomfield:

> 'Just where the parting boughs' light shadows play.'
> *F——'s Boy.*

> 'Along the ground the boughs' dark semblance plays.'
> *Gilbert*, Canto I. verse 141.

In the latter there appears somewhat of an imitation; yet, on a closer survey, one turns out to be a very imperfect, and the other a true delineation. The whimsical idea of 'light shadows,' reminds me of a learned *Irish* gentleman, who, having arrived from the coast of Africa, ingeniously confessed, he admired the young female blacks; for, said he, they are very fair to look upon! It is the misfortune of the *Farmer's Boy*, that whenever he happens on a good thought, he is almost certain to spoil it, either by some obscurity in his expression, or by his distorting the image. The line ought to stand thus:

> 'Just where the boughs' light airy shadows play.'

We could not, then, mistake its meaning. Again:

> 'Where the kite, brooding, unmolested flies.'
> *F——'s Boy.*

> 'Where, unmolested, brood the birds of prey.'
> *Gilbert*, Canto VIII. verse 18.

I took the above for an imitation also: but was glad to discover, that the lines convey two very distinct ideas. The latter is a true picture, taken from nature; and the former, a mere jingle of words. It labours to tell us, that the kite, unmo-

lested, *flies brooding:* a sudden flash, that would seem a novelty in the travels of the renowned MUNCHAUSEN.

These are the only collisions throughout the whole Poem.

SAMUEL PENIETINE.

London,
Jan. 10th, 1809.

To MR. C——N.

SIR,

YOUR favour, sent to me on Thursday week, came duly to hand, along with the celebrated poem of GILBERT; I say, indeed, *celebrated,* because we have admired him, even in his worst clothes (the first edition foolscap). The improvements which the author has since made are very deserving of praise. It is a work likely to do him much credit. But with regard to the copy of the letter from a Mr. B——N F——D, are you correct? I have sent it back with my remarks thereon. You say he writes for the *Reviews;* which, however strange it seems, is not improbable. I have frequently met with *criticisms* not the most correct things in the literary world. His letter shows but little of the scholar, as you will perceive by some verbal inaccuracies which I have taken the pains to mark out; and, on that head, he must be ill qualified, indeed, to judge of the merits or the faults of *Gilbert.* It requires little of logic to discover the weakness of his other arguments, applied in the present case; for, if an author cannot be successful because another *has,*

there would soon be a speedy end to every effort of human GENIUS: emulation would become extinct; and we should be left to pore for ever over the same thing. His style is ridiculous—a *second* Bloomfield, must be still a Bloomfield, it is all one figure; therefore, he says, a writer *cannot succeed* because he *has succeeded*—very sensible truly, to come from the pen of a learned critic. As to what *Anonymous* relates of this author having copied from Bloomfield, it is impossible! No writer, especially of poetry, could, I am confident, derive any help or satisfaction in so doing: which I shall now endeavour to explain; not only to vindicate a favourite bard, but to snatch a little of the misplaced wreath from the brow of the *F—r's Boy:* a leaf or two, surely, should belong to GILBERT.

It has been with me an invariable rule, never to trust the *opinion* of any one person concerning the *merits* of a BOOK. I had rather think for myself; and, according to the amusement or instruction I find, I elevate the author in my own estimation. A poet who undertakes to copy NATURE, should first make himself well acquainted with the meaning and order of words; for, without this, it is not likely he can express his ideas in that purity of style so essential to a good writer. Do we not, justly, find fault with the false colouring of a picture if the objects appear distorted? And in *poetry*, as well as in *painting*, due care should be held to represent the images accurately. Were the *Farmer's Boy* once stripped of his gaudy trappings, (the *preface*, &c.) and the reader not afraid to trust to his own discernment, keeping in view as much of

the author's design as he may be able to collect, he will soon discover the most contradictory blemishes, ignorant mistakes, and tautologies, that ever escaped any writer whatever; saying nothing of the light hops and skips, like *a grasshopper*, over the wide field of nature.

I have neither time nor inclination, at present, to enter fully into an elaborate discussion of a subject so trifling. I shall be as brief as possible. The blunders of this author commence with his *title-page*, and end only with his *book*. With respect to the title-page, I suppose it is meant to give a summary statement of the work. THOMSON judiciously divides his poem into four distinct parts; Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter; but why the *occupation* of a farmer's boy is divided *into the four seasons of the year*, is hard to unriddle.

In speaking of *Giles*, the poet introduces him as one inured to hard labour:

> 'Labour his portion,——
> His life was, constant, cheerful servitude:'

Yet, in the next line save one, it follows,

> 'The fields his study, nature was his book:'

which conveys an idea totally irreconcileable to the former assertion; since the study of nature, in her full variety, we must all allow, is ever incompatible with a life of actual drudgery: besides, while speaking of the farmer, he adds:

> 'Unceasing industry he kept in view;
> And never lack'd a job for Giles to do.'

The boy must, therefore, either wilfully neglect his master's business, or otherwise give up his favourite pursuits; which, in the very outline of the work, is a strange contradiction, that will, at one time or other, manifest itself to the meanest capacity. But, at the commencement of the third book, the author himself bids farewell to his hero. He is now in a glowing heat with *Thomsonic* fire, and exclaims—

> 'The years decline,
> The thundering *chase*, &c.
> Invite my song!'

after premising, at first, only to sing of him,

> 'Whose drudgery unheeded goes.'

Not so is the portraiture of *Gilbert*. It is finely drawn, and is never perceived to depart from its original SIMPLICITY. The same point holds good with all the other personages in this inestimable Poem; but the character of *Giles* is expressed very differently indeed. He is represented as one industrious, idle, bold, sheepish; a common butt for every clode-pole to crack his jokes upon; a mere novice; and, lastly, a *great philosopher!*

It is impossible to admit such idle metaphors as the following, with our ideas of the elegant and classical compositions of THEOCRITUS, with whose works the *F——r's Boy* is said to rank! viz. *breath* itself *stands still;* the slumbering *ploughs*, the friendly *horn*, the friendly *shore*, the friendly *telescope*, breathless *rooms*, smokes and steams *, nature's

* It is considered very improper style to write 'smokes

charms that *stamps*, wield thy *shotless gun*, &c. or what sense or meaning do we find in such lines as these—

> ' Still 'midst huge clods he plunges *on* forlorn,
> That *laugh*, &c.'

Or

> ' Every molehill is a bed of thyme !'

The former, who can understand it? and, of the latter, it is a riddle that would utterly disgrace a toy-book for children. The best of his images, or those which are held out to possess the highest degree of excellence, are badly finished. In many instances the sense is sacrificed to gingle the rhyme, and in others the rhyme is totally disregarded:

> ' The splendid *raiment* of the earth *peeps* forth.'

In which the beauty of the image is destroyed, and the sense utterly lost, merely to chime with the ending of the word *north*. Again,

> ' Advancing *Spring* profusely spreads abroad
> Flowers of all hues, with sweetest fragrance *stor'd;*
> Where'er she treads, *Love* gladdens every plain,
> *Delight*, on tip-toe, bears her lucid train;
> Sweet *Hope* with couscious brow before her flies,
> Anticipating wealth from summer skies;
> All Nature feels her renovating sway;
> The sheep fed pasture, and the meadow gay;
> And trees, and shrubs, no longer budding seen,
> Display the new-grown branch of lighter green.'

and steams,' &c. we might as well say a bag of shots, a bag of sands, a load of coals, chickens, &c. which are aggregate nouns, and admit not the plural termination.

Fine as this assemblage of allegorical figures is said to be, the idea of 'delight on tip-toe' completely spoils it. To walk on the tip of the toe, is a movement very unlikely to give delight. And should we picture the image in the attitude of dancing, it seems still more ridiculous; for she is described in the act of bearing another's train.

But, if *Delight* actually *bears* the lucid habiliments of *Spring*, it is no wonder that '*Love* gladdens every *plain*' on beholding a naked goddess so intently employed. Far from there being any particular beauty or merit discernible in these highly adulated verses, the poet evidently wishes to *pass* the matter quick as possible. *Advancing* SPRING moves with too great a degree of haste to be otherwise than servile. She has even consigned over her dress to accelerate her motions, and tosses the flowers *abroad*, and at home too, with an inconceivable rapidity. This is against all rules of sound composition, and the poetry must be bad indeed, that thus confuses our ideas.

Connoisseurs in painting examine into the merits of a piece by the appearance it may bear to nature, supposing the objects as seen through a meniscus-glass. It would be very wrong for a painter, who meant to sketch a *Venus*, to represent her toothless, or her skin in wrinkles; hence it is evident, that whatever painting *is* to the sight, poetry should *be* to the mind. A word misplaced, or wrongly applied, may injure a picture formed by the imagination, as much as the lack of an eye or a hand would spoil the symmetry of a figure painted on canvass. Had the poet left out the misnomer,

' tip-toe,' and modulated the personified figure *Delight*, so as to have ended the verse thus,

' bears up her lucid train,'

it would not only have read much better, but stood more consonantly true with grammar and sense.

A tasteless author will sometimes stumble on a good thought, which, if it were properly managed, might cover a hundred of his faults; but, unfortunately, he hammers it out like leaf gold, till it becomes of little value. An example of which is seen in the former passage. The first image of ' advancing SPRING,' is carried out to its full extent, by ' *Delight* on tip-toe :' it is disabled at the fifth line, with ' Sweet *Hope* anticipating wealth ;' recovers a little in the seventh, where ' All Nature feels,' &c. and then it suddenly disappears. When an image is broken, or the idea imperfect, it should be struck off with a dash thus—or a full point. It is not in the power of the *comma* or the *semicolon*, or any device whatever, to join a figure after it is divided, as at the end of this concluding line ;

' All Nature feels her renovating sway ;'

The next verse is the head of another distinct subject :

The sheep-*fed* pasture, and the meadow gay.'

Then follows another—

' And trees and shrubs, no longer budding seen,
Display the *new*-grown branch of lighter green.'

I notice the above, because it is of infinite importance. The semicolon at the end of the former line, ‘ renovating sway ;’ confines ‘ All Nature to the sheep-*fed* pasture,’ &c. which seems absurd. The term itself of sheep-*fed* is objectionable. It conveys no portion of sense. The same remark will apply nearly to the word (if word it can be called) of *new*-grown. It does not only cause a labouring, but it is extremely harsh, and *bitter* to the understanding. I presume, however, it might be rendered admissibly into ‘ full-grown :’ but the former I shall leave to abler commentators.

However, I will befriend the poet, and, for once, re-write the foregoing, as they are set apart for some of his best verses. I expect his thanks—it may be of use to him in future.

‘ Returning *Spring* profusely scatters wide
Flowers of all hues, with fragrant sweets supplied ;
Where’er she treads, a beauteous scene appears,
Each tree, each plant, her verdant liv’ry wears ;
Gaily *Delight* bears up her lucid train ;
Kind thoughts inspire each rural nymph and swain,
And *Love* keeps holiday upon the plain.
Glad *Hope* before, on lifted pinion flies,
Sanguine of blessings from the milder skies ;
Unnumber’d *joys* attend, to crown her way ;
All Nature feels her renovating sway.

I disapprove very much, the voluptuous scene of the rustic’s *encircling* the lovely *maid*, (book ii. v. 169) divested of her gown, her creaking stays, &c. It is written in a kind of loose style, that leaves the reader to put upon it the worst construction, and ought to have utterly excluded the *Farmer’s Boy* from all respectable BOARDING

SCHOOLS. To render it still more pernicious, either the poet, or his *editor*, has fixed a dash at the end of the word stays ;——as if ashamed to go on with the indelicate subject. Then follows a strange silence indeed ! at length some one is found asking the following impertinent question :

> Invidious *barrier !* why art *thou* so high,
> When the slight covering of her neck slips by,
> There half *revealing* to the *eager sight*
> Her full, ripe bosom, *exquisitely* white ?

The numerous mistakes, &c. in the *Farmer's Boy*, are likely owing to his unprecedented *cruelty*, which led him to gulp down his poor Muse, like the avaricious man in the fable, who destroyed a fowl that laid golden eggs. He says ;

> ' O come, bless'd spirit ! whatsoe'er thou art ;
> Thou kindling warmth,' &c.

After which invitation he exclaims :

> ' Sweet *inmate*, hail !'

Fully demonstrative of the action and effect.

Whether or not these remarks will be looked upon as invidious, I cannot determine. To discuss the merits of an author according to the best of our capacity, is a privilege we are still allowed. We have it along with the pamphlet for our money. How few make use of this privilege ! They will sooner go with the stream of popular opinion ; never thinking how, or where, that opinion might originate. This is a truth, indeed. One will cry—' I have seen a volume which I think charming—it afforded me much amusement.

Pray how was it received by the critics?'—'Why, as for that,' says another, 'they *bona fide* condemned it.'—'Indeed!' says the first, 'then my own judgment must have erred! I will return it immediately to the publishers.'—'Here,' says a third, 'is a truly divine performance! I really *do not understand it myself*, but am informed it has a rapid sale. It comes well recommended, which is enough for me.'

To conclude a subject dissonant to every principle of liberality, I will again aver my decided opinion to be, that the AUTHOR of *Gilbert* neither did, nor could have copied his characteristic POEM from Bloomfield's *Farmer's Boy*. An imitation must always fall short of the original; and to compare both these works together, we might as well contrast the feeble beams of the moon to the dazzling rays of the sun.—GILBERT is the production, apparently, of a GREAT POET in his infancy, (one whom we should do well to encourage); and the *F——'s B——y*, the clumsy labour of a *new*-grown poetaster. And thus much for the learned Mr. F——d's criticism.

Since the above, I have discoursed with the author, and he gladly embraced the offer I made to revise his works; a task which, I must confess, afforded me great pleasure. It can hardly be supposed that a person, whose time is almost wholly occupied by an extensive business, could be infallible in 'building the lofty rhyme,' or not to have passed over some little inaccuracies which a common writer might have avoided. In good

truth, the poem of GILBERT, in the state it first came into the world, might be compared to a rough diamond, which required only a little polish to make it appear in its full lustre. Whether or not I have succeeded in the attempt, must be left with the reader to judge, such as may happen to have in their possession the foolscap and quarto editions. I will further add in defence of this liberty, that whatever alterations I perceived necessary, the poet cheerfully adopted, and thereby proved himself entirely void of conceit. I never heard him express the least sentiment in favour of his poetical abilities, yet, I believe, he possesses the powers of versification in a very eminent degree, as indeed will every one who impartially reads his Gilbert, and the other poems which are prefixed to this volume; but I have it in view to give a further proof of what I affirm as follows:

I was in company a few days ago with several literary friends, and, among other subjects of conversation, the *F——'s B——y* was brought on the carpet, of which it was maintained, that its *real merit*, more *than the novelty of the manner in which it was produced*, had insured it unbounded success; many ventured to say, it was a poem that required an uncommon degree of ingenuity; and, on the strength of the Editor's * preface, some affirmed, it was the best and most perfect production of uncultured genius England had to boast; but I declined, at the time, giving my opinion of the matter, I only desired permission to drop a

* Capel Lofft.

line to a *certain person*, who sometimes wrote a little for his own amusement. It was to this purpose:

DEAR SIR,

I AM now in company with a few friends, who contend that the F——'s B——y is a work difficult for any writer to attempt; but from the observations I have made on your Gilbert, I am convinced you could readily undertake a similar poem, in a better and more natural style, were such a thing necessary. You have not been at *plough*, yet I conjecture you can imagine yourself in *that* capacity, and compose immediately, forty or fifty extempore lines——I need say no more at present. We are anxiously waiting the return of the bearer.

M. S.

In a less time than *two hours* I received the following answer, together with the annexed poetry, of which hereafter.

DEAR SIR,

YOU have set me a task indeed, but I endeavour to fulfil your wishes, and all I can say in vindication of my verses will be, that I was totally unprepared for every thing of the kind. You may put the enclosed to what use you please, though I apprehend the fire is their most fitting place.

J. T.

FARMER HOBSON;

A RURAL POEM.

I sing the toils of *one* unknown to fame,
A rural swain, *John Hobson* call'd by name;
Whose daily cares revolving *seasons* crown,
On fallow mead, on hill, or level down,
Since in the yard, the barn, or cultur'd field,
The farmer's labours ample subject yield,
If but the *Muse* inspire each temper'd line,
Befriend the lay, and every thought refine.
Far in the north, near to a highway side,
Where the swift mails before the waggons glide,
Stands a thatch'd house with land encompass'd round,
Ring-fenc'd with hedge-rows and a rising mound.
Wide to the left the upland ground ascends,
Below whose side a valley far extends,
Early prepar'd the yellow grain to grow,
To form the wheat-stack and the barley-mow.
And here no little farmer needy stands,
Obliged to sell his corn from off his lands,
But sev'ral farms that many serv'd before,
Now altogether swell the rich man's store,
Who with a mod'rate profit not content,
Keeps up the price, and makes poor folk lament;
Hind'ring the gifts of Heav'n to take their course,
A time of *war* so hard making still worse.
Round *Hobson*'s house an ample space appears,
Where many a stack of hay its head uprears,
Where stands a shed for waggon, cart, and plough,
Apart the barn and pigeon-house below.
And near a sty, and hive of bees beyond,
Appears the gabbling geese and ducks' dark pond,
And various poultry anxious cares bestow,
To lead their young, to feed them as they go.
One line of conduct mark'd John Hobson's way,
His character *seem'd* clear as summer day;
At his full board, with wholesome food supplied,
His wife and children sat at either side;

Dwelt on his smiles, or if by ills sore vex'd,
Shar'd all his griefs,—like him they felt perplex'd.
And still in life, as Fate awards it so,
That after joy oft trouble comes and woe,
Ill such as *Hobson* reckons on each crop,
Which in their early growth a with'ring blight may stop.
Sometimes a sheep, or pig within the sty,
Or suddenly a fav'rite cow may die;
Things, which befalling, hurt the farmer's mind,
Steal his delights, and sorrows leave behind.
A hundred ewes he number'd in his turn,
Ten cows with cream supplied the dashing churn,
His team of valu'd horses he would boast,
Were worth five times the money they had cost;
And, 'mong his store, he prided still to find
Farming utensils of a better kind,
And had besides, his labours to beguile,
One four-wheel'd chaise for *riding out in style*.
* * * * * * * * * * * * *

With every possible disadvantage attending extempore composition, the foregoing is, I presume, infinitely beyond the boasted poetry of Bloomfield. That writer says, indeed,

A little farm his gen'rous master *till'd;*

which is, however, much too brief: for a reader, who may not chance to have seen a farm; even the '*little*' we can derive, seems lost by the misnomered rhyme at the end. A schoolboy will perceive that the word *tilled*, cannot in this case be applied, it converts the farm into a piece of ground, and a sacrifice is made of all the other appendages belonging to a farm. In the verses of my friend there is a power of description sufficient to guide any one in sketching a picture; no painter could mistake, and the canvass would strike with the rural delineation. The farm-yard is, in itself,

so essentially necessary to a poem like that we treat of, that I must acknowledge it is with surprise and pity I observe the Farmer's Boy dwell so '*little*' on it; he passes it over as a matter of no consequence; at least the image is broken in pieces, and scattered in fragments throughout the work, so that we perceive it utterly impossible to tell its real form or symmetry, an unpardonable fault which merits the severest censure.

To return from this digression. I had the pleasure to perceive a visible change in the company present. I heard them approve of the composition I had just read; they all allowed that Nature being inexhaustible, and the Farmer's Boy a subject that embraced a wide field, Mr. B——d appeared, by this instance, to have made poorly out indeed, with his '*trifling incidents.*' It was requested I would use my influence with the writer of GILBERT to prevail on him to finish what he had so ably begun—Farmer *Hobson* would find many readers, and the profit might repay the labour of such an undertaking. I gave my word of honour I would spare no proper endeavours, but observed that my friend would be under one disadvantage, serious enough, he would be under the necessity of viewing Nature through the '*spectacles of books**;' an idea which 'SET THE TABLE IN A ROAR.' The conversation was afterwards changed to other matters, and I retired to write down what I have here related.

MILES SAPMAN.

* This will act on me as a future caution never to quot any writer whatever, who will adopt a *favourite idea,* how ever void of sense it may be. M. S.

TO THE

AUTHOR OF GILBERT.

AN ACROSTIC,

Written extempore, by a Friend.

INGENIOUS bard! permit a humble muse,
Admiring GILBERT, to unfold his views:
May he make known the pleasure which he took,
Endeavouring to explore the beauties of thy book?
So full of *gems*, its worth will none o'erlook.
Time shall increase the lustre of thy fame,
Evolving ages speak thy deathless name:
Malice distort her wrinkled brow in vain,
Proclaim her hatred of the rural strain:
Loud *eulogies* attend thy peaceful way,
Entwining fair the laurel and the bay.
Merit like thine shall meet its due reward,
And men of taste evince their just regard;
Nor shall thine enemies the rightful meed retard.

INTRODUCTORY VERSES,

BY THE AUTHOR.

Go, honest GILBERT, pride of swains,
Go, well rewarded for your pains
In all you hold most dear:
JENNY your fond esteem regards;
Kind fortune showers on you rewards,
Fate is no more severe.

Bless'd with contentment true at home,
O'er hills and dales no more you'll roam,
Low bending by despair;
But every trouble flies at last,
Gay pleasure crowns all sorrows pass'd,
And banishes dull care.

Go, lowly GILBERT, tender youth,
Rewarded in your love and truth,
Example to set forth;
Long shall your history be read,
Till lasting fame exalted spread
Your honour, merit, worth.

And while 'tis NATURE tempts the lyre,
The song of *Gilbert* shall aspire
The rural tribe to charm;
His artless, unaffected lore,
Th' unletter'd rustic will explore,
And in his cause grow warm.

What tho' the critics may despise
A moral in a mean disguise,
The Muse will still befriend,
Still aid the rough, untutor'd wight,
Smooth flowing language to indite,
Which Art would fain amend!

Nor the learn'd exercise of schools,
Nor the stiff pedantry of rules,
Awake in splendid fame,
More high than where those *rules* can reach
From Nature's book, which angels teach
To bards who catch the flame:

Thus silver ore is brought to glow,
Till, loose from dross, it runs below,
A purified, clear stream.
Fair Emulation! spread thy fires,
Refine whate'er the Muse inspires,
And dignify the theme.

P. 1.

GILBERT.

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

Invocation.—The subject proposed.—Gilbert wanders abroad in the fields; meets with a labourer at work on the highway; enters into conversation.—The shepherd's boy, &c.—Story of proud Nelly.—Moonlight, &c.—A sudden storm. Gilbert takes shelter in a wood; is lost.—The nightingale.—Morning, &c.—Advice to Gilbert.

COME, fav'ring Power! to whom belongs the lyre,
Strike softer music, and the song inspire.
Immortal deeds heroic verse records,
And clangous WAR proud Triumphs still affords;
Her hot Sea-Fights, while dreadful guns loud roar,
Vent fire and smoke, and shake the rattling shore:
I sing of NATURE and a LOVER's pains;
Woods, rivers, rocks, and fields, excite my humbler strains.
Say, Muse! what cause made GILBERT sore distress'd,
Or rack'd with pangs his agonizing breast;
Constrain'd the youth o'er hills and dales to roam,
Far from his friends, his kindred, and his home?

Fair JANE the MAID refus'd his vows to hear,
And set at nought his love, his truth sincere.
At early dawn he walks the lonely fields,
A little pleasure change of objects yields;
His cheerless food from hedge to hedge he seeks,
His morning's fast with nuts or sloes he breaks.
High on each branch the crab-tree clusters grow,
He throws a stone, the fruit rebounds below;
He quickly gathers up the scatter'd prize,
And o'er a stile, between the trees, he lies.
Sometimes to right, sometimes to left he goes,
Bemoans his fortune, and laments his woes:
Loud sighs of anguish from his heart issue,
And tears, fast trickling, his pale cheeks bedew.
A labouring man beheld our gentle wight,
Then begs to know how came he in such plight;
Young Gilbert hears the query meant for kind,
Returns brief answer, and unfolds his mind:
Confess'd that luckless love infix'd the dart,
Which caus'd fresh pain * to fester in his heart!
Compassion, then, the curious hind express'd,
Fetch'd a deep sigh, and thus the youth address'd:
'Unhappy stranger, list to my sad tale,
And let my words to sooth your grief avail:
Would I were single, like as you are now,
No anxious cares should e'er affect my brow;
Gay Pleasure o'er my joyous hours should tend,
Crowning my bliss with ale, a pipe, a friend.
Such bliss I knew; but, still dissatisfied,
I courted *Ruth*, ah me! and wedlock tried:

* *Which caus'd fresh pain*, &c.] The pangs of *scorned affection* remain ever *fresh* in the minds of sincere and devoted *lovers*. M. S.

Simple, indeed, to sacrifice my peace,
And for a wife exchange regretted ease!
When crows the cock at early dawn of day,
Oh! I must speed the summons to obey;
Compell'd, by poverty, I quit my rest,
And leave my bed with silent grief oppress'd.
The food I eat a bare existence yields;
Fate frowns on me, care all her wants reveals:
These, these, are mine——I vainly do lament
The hapless hour I barter'd my content.
Near yonder oaks are stony fragments laid,
To mend the ruts by loaded waggons made;
The splinter'd lumps I in the hollows spread,
And throw the gravel where the horses tread.
Such toil is hard:—my utmost strength I prove;
Down runs my sweat, and heavily I move;
While not one drop of home-brew'd ale I taste,
To cheer my sinking spirits, weakly brac'd:
Ah me! a wife and two poor children small,
Whate'er I earn, they're ready for it all!
A single doit no more my wage affords,
A penny spent excites provoking words!
Go now, bethink, I envy such as you!
Free to act fair, and best what pleases do:
Would I were single; or might choose once more,
I'd have no wife—but vainly I deplore.'

This Gilbert heard: his varying look bespeaks
A mind perplex'd, and thus he silence breaks:
'Well-taught experience makes us all grow wise;
Each for himself the doubtful matter tries.
My stubborn passion I would gladly close,
Set right my thoughts, and banish all my woes;
From hateful strife I'd keep my temper free,
Were lovely Jenny wedded but to me.

Were she, were *Jane* become my constant bride,
How rich the gift!——I'd little crave beside:
Able to work, industry I'd embrace,
With sweet contentment smiling on my face.
Were I a king, my power I'd soon resign,
Wealth, splendour, pomp, to call *dear* Jenny mine;
Some lowland cot, enrich'd, adorn'd with her,
I'd to whole streets of palaces prefer!
But I was doom'd to meet with *Jenny*'s scorn,
And wander here a vagabond forlorn;
Poor, destitute, forsaken, bending still
With weighty anguish and o'erpow'ring ill.'

'Youth! you've spoke well,' the other thus re-plies
'Tis by experience we become more wise:
Conjecturing false, a wife I did obtain,
The utmost heights of happiness to gain:
But ere three weeks in thoughtless ease had pass'd
Want found my dwelling and beset me fast;
With her came *Wrath*——I'd all my savings spent
And every day brought strife and discontent.
Truly the saying fresh occurr'd to mind,
When wealth is fled, love lingers not behind!
Regret and sorrow by *one* act I date;
A foolish act, which I repent too late.'

He spoke: our swain gives vent a piteous sigh,
His tears, big-swelling, wet his glistening eye;
He bids the labourer a kind adieu,
Far on the road his journey to pursue.
Oppress'd with cares, near *Tideswell** town he goes,
Fam'd for its wondrous spring that ebbs and flows

* *Near* Tideswell *town*, &c.] "In this neighbourhood is a spring that ebbs and flows twice or thrice in an hour at particular seasons. The cause is variously explained by different authors, but not one has pretended to pass his arguments for truth. It is a very extraordinary phenomenon."

Wanders low drooping o'er the verdant hills,
Whose tops command a prospect in the fields.
Lonely and sad his sufferings he bewails,
Near the wild fig-trees midst the dismal vales,
Where sundry elms obstruct the lightning's beam,
Save, oft, the wither'd branch admits a gleam;
Or where the mountain towers its lofty head,
He walks below, hard by the colonade.
Which, strung with flow'rs in wreaths, love-knots, and darts,
Bears nigh resemblance to the sculptile arts.
Like one who fear'd a snake amidst the grass,
Strives Gilbert 'neath the fig-trees' boughs to pass;
Disturbs the blinking screech-owl——loud it screams
A hideous sound——the vale more horrid seems.
Thro' the entangled covert breaking way,
Again our wanderer meets the sun's bright ray;
Views the rough steep, whose brow salutes the sky;
And loiters where the tomb demands a sigh;
Its chequer'd marble, smoothly wrought, stands fair,
A work of time and persevering care;
With bleeding hearts supports the fluted urn,
While little Cupid ever seems to mourn;
What meant these things young *Gilbert* wish'd to know,
And, stooping down, intently look'd below;
He, on the pedestal, some lines survey'd,
Sacred to memory of a hapless maid:
And here, for meditation well design'd,
Nature's own works engross the studious mind,
A solemn spot to bless an anchorite,
And bear his thoughts in ecstatic delight.

But though deep solitude influence still
Th' expanded soul to sooth each troubling ill,
Young *Gilbert* ponders o'er his slighted pain,
And cheerless, sighing, hastes across the plain.
Along the ground the bough's dark semblance plays;
Down airy paths he turns his mournful gaze:
A course uncertain in the fields he bends,
Towards where *Derwent*'s * darksome wave extends;
Due north he travels, melancholy, slow.
A shepherd's boy desires his grief to know:
An answer kind lorn *Gilbert* ne'er denies,
He tells th' inquiring rustic why he sighs:
'With bitt'rest scorn fair *Jane* my love requites,
Within my breast the sharpest pangs excites:
A stubborn passion brings my tears to flow,
Distracts my senses, makes my spirits low.
Far live my friends, I've from my kindred ran,
In all respects the most ill-fated man!
The length'ning wilds with weary steps I tread;
My flatt'ring hopes of happiness are fled.
No situation long allures my stay;
I wander, heedless where I shape my way:
A change of place affords some small relief,
Variety my best solace in grief.'
At which the boy assum'd a friendly look,
A smile o'erhung his visage while he spoke:

* Derwent's *darksome wave*, &c.] "The Derwent is dusky, owing to the soil through which it passes. It rises in the most northern parts of the county, and passes south-west on to *Derby* without receiving any considerable river. About seven miles below Derby it falls into the Trent."

How much I pity your untoward plight!
And if I can, I'll set the matter right.
Your scornful Jane is worthy of all blame,
Such once was *Nell*, in temper just the same;
That village-tyrant humbled, yonder lies,
Nor more to wound her lovers by surprise;
No more those side-long glances cause despair,
The glowing cheek, the flaxen-colour'd hair;
Her prideful days are fled—for ever pass'd;
By her own weapons * she's o'erthrown at last!
Long time a ploughman, *Edwin* was his name,
Tried every means to gain the beauteous dame;
His gentle arts were scorn'd by NELL the PROUD,
Who thus express'd her sentiments aloud:
" Stripling! forbear; your courtship I deny;
Think you in time, nor place your heart too high:
I'll never wed a looby, such as thee,
Or join my blooming charms to poverty.
Go now, accost some milk-maid, ruddy fair:
Implore the like to pity your despair:
'Tis not for *Nell* your troubling prayers to heed;
Hence from my presence, and depart with speed!"
This haughty strain young *Edwin* sigh'd to hear,
In hopeless state he mourn'd her look severe;
Till, all at once, distraction seiz'd his mind,
And full three years he closely was confin'd.
' Meanwhile did soldiers to our village come,
To list the swains by sound of fife and drum;
A red-coat serjeant conquer'd *Nell* so vain,
Destroy'd her virtue—left her to complain.

* *By her own weapons*, &c.] It is not easy for the unsuspecting *maid* to discriminate the language of *flattery*; and, it too frequently happens, that the charms and acquirements of the female sex are the innocent cause of their falling into ruin. M. S.

Ah me! what strife her breaking heart betray'd!
Her ruin'd state with horror she survey'd:
Fall'n were her hopes, her pride all done away,
Poor ill-starr'd wretch of sorrow and dismay!
Th' unhappy girl a mother soon became;
By which increas'd more openly her shame:
Her life was burdensome for her to bear;
And poison ended her despondent care.
Near yonder barn four different roads are seen,
There lies the wretch of suicide between.
Long time did many intercession make,
To save the body from the driving stake:
A dreadful fate!—deserv'dly it befel
The silly pride of our aspiring *Nell*.
Her slighted lover, pitying her disgrace,
Beneath the rocks a marble stone did place.
'Now then, young man, suspend your fruitless grief;
Let what I've told afford you full relief:
Who knows but she who treats you thus unkind,
May fall decoy'd, and punishment soon find.'
He ceas'd. Poor *Gilbert* to reply disdains;
Renews his journey o'er the wid'ning plains:
He lov'd his *Jane*, and found, tho' friendly spoke,
The shepherd's words his anger did provoke.
The sun now sunk, the ling'ring light fast fled;
Across the fields his quicker steps he sped.
He feels arise new pangs to vex his soul;
Down his pale cheeks his tears incessant roll.
Clear shines the moon—spread far, her lucid beam
Reflects more bright the *Derwent*'s dusky stream:
Gilbert beholds, and, guided by the ray,
Now wheels to *south* his solitary way.
He southern travels; seems still more oppress'd;
He smites in agony his lab'ring breast;

Groan follows groan, and sigh succeeds to sigh,
Loud his complaints resound the cloudless sky.
'How hard I'm doom'd!—how great the woes
I feel!
Beyond the powers of language to reveal.
Fair *Jenny*'s slights affect my sinking heart;
Beneath the lash of studied scorn I smart.
What torpid languor steals o'er every vein,
Hope comes no more to cheer a hapless swain:
Sure I'm as weak as *Jenny*'s comely fair:
Her form, her image, haunt me every where.
'Blow, blow, ye winds! blow yet more bleak
and cold!
My cause for sorrow I would fain unfold.
Oh! for some lonely cavern midst the bourn,
Where answering *Echo* still delights to mourn!
I'll try no more a prude's esteem to gain,
Who loves to frown, and cruel e'er remain.'
Thus loud complaining on his way he goes;
The wind is up, it shakes the rustling boughs;
Fast from the clouds a sudden shower descends;
Full many a shrub o'ercharg'd with water bends:
Big hail comes rattling down the neighb'ring hills,
Strikes the tree tops, falls into the clear rills;
Each side a bank the running stream divides,
There ruffling round, beyond the quarries glides
With hideous roar, till the strong current's force
Impetuous, laves below the rocks its course.
Gilbert to shelter hastens o'er the sands,
Aside a row of rev'rend elms he stands,
Whose tow'ring branches thicker darkness crown,
While shiver'd leaves and splinters fall adown.
Within the wood to SOLITUDE he's come,
Unmindful of the still, surrounding gloom;

Disturbs the *snake*, coil'd up in various folds,
Alarms the *frogs*, and wakes the blinking *owls*.
High o'er his head the croaking *crows* suspend
Their clapping wings; they on their young attend
Their nestling young beneath their care repose,
Fear not the noise, or heed the wav'ring boughs.
Like some struck wretch, unseen abroad at noon,
Who nightly wanders muttering to the moon;
Or in wild accent dirges dire will sing,
Making the woodlands and the vallies ring,
Poor *Gilbert* walks—'tis peace he vainly seeks;
Oft to himself most piteously he speaks;
Calls on some Power to mark how he's oppress'd,
Jane scorn'd his love, and sorely him distress'd.
What sense directs by troubling thoughts he foils,
And heavy grief rewards his careful toils;
Sweet hope of joy forsakes his pensive mind,
No glimpse is left—he thinks his fate unkind.
Again he strives to pass between the trees;
Their hollow trunks repel the whistling breeze:
A horrid gloom involves the wood profound,
And night's foul *bird* screams frightfully around:
Where'er he goes the track is dark o'ercast,
The mournful youth bewilder'd stands at last;
Vexatious tears wet either swollen eye,
And his warm breast heaves many a lab'ring sigh.
Cold blows the blast: he mends his weary pace,
Speeds down the dingle, midst the forest-place,
Where still are laid whole trunks of sturdy oaks,
Fell'd by the woodman's closely-measur'd strokes;
And nigh at hand, erected on the glade,
Stood a small shed, of sapless branches made,
With several stakes drove hard into the ground,
And interwoven by the boughs around.

Gilbert beheld, desiring still to know
How he should act the best, to stay or go ;
Regain the fields, continue to lament,
Or midst a hovel cease his bitter plaint.
Three times he view'd the still forsaken shed,
And thrice retrac'd the path which backward led,
Bethinking late, 'twere better to return ;
Nor longer in the thicket stay forlorn.
The moon withdrawn : another course he takes ;
He hears the wind—the oak's strong branch it shakes :
He madly comes to tempt the dangerous gloom,
To close his grief, and finish his sad doom :
Soon in the windings of the rustling maze,
His courage lessens : grimly death essays,
In threat'ning form, to prove his final fate,
And free his mind from its affliction's weight.
What time among the bushes *Gilbert*'s vex'd,
Far more bewilder'd, and still more perplex'd ;
The *nightingale*, sweet bird ! begins her strain,
Soothing the powerful anguish of his pain ;
New life, new thoughts, accompany her song,
And glad ideas by the theme prolong :
Ah me ! 'tis ceas'd. Now a high tree he scales,
There sits till morn illumes the bounded vales.
' Sweet warbler, hail !' the list'ner station'd, cries,
' Why ceas'd your strains, that charm away my sighs ?
Come, welcome sleep ! I need a little rest,
A little ease for my impassion'd breast ;
When day-break comes, I'll tempt my fate no more,
But clear the circuit which I went before.'
He ceas'd. The dismal shades of night soon fled ;
Aurora ting'd the sky with streaks of red ;

A thousand chirping songsters of the grove
Awake the swain to feel fresh pangs of love:
His *Jenny*'s graceful figure, and her scorn,
Dwell in his thoughts; he's more and more forlorn;
He finds the busy WORLD's a chaos wide,
His vow condemn'd, and his true love denied.
'Fond youth! afflict no more your pensive mind,
Nor mourn for *Jane* who treats you most unkind;
But set at nought the pow'r of HER fine eyes,
Lest your sense fall a pitied sacrifice.'
Methinks I hear the *lover* loud exclaim,
'Go, gentle bard! nor seek my faults to blame;
The native charms, and bloom of youthful grace,
Fair *Jenny*'s beauties o'er her sex I trace;
Deplore her slights, that, like a dangerous sea,
Wrecks every hope no more to flatter me.
Alas! what signs of madness vex my brain!
No longer burns my blood in every vein:
My senses fled, an outcast, lorn I die,
Far from the glance of her disdainful eye:
But couldst thou, *Jane*, bestow one kindly tear;
O'er my hard fate, 'twould ease my pangs severe.'
'Unhappy GILBERT! cease this doleful strain,
Curb your wild thoughts that cause your inward pain;
Love's hapless flame with troubles still dismays,
And wrongly balances ere judgment weighs.
Then not vain charms should your affection bind,
Since these may hide the coarse, the vulgar mind;
Beneath a modest guise, and plainer face,
May dwell a soul bedeck'd with every grace,
Meet to bestow, in exquisite degree,
Domestic bliss, supreme felicity.'

P. 13.

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

Sun rises.—Gilbert hears somebody at work in the dingle.—The Woodman; his kindness, &c.—The industrious husbandman.—Flower-garden.—Corn-field.—The wreath.—Gilbert's affliction at the slights of Jenny.—He essays to help the woodman in felling down trees, lopping branches, and tying faggots.—The cottage, &c.—Supper.—Rustic mirth.—Gilbert forgets his sorrows; retires to rest.

Now darts the sun sublime his vivid rays,
Now shine the leaves, and sparkle wide his blaze;
The dew-drops hang, reflecting various dyes,
Ting'd like the rainbow's colours midst the skies;
And now the woodman's measur'd stroke repeats,
Spread by the busy Echo, loud it beats.
Adown the oak lorn *Gilbert* fast descends,
And to the spot his eager steps he bends;
Beneath the trees, o'ershading with their boughs,
Through many a mazy labyrinth he goes;
Views the green laurel rip'ning o'er his head,
Clusters of fruit like cherries tempting red.
Where *misletoe* bears rife its pulp milk-white,
And *ivy* cankers to a fatal height,
Slow steps the youth; now faster he proceeds;
Now through the dingle of the wood he speeds,
Holds on his way 'tween many an hazel bough,
And scatters nuts of lighter brown below.
Nimbly the squirrels from the grove rebound,
Rustling the dry leaves falling on the ground:

The scented dormice seek the desert pass,
Steal quick along, and hide within the grass:
High o'er the soil, where thrive the glossy sloes,
The prickly thorn-bush blacker berries grows,
Rank nettles, thyme, wood-betony, henbane,
Here waste their virtue and their strength in vain.
But *Gilbert* now comes right into the spot,
Where overnight he'd seen the branch-form'd cot:
He shouts amain:—the wond'ring woodman hears,
And feels confounded by unusual fears:
Behind the wall, in thoughtful mood, he stands,
Holding his axe within his trembling hands;
Finds out a crevice, marks the vent'rous swain,
Perceives his stupor and his fright are vain.
The woodman cries, 'My son, what brings you here?
Tell me your name, from whence, and who you are?
Sure in *this* wood there's nothing you will find,
Fit for a youth to please his active mind:
The nuts are wet by night's returning dew,
The crabs unripe are sure no prize with you:
Confess for why you leave your distant home,
Far in the wilds, at peep of day, to roam.
'Tis seen some grief affects your early fire,
Dulls every look, bespeaks affliction dire:
With much concern I wish it all to hear,
Nor of my friendship have you cause to fear.'
To whom the youth replies, as frankly free,
'Soon I'll inform you well, concerning me.
My name is *Gilbert*, o'er the wilds I rove,
A wight oppress'd by unsuccessful love.
From *Bawtry* town with weary steps I came,
Strange to these parts, no home have I to claim:

For six long months * I've like a vagrant pass'd
From place to place, and here I stand at last.
I wrongly ventur'd into solitude,
To mourn my foolish passion for a prude!
Cruel infatuation!——I adore
A giddy maid, who hates me more and more!
With grief of soul my brain it stupifies,
My panting bosom heaves incessant sighs.
I've bade adieu to *Jane*'s disdainful scorn,
Leaving my friends, disconsolate, forlorn,
Hoping I might, through change of objects, find
Haply some ease for my disorder'd mind.
Slow while I walk'd o'erborne with my dismay,
A countryman o'ertook me on my way,
Ask'd who I was? what ail'd me? whence I came?
And all he spoke did my attention claim.
Then, as I wish'd, he presently agreed
To hire my help—his boy I did succeed:
He good instruction did on me bestow,
And neither valu'd my small *help* too low.
' A straw-roof'd cottage on the moor he own'd,
A thriving hedge extended far around;
Choice shrubs and trees, with various blossoms spread,
O'er flowers and plants, grac'd many a cultur'd bed.
Bless'd with a wife industrious and fair,
A ruddy offspring claim'd his anxious care:
When clos'd at eve his labours in the fields,
He look'd at home for *joys* which wedlock yields:

* *For six long months*, &c.] It appears, by the *scenery*, which agrees with the year's *decline*, that Gilbert set out on his journey sometime in the middle of April. The Poet is, however, silent with respect to the exact time. M. S.

Fix'd by his spouse, his children on his knees,
Near his fire-side—what luxury of ease!
On his rough stand he'd place the sparkling ale,
And joke and laugh, or tell some pleasing tale.

'Taught here to break the glebe, and *dung* to throw,
I've from the heap o'erspread the ground below;
Enrich'd with nutriment a fallow-soil,
That better crops might crown the ploughman's toil.
When sultry heats have parch'd the crumbling earth,
Dried up the wheat, and threaten'd certain dearth,
I've borne a bucket from the nearest rill,
The garden troughs and watering-pots to fill.
At times have I, with artificial showers,
Reviv'd the plants, the herbs, the drooping flowers;
Propp'd firm the weaker stalk, pluck'd out the weed,
And crush'd the vermin on the leaf that feed.
From end to end the garden I have pass'd,
With my whole soul most gloomily o'ercast.
'With nervous strength I've handled well the spade,
Cut through the turf, and dug the heavy glade;
Till by the dint of force I've chang'd the scene,
And brought to brown what late before was green.
Sometimes, alternate ridge and dale I've made,
To keep in earth the rising celery's head;
Remov'd the frames, the tend'rer shrub to breathe,
And others plac'd the crystal bells beneath.
Pleasing employ! but yet I felt a pain;
I sought for peace, for comfort, all in vain.

My master kindly strove to sooth my care,
To close the burden of my dire despair.
'Full oft I've rose at early dawn of morn,
And run around the fields of rip'ning corn;
A ragged scarecrow to erect in sight,
High on the bank, the plund'ring birds to fright.
The tall wild *poppy* of vermilion hue,
And the *cyanus*, bright with glossy blue,
I've freshly gather'd from the corn so green,
And weav'd a wreath with boxen leaves between;
Ah, LUCKLESS WREATH! neglected, with'ring there,
Never to grace proud *Jenny*'s auburn hair:
Thou still the emblem of those hopes shalt be,
For ever fall'n,—no more to flatter me.
How felt my heart at even, when I've seen
Young lovers loit'ring o'er the level green?
I, while they danc'd on light fantastic toe,
Have had my spirits overcome with woe!
And when at night tir'd nature fain sought rest,
I've kept awake, unhappily oppress'd,
Soft slumber hastening from my tearful eyes,
While my warm bosom heav'd afflicting sighs.
Say truly, friend, now I've these things confess'd,
Has greater grief than mine thy soul distress'd?
Did e'er cross'd love thy early pleasures taint,
Vex thy warm breast, and cause thee to lament?
Or, at thy home, more happy still to be,
Dwells the good wife, source of felicity;
With children young thy hopes are gratified,
And gifted blessings crown thy fire-side?
How gladly I from wandering would forbear,
Suspend my sorrows, and dismiss my care!
More willingly a while with thee I'd stay,
Give help thy labour, and thy will obey:

Denied in which, my weary steps I'll turn,
Far in the vale, unheard, unknown, to mourn.'
'I'm much concern'd,' the woodman thus replies:
'To mark your worth, and hear your plaintive sighs:
Deep is the root from whence your sorrow springs,
Nor more advice the balm of comfort brings:
By late experience learn one truth to know,
Your love's a foible, indolent and low;
Derives its growth from weakness of your heart,
Unnerves your strength, and leaves a rankling dart.
Full thirty years ago love's power I knew:
My wife *Dorinda* mark'd my passion true,
Yet would she try her fickle arts in vain;
But I with scorn return'd her proud disdain,
Laugh'd when she smil'd, or angry have I frown'd,
Join'd in her songs, and made the place resound.
One morn in May how chang'd indeed was she!
Her thoughts were wholly occupied by me.
Then was the time I could not her withstand;
I show'd the ring, and soon obtain'd her hand:
Save which, the pangs of love I never knew,
But day by day my labour I pursue:
Mid sturdy trees I drive the pointed wedge,
Lop from the trunk the rough redundant ledge;
A tyrant in this forest I appear,
Who levies desolation far and near.
Were you, young man, to labour once inclin'd,
No stupid thoughts could more oppress your mind:
Come try the drift, a weighty axe receive,
And what you earn, the whole to you I'll give."

He spoke, and stepping to the welcome shed,
Clean on a block his humble fare he spread;

Draws his clasp-knife, divides his salted meat,
Divides his bread, and bids poor *Gilbert* eat:
A taper'd horn with home-brew'd liquor stor'd,
Pour'd from a keg, fix'd on the rustic board,
Twice fill'd, concludes the morning's cool repast;
Then each to work betakes himself at last.
A pond'rous axe the youth's strong hands sustain,
Behind the tree he tries his strength amain,
Intently earnest, closer still he goes,
Exerts his force, and gives repeated blows.
Struck to the root, the stubborn oak must yield,
Lean more and more each stroke the woodmen wield;
The deep incision bears its way all round,
Till down the branches crash along the ground:
Here left awhile to drench the moss-grown plain,
The dripping sap through sundry channels drain,
Falls drop by drop, and, gathering at the foot,
O'erflows the basin of the stunted root.
The timber fell'd, the youth with ardour glows,
His powers renew'd, he lops the cumb'rous boughs:
Soon every branch the parent tree disown,
And rough the trunk extends its length alone;
With lesser pains the splinters he divides,
And heaps on heaps he into faggots ties,
A pile of fuel near the spot to raise,
To cheer the winter by a friendly blaze.
Now mid-day's come, once more the nut-brown ale
Exhilarates their spirits as they fail,
Renews their strength—to work again they go,
Long to repeat the wide-resounding blow.
As in the climes where order'd *vines* extend,
A sov'reign pow'r the ills of life to mend,

The *grape*'s known virtues, squeez'd into the bowl,
Enliven better each industrious soul :
But wine like this the boasted cellars lack,
Where viler mixtures drug in every stack,
Mere water, cider, spirits, juice of sloes;
Preferr'd to *ale* its excellence who knows ?
Where such-like dregs the festive board disgrace,
Still may the drinker show a paler face !
The heady liquor modestly refuse,
Or worse expect by this destructive juice.
His toils now done, the rustic leads the swain
Across the forest and the distant plain :
A bunch of sticks alternate each one bears ;
The woodman whistles while the youth despairs,
One sings with glee, the other's frequent sigh
Unfolds a heart divest of every joy :
By bitter anguish *Gilbert* feels oppress'd,
His heavy sorrow throbs his pensive breast.
A cleanly cottage overtops the vale,
Securely fenc'd by many a sturdy pale :
The woodman's load rebounds against the gate,
His children run, and glad his smile await ;
He welcomes heartily his lovelorn guest,
Tries all his skill in merry tale, or jest.

High o'er the hearth ascends the wav'ring blaze,
Illumes the room, shines *Gilbert*'s sidelong gaze ;
The oaken drawers usurp the proudest place,
Fresh gather'd flowers two shining vessels grace ;
And, side to side, the chairs are fix'd around,
The six old chairs for length of years renown'd ;
Sweetly the linnet charms the listening ear,
A few dark pictures on the walls appear.

Rubb'd with nice art the cupboard shines more
bright,
Its varnish'd front reflects the wav'ring light;
A curious clock repeats the cuckoo's note,
And strikes each time a silv'ry sound to float.

Young *Gilbert* view'd the woodman's humble
state,
A king might envy him his happy fate;
Here every face felicity express'd,
Here RURAL LIFE its pleasing charms confess'd.
With kind concern the wife her powers essays,
Lifts out the board, and quick the knives she lays;
Brings four wood trenchers, long esteem'd her best,
Placing them round for *family* and guest.
Her eldest son, from tending sheep, returns,
A homely blade, who to be idle scorns;
A shepherd's boy, untaught, of manners plain,
Coarse his poor garb, and wild his oaten strain.
He from the fire the heatful saucepan bears,
Helping his mother in her anxious cares;
The lid snatch'd off, a spiral steam issues,
And two hard dumplings nicely boil'd he views;
Plac'd in the midst, salt ham and greens invite,
With savoury smell, each sharpen'd appetite;
The little group their different stations take,
And all, save one, a hearty supper make:—
In vain they press the stranger, vain entreat
He'd end his grief, and strive his meal to eat;
In vain he strives—his tears he'd fain forego,
And gain some respite from his inward woe.
Now supper done, the frugal crumbs are clear'd,
The woodman speaking to his son is heard:
'To-morrow morn, by order, we must go
To load the timber, fell'd by many a blow.

On the rough common-waste, as heretofore,
With sapless lops add to the 'squire's big store;
While his due rent his tenants to him bring,
And from industry all his riches spring.
Just at the rising of the early dawn,
Fetch up the team along the wide-fenc'd lawn;
Prepare the bolted hooks, the clanking chains,
The levers, poles, and rollers, aid our pains.
A jovial day in labouring hard we'll spend,
With wholesome drink our utmost powers extend,
Recruit our spirits while we sit or stand;
Our *Gilbert* here will lend a helping hand.

'But did your master, when my wish you told,
Say he'd, for once, secure the sheep in fold?
Gave he consent to your assisting me,
By taking charge of all one day from thee?
Or by a mean, unfriendly, flat excuse,
Did he the office of your aid refuse?
He knows it well I never him deny,
Whene'er he craves a little fuel dry.'

'With leave I came,' the woodman's son replies.
'The courteous shepherd seldom me denies;
He oft remarks my close, assiduous pains
Make full amends—by kindnesses he gains:
Sometimes he'll grant a holiday's advance,
I, round the Maypole, join in festive dance;
Or, on the green to chase the rural maids,
I'm oft the foremost of the village blades;—
In such-like sport no thought of work begins,
Nor sport midst *labour* ever intervenes.
Just at the rising of the early dawn,
I'll fetch the oxen o'er the dewy lawn;
I'll bring the bolted hooks—the clanking chains,
The levers, poles, and rollers, aid our pains.'

And now the home-brew'd ale its virtue shows :
Brown shelling nuts the humble banquet close ;
The wakeful children at the sight feel pleas'd,
The shells are broken, and the kernels seiz'd.
O'er lively tales and laughter *Mirth* presides,
Now here, now there, her fav'rite lore divides :
The honest woodman and the matron sing,
The shepherd plays the bladder's sounding string.
Sorrow, long cherish'd, leaves the *lover's* breast,
He cracks his nuts, and caters like the rest ;
Forgets his troubles, chokes each rising sigh,
Smiles at each joke, and pleases sly and dry.
As TIME for none will make the least delay,
But seems to fly the more we wish he'd stay ;
So sure the hours unheeded lightly pass'd,
Then each retiring, sought sweet sleep at last.

CANTO III.

ARGUMENT.

Morning, &c.—Return to the wood.—Loading the timber.—Dinner, &c.—Piling the faggots.—Solitude.—Tea-drinking in the cottage.—Farmer's boy, &c.—Story of poor Susan.—Distant view of the farm.—Praise of natural endowments—applicable to a GREAT poet.

How sweetly sleep, amid the night's void hours,
Recruits our strength, renews our wasted powers;
Affords tir'd Nature vigorous supplies,
Befriends our labours, renovates our joys!
Nor on the proud alone, nor tyrant kings,
The blessing waits,—but free to all it springs;
Save, in the dungeon, where the wretch of ill
Lies chain'd on straw—sleep may forsake him still.
Happy the man, who, at the evening's close,
With thoughts unruffled, sinks into repose;
No cares, through vice, perplex his quiet breast;
Nor frightful dreams break in upon his rest;
Serenely good, his conscience bears no stains;
He, undisturb'd, beloved sleep obtains.

The morning breaks, AURORA bright appears;
Sol darts his rays, dries Nature's dewy tears:
From slumber ris'n, the woodman wakes the swain;
The shepherd's boy had early sought the plain,
First drove the team to wait behind the door,
Then brought the chains, and rollers us'd before.

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Along the common to the woods they pass,
Brushing the wat'ry margin of the grass;
On every blade dependent crystals shine,
High on each branch the birds in matins join:
Nor yield the hedges yet a luscious food,
Nor clust'ring hips and haws enrich the wood;
But left for *frost* the juicy pulp to bite,
When the snow, falling, clothes the fields in white.
Wise Providence divinely shows HIS care,
Provides for all on earth, in sea, in air;
His power sustains, his bounteous gifts supply,
The little birds, from spray to spray that fly.
Close up the hills the harmless oxen go,
Wind through the dale, the woodland site below;
Where scatter'd lie the fallen trees around,
With all their branches levell'd to the ground.
And nigh the well-known shed the men repair,
T' unload the implements with speed and care;
But ere they work, they take an hour's regale,
Eat what they list, and drink their share of ale.
Fast to each trunk they bolt the rattling chain,
Guide the strong poles, the rollers sweep the plain;
By one and one, they orderly proceed,
Till every balk appears along the mead.
Where strength is lack'd, the lever lends its aid,
To load the wain which six firm wheels display'd;
And while the oxen draw the wain along,
The shepherd cheerly sings a rural song.
Well-pleas'd, the woodman with glad look survey'd
The lengths of timber on the common laid:
And, as the wight, who ploughs the ocean o'er,
Encounters toils while adding to his store,
The stock acquir'd reveals th' unweary'd strokes,
Struck at the roots of fir-trees, pines, and oaks.

Perplex'd in mind, our *Gilbert* quits the plain;
Dorinda kindly asks him in again.
His two compeers to welcome stable lead
The useful kine, on good new hay to feed:
Give rest their limbs till noon's relaxing sun,
The better half of their day's toil is done;
No more remains their final task to seal,
Save the dried faggots in the cart to wheel.
Meanwhile to DINE the handy dame prepares;
Withal will try to lull the stranger's cares—
Distemper'd cares that bitterly assail
His anxious mind, till every succour fail.
An iron pan, safe o'er the embers plac'd,
Holds the fresh eggs, the bacon fine in taste,
Cut in nice slices, streak'd with red and white,
Fries crisp and brown, true relish to excite.
They fix the chairs to front where trenchers stand;
The helpful wife serves each with ready hand:
By drink refresh'd they rise anew to toil,
Collect the sticks, and raise the lofty pile.

Within the stable go the men apart,
They link the team fast to the lumb'ring cart;
Drive up the furrow'd path, the verdant plain,
The common field, the wasting wood's domain.
Arriv'd, at even distances they stand,
Hurling the faggots o'er the stumpy land;
In crackling heaps upheld above the glade,
High on the cart the burden's closely laid.
And the strong team the wintery fuel brings;
Along the common, pile on pile upsprings:
The squire's big stock the market prices bear,
His rougher lops, and balks of timber square.
But lovelorn *Gilbert* seeks to vent his mind,
Steals to the wood, and lingers long behind;

Where lay the tree, *fell'd* but the day before,
He marks the drying, withering boughs, once more.
Unhappy youth! How ponders he his fate!
'Tis SOLITUDE befits his hopeless state:
No jocund woodman cheers the solemn spot,
Or pours libations in the branch-form'd cot;
No axe resounds where late the sticks were pil'd,
To guide him wand'ring through the mazy wild;
But dull the scene—increasing gloom prevails,
Till *Gilbert* ill his destiny bewails.
Reason awakes, the suff'ring swain to aid;
Now he returns along the shelving glade.
Pleas'd, the blithe woodman * and his son behold
The pensive stranger near the neighb'ring fold;
Attune their holla his slow steps to haste,
Till he rejoins them on the rugged waste.

And now the time for drinking tea arrives:
The cleanly matron seems the best of wives;
Slice after slice, her coarse brown bread she toasts,
Her butter, cream, and treacle too, she boasts.
Nor china cups the beverage contain,
Nor pompous tea-urn fits the humble train;
Of coarser fabric stout the set is made,
And where they break, their loss is soon repaid.
'Neath humbler roofs SIMPLICITY is found;
And where she dwells *contentment* smiles around.
Where little's wanted man's the best supplied,
All his desires the sooner satisfied:

* *Pleas'd the blithe woodman*, &c.]—This woodman is a very amiable character, and does the author credit. We are taken with his generosity, and feel happy at his cottage fire-side. His simple manner is only equalled by his contentment. *Anon.*

But where the mind's on more than needful bent,
Adieu, simplicity! adieu, content!
Farewell those charms, to grace a cottage left!
He's evermore of happiness bereft.
While drinking tea the rustic group are plac'd,
Lorn *Gilbert* sickens at each transient jest;
His every look his cheerless mind betrays,
Clearly to all around the hearth's bright blaze.
He will retire; his reasons he assigns;
To weep in fav'rite solitude he pines:—
Starts up resolv'd—the woodman craves he'd stay;
He bids farewell, and hastens on his way.
Across the common, now he saunt'ring goes,
LOVE wrings his soul, and bears him heavy woes;
He southern travels o'er the vary'd fields,
Till 'side a pond, to rest awhile he yields.
Near to whose margin walking in despair,
With bursting sighs he rends the evening air.
A farmer's boy came driving down his team;
To let them drink the cooling limpid stream;
The lover's doleful plight attracts his eyes;
He whistles, shouts, dismounts, and to him flies.
'Tell me, young friend, what you're about to do!
Amid the grief which heavy bears on you.
Along yon bank, see, nine green willows grow,
Each one is carv'd with sundry hearts below;
The wretched carver perish'd in my view,
Deep in the pond himself he headlong threw:
I instant div'd, his body brought on shore—
But he was drown'd—his life-blood ebb'd no more!
Known in the vale, his father's name was John;
A harmless wight; but all his joys are gone!
Tearing his whiten'd locks, he beats his breast;
Nor since that day has once been heard to jest:

Piteous Adventure! on my mind it stamps,
The marks of sorrow and my pleasures damps.
Will you, poor youth! your secret ills confess?
Explain the cause you suffer such distress;
Why come you here, your time away to pass,
Where the wild weeds shoot rankly o'er the grass?
'Tis sev'ral miles to town—'tis evening's close;—
And your deportment speaks your real woes.'
Gilbert, half angry, answers him aright;
'Farmer, forbear; nor mock my wayward plight:
I'm one, indeed, by every ill sore vex'd,
My lab'ring mind is more and more perplex'd:
A maiden's scorn excites me to complain;
'Tis cruel *Jenny* trifles with my pain!
Friend, linger not; dismiss your groundless fear,
'Twas merely chance that brought me wandering here.
Unwearied sorrow festers in my breast,
No situation long affords me rest:
A change of place relieves my stubborn woe,
And yields the short-liv'd pleasure grief may know.
I wind my course through many a vale and grove,
O'er fallow-wastes, o'er stubbled fields I rove;
Thirsty with heat I seek a murm'ring rill,
Meandering down a turnip-growing hill;
Or where smooth bricks are burnt, on clay-red plains,
With bak'd potatoes I reward my pains;
And lie, at night, extended on the grass;
And this the life of misery I pass.'
'Tis misery indeed,' the boy replies;
'The words you say awaken my surprise:
Such once was SUSAN's melancholy state,
Doom'd by the rigour of severest fate.

Long time our servant, she was well belov'd,
Till a gay soldier cruel to her prov'd:
No more the drum's and fife's enliv'ning sound
Spread universal mirth and glee around;
But to yon village did the blades repair,
To list the swains, and overcome the fair.
Deserted *Susan* bitterly repin'd,
Yet strove to hide the anguish of her mind:
Her mind's distemper every day increas'd,
Until, at length, her tears she seldom ceas'd.
Desponding cares seiz'd on the lovelorn dame,
Her senses fled—most wretched she became!
Nightly she wander'd in the lonely field,
A piteous sight as ever you beheld:
Beneath a stack she fix'd herself to lie,
Vent wild her plaint, and sigh add still to sigh;
Or by the moon's pale light would rings prepare,
And bracelets for her arms of plaited hair.
Ill fated girl!—but death has set her free!
Aside her grave there grows the lone yew-tree;
No sculptur'd stone to head the turf is found,
But grass and nettles skirt the border round:
Her fortune hard, unkind her luckless doom,
Early she sunk a victim to the tomb.

'Come then, young man, and every care forego,
Cheer up your spirits, and dismiss your woe;
Take friendly warning from a tale too true!
And let not sorrow fatal prove to you.
Turn in with me—thy lodging I'll provide
Within the loft, I'll give thee food beside;
To-morrow morn, my master, I'll engage,
Will hire your service, and your grief assuage.'

This *Gilbert* hearing, he wipes dry his eyes,
Cheers up his sinking spirits, and replies:

'My ever-grateful thanks to you are due;
Your fair advice I gladly will pursue.
Though in the fields I'd plann'd the night to spend
Say where you go, I'll on your steps attend:
Much good, unlook'd for, elevates my mind;
Fruits of your friendship and compassion kind.'
In saying which, along the bank they haste;
Both mount the team, and ride across the waste.
A fence of pales the common terminates;
The boy gets down, unbars the wooden gates:
Slowly the horses pace a dirty lane,
Where prouder hawthorn veils the mellow plain.
Within whose distance *Gilbert* soon espies
A new-built farm-house, barn and shed besides;
Five heapy stacks of corn and hay he views;
The pigeons flying far his eye pursues;
He sees the orchard where fine apples grow,
On branches bending by the weight more low,
Some wandering truants seeming to invite,
Come taste this fruit so tempting to the sight!
Beyond the orchard a large garden bears
Roots of all kinds, and crowns the wasting years,
With plants in season, *marjorum*, and *thyme*,
And parsley, growing more 'tis cut in prime;
The white-heart cabbage in the rear is seen,
And the red carrot headed well with green:
NATURE'S variety—a cultur'd hoard,
Supplys abundantly the farmer's board.
Such ample store young *Gilbert's* fain to view,
While slow the team a sluggish course pursue:
Until arriv'd close to the stable-shed,
The boy dismounts, and there his horses led.
His usual care to feed his charge bestow'd,
He and his friend repass the narrow road;

A strong desire his anxious breast betrays,
To free the sufferer, and his spirits raise.
Kind, gentle youth! with education scant,
He boasts a heart to help the wretch of want;
A steady stripling, ever well inclin'd
To follow the good dictates of his mind.
Where bountifully NATURE's gifts dispense,
The rustic hind arrives at excellence;
Arrives at knowledge, unacquir'd from schools,
And guides his actions by his self-taught rules:
Then shines with force, a high enlighten'd soul,
Renown extending to the utmost pole,
Till all mankind behold the lasting blaze,
And emulation dignifying raise.
SHAKSPEARE! to thee this striking truth applies:
Who reads, applauds;—thy WORKS increase our joys:
Fame shall add more to thy immortal page,
Shall add more merit each succeeding age;
Beam the strong light of thy celestial fire,
And still enrapture by thy heaven-strung lyre.

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CANTO IV.

ARGUMENT.

Night, Reflections, &c.—Gilbert takes up his lodging in a hay-loft.—He gives a fuller account of his adventures; is left alone.—The amorous girl disappointed.—Gilbert ruminates on the incident, and at length falls asleep.

As days revolve, eventful change takes place;
Some rise in power, some sink into disgrace:
In this vain world, strange ups and downs await,
Kings, princes, *beggars*, ministers of state.
Who needs go far, one painful truth to note?
How worth is left to wear a thread-bare coat!
While the rich fool his pamper'd wish enjoys,
And foully revels 'midst of luxuries.
Merit avails but little here at best,
To raise the bard by poverty depress'd;
We are not found to pass our judgment light,
Since few, 'tis thought, in rags can argue right.
Yet oft kind FORTUNE fair endeavours crowns,
Bestows rewards, bids smiles succeed to frowns:
Haply the poet strives no more in vain;
But from the *press* encores his heavenly strain:
He gains applause—the Muse his lay inspires,
Bids genius wake, and warms with all her fires.

Now the full Moon expands, the kindly ray,
Shot 'thwart, increases by departing day;
Afar and near she spreads her sacred light,
And silvers o'er the heavy gloom of night.

Where stands the five-bar hedge-gate near the waste,
The farmer's boy and *Gilbert* thither haste:
Each up the trap-door ladder quick ascends,
The barn's safe story lodges both the friends.
Dry useful fodder forms a shelving stack,
Pil'd to the tiling o'er the stable-rack,
Bags fill'd with oats and beans, a goodly store,
Spreads the broad surface of the rougher floor.
Gilbert bemoans, unhappily forlorn;
His friend's retir'd, but soon he'll back return:
He comes with bread and cheese to show his care;
First parts the whole, then gives the youth a share.
The rough wind ceas'd, the sky's serenely bright,
Nor clouds eclipse pale Cynthia's welcome light,
Who darts her beams thro' many a chinky way,
Shining the atoms from the chaff's display.
And now the boy from *Gilbert* wish'd to know,
If other pangs than love excite his woe;
He, by his friends deserted, did appear
As though hard fortune dealt with him severe:
'Say, is it love affects your pensive mind;
Or have relations treated you unkind?
Once more confess what mean these far-fetch'd sighs,
These groans, these tears that wet your glist'ning eyes:
No base design leads me to speak these words;
Sweet consolation friendship oft affords:
Your sev'ral cares to your true friend disclose,
Who may perchance find ways to end your woes.'
The other cries, 'Your wish I'll not deny:
'Tis luckless love occasions me to sigh:
Fair *Jane*, of *Bawtry*'s distant town, 'tis she!
Whose wayward slights have long afflicted me!

A carrier once, I drove a tilted cart,
Conveying goods in safety to the mart:
Oft, at the turnpike, I have form'd excuse
To call and loiter, telling some rare news:
Her parents knew my inclination well,
With pleasure mark'd whate'er I stood to tell:
But scornful *Jenny* ne'er a look would deign,
To ease the anguish of my heartfelt pain.
'One New-year's day I purchas'd at the fair
A store of ribands, none of which she'd wear:
Another time I bought a new straw hat;
But she declar'd the crown was much too flat!
In anger she rose up, assum'd more state,
Brush'd by, observing, I'd no need to wait;
Bounc'd in the garden through a broken door:
Away I came, and saw her face no more.
With slower pace the team I drove forlorn,
Set out that night, nor since have ceas'd to mourn;
O'er hill and dale I shap'd my lonely way,
Disconsolate, and cherish'd my dismay.'
His friend replied: 'How hard your *Jenny* prov'd!
To use you thus, sincerely as you lov'd!
For me, no more I wonder at your grief—
'Tis only *she* who can afford relief!
Thanks to my stars, not so my happy fate
Perplex'd me courting our good servant *Kate!*
A ruddy maid, religiously inclin'd,
Of virtuous mould and careful turn of mind.
She soon grew fond, by soft persuasion led,
Agreed with me at proper time to wed;
Next with our wages some neat cot we'll rent,
And buy a pig to add to our content.
Awhile adieu! I now must home return——
Gilbert, farewell! nor longer vainly mourn.

With you my ivory spying-glass I'll leave,
To view the moon, and thus the time deceive.
A Cobler, late, instructed me to spy
The num'rous specks which twinkle 'mid the sky:
He'd fix'd his glass in leather, so complete,
That, when drawn out, it measur'd seven feet.
Again adieu! nor think on *Jenny*'s scorn—
I'll be the first to call you in the morn;
Here, on the hay, for once your lodging take;
To-morrow night a better shift we'll make.'

This saying, closely shaking hands, they part;
A sincere friendship dwells in either heart;
Nor either selfish interests excite,
Their minds congenial sentiments unite;
Linking in other bonds than kindred chains,
Or mercenary hopes, or look'd-for gains.
Now lone and drear, young *Gilbert* vainly tries
To cheer his spirits, and forego his sighs;
But, AH! dire woes convulse his inmost soul,
And, unrestrain'd, his tears in silence roll.
With limbs relax'd, in agony he lay,
Extended out upon the covering hay,
Praying for slumber to assuage his care;
But slumber flies the wretched in despair.

Three tedious hours of hopeless grief he pass'd,
And from his stupor he's constrain'd at last:
A gentle tapping on the boards he hears;
His mind's assail'd by various doubts and fears:
The noise continu'd, up he starts amaz'd;
He grows courageous, and the door *was* rais'd:—
A damsel waiting, meets his stricken eyes,
Confounds his thoughts, and fills him with surprise.

As when some burning *Ætna* deeply groans,
Venting a sulph'ry mass of flaming stones,
O'er the high summit denser clouds appear,
And dart volcanic lightning here and there.
With sudden terror Love the sight survey'd,
Forsook the sky for *Afric's* lower glade;
Then vow'd revenge to the poor tribes around,
And plac'd his quiver gently on the ground:
Straining his nerve, his silver bow he bends,
Steadies his aim, and many a shaft he sends;
The temper'd arrows whiz along in air,
Till either sex droop low beneath despair.

Love's anger soon gives way to plaintive sighs,
And quiet now upon the ground he lies;
Refresh'd by sleep, the culprit up arose,
His bow and arrows he at distance throws;
And thus he cried: "Accursed weapons! know,
You've been the cause of my inflicted woe!
Tho' heavenly born, I'm whelm'd in keen distress,
Branded with ignominy and disgrace.
Farewell, *Idalia!* thrice adieu, ye Powers!
Cease, memory, cease, remindful of those hours,
Supremely bearing pleasures free from grief!
Such ne'er again my anguish will relieve.
Flow on, my tears, in sorrow for my crime,
Jove dooms his offspring from his native clime!
Yet his dire wrath my vengeance will exceed,
And vex him sore—I'll make these mortals bleed:
Fix'd as he is on proud *Olympus'* height,
His eye shall see, and sicken at the sight,
Till the quick nimble thunderbolt extend,
And my degraded hateful being end."

He ceas'd. New whims possess his tortur'd brain:
He, stooping, lifts his arrows from the plain;

These in the quiver newly he arrang'd,
To aid his will till he shall be aveng'd:
The thund'ring king his progeny beheld,
And with contemptuous frown his rising fury quell'd.

A SUBLIME CONCEIT;

OR,

J———N IMITATED IN HIS OWN STYLE AND MANNER OF REASONING.

My name is J———N:—contra to advice,
The scribblers write that we may criticise:
Be as it may, I well know, that in prose
No modern competition with me goes;
And as for verse, very few have grown
Excellent in't, which in the *Lives** I've shown!
Elegiac HAMMOND ne'er arriv'd at that!
The ancient bards are either sharp or flat;
Their ratiocination will ne'er prevail,
As water 'grees not with convivial ale,
Or London† smoke with sunny beams at noon,
Or musical instrument gone out of tune.
Good writers are scarce, good authors there are none,
Saving myself;—you'll see this when I'm gone!
Save that my compositions have got the worms,
Ergo, long words, in such like drailing forms;
A literary *Escargatoire* quite,
Meriting 'plause example to bring right:

* J———n's Lives of the Poets.

† L———n, a satire.

Nor stubborn contumaciousness fear I,
To thwart my well-earn'd immortality;
Nor unfeeling trunk-maker to line
His *works* with my learn'd pamphlets, all-divine!

PERSIAN WORSHIP DEBASED.

AN ALLEGORY.

The Sun at early hour ascends;
  Gains his meridian height;
His radiant heat divine he lends,
  And crowns the world with light.

See, Persian *Worship*, proud, aspire;
  The wide domain to soar;
Her altars blaze with sacred fire;
  Her god she does adore.

Quick as the twinkling of an eye,
  She through the ether flew,
And skimm'd along the azure sky,
  Her Sun's lov'd face to view.

"Thy glorious beams, O Sol!" she cries,
  "Full majesty display;
"Thou art the sov'reign of the skies,
  "The harbinger of day.

"Behold! admiring thy bright rays,
  "The choir of Persia bends;
"In thy accustom'd early praise
  "Their gratitude extends.

" Awake afresh the lively sense
" Of gifts bestow'd around;
" And still thy kindly heat dispense,
" And bless the fruitful ground."

She spoke. Now Contemplation flew
From BRITAIN's fertile shore,
Her admiration to renew,
And mighty things explore.

With her did Newton lift his soul,
Midst Heaven's unbounded field,
To where the countless planets roll,
To mark what she reveal'd.

" What Power divine wrought endless space!
" How exquisite! how wise!
" Unnumber'd systems find a place,
" And glory beams the skies.

" Beneath the Maker's high abode,
" How goodly in his sight!
" Unnumber'd worlds receive abroad
" The blessings of the light.

" Here reasoning creatures, call'd in being,
" Express their grateful souls
" To him who form'd the wondrous scene,
" And still the whole upholds."

She spoke. The Persian *Worship* heard,
Look'd pensively around;
Ten thousand thousand suns appear'd
Above the earth's low ground.

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Struck with amazement, she retires
To the terrestrial shore;
Debas'd, asham'd, damps all her fires;
Her errors vex her sore.

She sigh'd, and thus aloud begun:
"What wonders I survey!
"Each fixed star presents a sun,
"Lighting to worlds the day!

"To HIM by whom all things were made,
"How vast his boundless power!
"To him my early praise be paid
"For ever from this hour."

THE FIEND OF ANARCHY.

A BALLAD.

ABROAD there forms a lonely dell,
By venomous serpents fill'd,
Where fiends of fierce contention dwell,
In gloomy dens conceal'd.

Amidst these dens, beneath the ground,
A hideous monster scowl'd;
Writhing his forky tail around
In many a scaly fold:

The fiend of Anarchy his name:
He twin'd a horrid sting;
Some ireful mischief seem'd his aim,
While veering on the wing.

Red clotted gore his front besmear'd,
Infecting as he flew;
Over the seas his course he steer'd,
And mad with fury grew.

On BRITAIN'S shore alighting, he
The favour'd clime address'd:
"Devoted island, hear by me
"Your certain doom express'd!

"Amidst your realms a civil strife
"Shall every soul dismay;
"The parent take his offspring's life,
"The son his father slay!

" I'll change your cultivated earth
  " Into a dreary wild;
" Intestine wars excite, and dearth,
  " Till you shall be despoil'd."

Thus loudly vaunting, on he trod,
  And curs'd the fruitful ground;
At every step upsprung a toad,
  Or serpent coil'd around.

Towards a distant sedgy moor
  His glaring eyes he cast;
He views a dark distracted boor,
  Who'd thro' the rushes pass'd.

In the appearance of a friend,
  Deceitfully he smil'd;
He bid the ruffian to attend,
  And him he soon beguil'd.

The slave attentive, gladly heard
  A wicked offer made;
High elevated he appear'd,
  And to the fiend he said,—

" Long time I've been with wrongs oppress'd,
  " My life is hateful grown;
" By poverty I'm much distress'd,
  " And grief I claim my own.

" What you require, I'll do," he cried,
  " Tho' danger still attends."
" 'Tis well," the tempter quick replied;
  " I'll make you full amends."

Away the crazy ruffian led,
On hellish mischief bent;
The monster into covert sped,
And waits for the event.

Away the wretch, with weapon arm'd,
Now boldly mov'd along,
Undaunted, nor the least alarm'd,
To mingle with the throng.

He stood audacious, undismay'd,
Within the crowded place,
Where BRITAIN's loyalty survey'd
The sov'reign face to face.

Here, all at once, his arm extends
The fatal instrument;
It sudden flash'd, the smoke ascends,
A violent death is sent.

But the omniscient Power on high,
Creator of all things,
Summon'd an angel from the sky,
To guard the best of kings;

And who that moment wav'd around
His radiant shield of fire,
And warded off the mortal wound,
And sav'd our gracious sire.

Aside the sacred chief rebounds
The heaven-averted blow;
A loyal anxious cry resounds,
Each side, above, below.

" His life is safe!" a voice proclaim'd,
The house with joy did ring:
Aloud they call, " Seize him who aim'd
" A weapon at the king!"

The wretch with cord they firmly bind,
And thus the traitor cries:
" Good people, think me not unkind,
" But hear my groans and sighs!

" Turn, turn, behold these mighty scars,
" How they disfigure me,
" Obtain'd by fighting in the wars
" For king and country!"

Full soon did Anarchy's foul fiend
Hear the event—and flies;
Straight o'er the ocean, quick as wind,
To his dark cave he hies:

Thence he shall dare no more to roam,
While happy Britons sing;
While loyal songs resound at home,
" Long life to our good king!"

DON JUAN,

THE CRUEL SPANIARD.

A BALLAD.

——— Trifles, light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ.

SHAKSPEARE.

In yonder dungeon Ellen dies,
A victim of keen woe;
No more will heave her bitter sighs,
Nor more her tears will flow.

A pale light glimm'ring in the lamp,
What doleful scenes unfold!
Extended bare on straw so damp,
Her limbs how stiff and cold!

Ah! while along the slimy ground
Obnoxious vermin crawl;
While toads, and rats, and mice abound,
And spiders net the wall.

Yon broken pitcher near her bed,
Drain'd dry, no more she'll hold;
Her hands no more will reach the bread,
All cover'd o'er with mould.

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Through jealous rage she's lost her life!
Don Juan, of large estate,
Did cruel treat his guiltless wife,
Deserving better fate.

Lately it happen'd at a ball,
Where masks the party wore,
Poor Ellen's visor chanc'd to fall,
One did the same restore.

She with a smile her mask receiv'd,
A gracious smile it seem'd:
The careful husband, much deceiv'd,
Of dang'rous rivals dream'd.

'Twas late at night when he essay'd
To watch her motions well,
He follow'd to the masquerade,
Her virtue's strength to tell.

Mistaken wight!—ah me! *that* smile,
So fatal to his peace,
His misled judgment more did foil,
And caus'd his love to cease!

"'Tis very plain"—and then he sigh'd,
"Some object strikes her breast!
"She is with infamy allied;
"How can I hope for rest?

"Now keen despite my bosom tears,
"Now fierce the passions strive:
"Mere bread and water hence is hers,
"To keep the wretch alive!"

Unhappy, midst the splendid scene,
He hasted from her sight;
Through private doors he enter'd in
The hall, a moody wight.

He'll back to New Castile return,
And swears a secret oath.
Poor Ellen suffers much concern,
To quit her friends too loth.

"Alas! why go thus soon?" she cried;
"Sure pleasure bears no sway!
"Some longer time from Spain abide,
"Nor hurry me away!

"Recal to memory, you agreed,
"Ere we to Paris went,
"To stay a twelvemonth—why such speed,
"Expressing discontent!

"Partake with me, my liege, the things
"Which gratify the sense:
"'Tis here Refinement early brings
"Her grandeur to dispense."

The angry don in rage express'd,
That moment he'd away;
Some lover sure her mind possess'd,
Else would she care to stay?

To be reveng'd again he swore:
His course he homeward bends,
Impatient sought his native shore;
Nor long his ire suspends;

Nor soft'ning mercy lingers kind;
But Reason swiftly flies;
Distraction seizes on his mind,
While jealous thoughts arise.

He soon contrives to strike a blow,
And her for life confine
Amidst the castle's vaults below—
A cruel, base design.

One fatal day his wife he calls,
To walk along the keep;
Through a loose trap-door down she falls
Into a dungeon deep.

With shrieks the hollow caves resound:
The villain bends his head;
He cries, "Remain beneath the ground,
"No more above to tread.

"I've been befool'd by thee too long,
"Ere at the masquerade,
"Disguis'd, I, mingling with the throng,
"Perceiv'd the arts you play'd.

"For which a pardon, I presume,
"You'll be dispos'd to ask;
"I'll play the lover's part—I'll come,
"And pick you up your mask!"

His words unhappy Ellen hears,
Beholds herself betray'd,
Turns round her eyes, feels greater fears,
Adown she drops dismay'd;

Her fright is great—it makes her swoon:
Ah! might she cease to live!
But death refuses her the boon—
She must her fright survive.

Gloomy and dismal is the place,
She sinks upon the floor;
Loudly she mourns at her disgrace,
And counts her troubles o'er.

Lo! in the cavern's shoring damp,
A door burst open wide;
There she beheld a glimm'ring lamp,
A heap of straw she spied.

And list'ning till she heard the sound
Of grating hinges turn,
Slow-moving footsteps shook the ground,
The light did brighter burn.

To know what might the same portend,
Poor Ellen vainly sought:
A black domestic now did bend
His way—he'd something brought.

"To mercy this you owe," he cries;
"'Tis water and dry bread:
"Justice indulgence still denies,
"Such guilt hangs o'er your head!

"Come, gentle lady, and declare
"Your favour'd lover's name,
"And be releas'd from doleful care,
"Restor'd to friends and fame:

" Nor longer stubborn here remain,
" Confess the whole to me,
" Ere thou art loaded with a chain—
" And who dare set thee free?"

She answers, " Slave! inform your liege,
" I'm innocent of all!
" The charge is false—oh! I beseech
" His wrath not thus to fall!

" Else close my suff'rings at a stroke,
" Nor linger out my life;
" Ah me! with grief my heart is broke—
" Oh! what conflicting strife!"

The message to Don Juan he bears:
No mercy will he show;
His cruel purpose he declares,
More to increase her woe.

With pomp, a waxen figure's borne
The church-yard glade beneath;
He writes to all her friends forlorn,
How sudden came her death.

To his confessor he applies,
And tells his artful tale;
He of her crimes did him apprise,
Lest mercy might prevail.

He soon three letters, false, address'd,
As by her lover sent,
Gave to the father, and express'd
How much she'd to repent.

The rev'rend priest explores the cave,
The creeking door extends;
He down the steps to Ellen's grave,
With anxious haste, descends.

Aloud he calls, "Arise, confess
"Your late unlawful deed!
"I am commission'd thee to bless,
"If herein I succeed:

"But if thou stubborn will remain,
"More punish'd still to be,
"With locks and heavy iron chain,
"There's none will pity thee."

The busy echo made the sound
Repeat distinct and plain:
Close to the straw his way he wound,
And call'd three times in vain.

He stood alarm'd; his lantern rais'd
High o'er his hoary head,
On murder'd Ellen long he gaz'd,
Now freed from sorrow—dead!

Strong fetters of a heavy size
Her famish'd frame sustain'd,
These o'er her arms did chasing rise,
Fast round her waist enchain'd.

The pitcher, broken, on a board,
Drain'd to the bottom, stood;
A remnant of dry bread explor'd,
Seem'd to have been her food.

The priest retracted all he'd said,
While he the sight beheld;
To Heaven he lowly bent his head,
And found his anger quell'd.

"It were not needful sure," he cried,
"To have increas'd her grief;
"No creature ever was more tried,
"'Tis even past belief!

"Oh! that her suff'rings could be prov'd
"Unmerited severe,
"Her memory should be ever lov'd,
"Her name I'd still revere."

While speaking, back his way he sped;
The dungeon deep he lock'd,
Retrac'd the steps, which upward led,
And at the portal knock'd.

Him, with a sigh, the don receives,
He sheds some ready tears:
Before the priest her loss he grieves;
His pardon glad he hears.

A stately urn, o'ertopt with flame,
Upon her tomb he plac'd;
Tall iron rails surround the same;
The whole a motto grac'd.

HENRY THE UNFORTUNATE.

A BALLAD.

Long time young Henry, gentle youth,
Of timid bashfulness,
Had fix'd his mind on handsome Ruth,
Nor would the same confess;

But in the lonely vallies stray'd,
Resounding far his sighs:
Nor knew the soul-enchanting fair
This work of her fine eyes.

He with his knife engrav'd her name
On bark of trees below,
And true-love knots, and hearts of flame,
To witness Henry's woe.

He once, approaching to express
The nature of his grief,
Came near to telling his distress,
In hopes to find relief;

For he imagin'd his lov'd fair,
Rejecting still the swains,
Might listen to his earnest prayer,
In pity to his pains.

But soon, unhappily misled
By groundless doubts and fears,
He sadly hung his drooping head,
And dropt incessant tears.

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Nor scorn'd the maid whom he esteem'd
The votaries of truth;
Young Henry of this class she deem'd,
And much approv'd the youth.

Oh! then, if boldly he'd express'd
The cause of his despair,
He might have been for ever bless'd,
And freed from every care!

But now her gifts dame Fortune wheels
To Ruth so poor before,
Leaving her fav'rite, houses, fields,
An heiress to restore.

Affliction Henry's soul assail'd,
He nurs'd a mortal grief;
Where flatt'ring consolation fail'd,
Death brought at length relief.

When, lo! a certain lord essay'd
The prospect to command,
Preferr'd his suit: the constant maid
Did soon bestow her hand,

Within a palace to reside.
Now joys their steps surround;
The noble pair, to worth allied,
Are far and near renown'd.

DRUSILLA AND CYMON.

A TALE.

Once in the country liv'd a maid;
And she to improve her mind essay'd,
To spread her fame around;
In music, rural dance, or song,
She still surpass'd the neighb'ring throng,
Her like could ne'er be found.

Her beauteous locks of auburn hair,
Bright eyes, her face divinely fair,
The coldest breast to fire,
Cymon, a sordid wretch, survey'd,
And scorn'd the amiable maid,
Nor own'd the least desire.

A sibyl did the youth behold,
And mark'd how fond he was of gold,
All things besides despis'd;
And to the rural nymphs explain'd,
How men of better sense disdain'd
The things poor Cymon priz'd.

Thus matters stood, until by chance
Of some unlook'd-for circumstance,
The damsel rich became;
A house, a farm-yard, and some land,
Devolv'd to be at her command,
And Cymon heard the same.

Full soon he play'd a subtle part,
In view to gain her hand and heart;
But vainly he applied:
The maid's contemptuous anger glow'd,
She spoke her sentiments aloud,
And fitting was her pride:

"Away, poor silly swain," said she!
"This empty strain is lost on me!
"I see thro' your pretence;
"Say, is it love, or my estate,
"Which bears you up with pride elate,
"To prove your insolence?

"Nor yet a youth of trifling mind
"E'er prov'd a lover true and kind,
"His thoughts on riches bent;
"And if by Hymen I were gain'd,
"And such the husband I'd obtain'd,
"I should too late repent.

"But know, Drusilla can despise
"Mean souls, who money idolize,
"Of perishable mould;
"And but to one by wisdom bless'd,
"Whene'er his passion is express'd,
"Her mind she will unfold."

MISFORTUNE,

THE FRUITS OF QUARRELLING.

A TALE.

THE man who seeks domestic strife
Before a comfortable life,
Should ever CONTRADICT with heat,
And what provokes the most repeat;
For aggravation, next to blows,
Will banish quietness and repose:
And form a system to pursue,
Which ever bids to peace adieu!
Yet when such whims weak sense command,
Determin'd, keep the upper hand;
A termagant no quarter give,
And barely let a vixen live,
Ere greater evils chance t' ensue
Some future time, to trouble you.
Now for the tale:—A stately pair
Went hand and glove to take the air;
A wise philosopher was he,
And she as wise appear'd to be:
They walking in St. James's Park,
On various matters made remark;
In every thing they still agreed,
Did lovingly along proceed,
Till something wonderful arose,
Which both beheld, and knit their brows:
Whate'er it was, no matter what,
To high provoking words they got;
The lady's fiery visage glow'd,
Not unobserved by the crowd.

Away she hasten'd, all inflam'd,
And o'er the threshold quickly came.
One solitary slave they had,
A foolish idiot the lad;
She instantly away him sent,
Which gave her passion little vent.
Straight other mischief did ensue;
Crash went the pots and glasses too,
Expressing plain what she durst do.
Dick, when come home at night, survey'd
Her fury—which, at last, he stay'd,
With begging she'd be pacify'd,
And pardon every fault beside;
In future take the leading way,
And, right or wrong, he would obey.
Matters adjusted, loud there knock'd
One at the gate, which he unlock'd;
Receiv'd a certain note to read,
Craving the bearer might succeed
The servant just before dismiss'd,
A simple, solitary beast!
Small wages only he'd require:
This set his avarice on fire,
Made good amends for his wife's rage,
And soon he did the man engage.
Now they're at rest; but when 'twas late,
The stranger rose, unbarr'd the gate,
Let in his gang to find their prey,
And all of value take away;
'Twas found too late, the simple boor
Whom *mistress* did discharge before,
Had told the grievous piece of work
To sharpers, ever on the lurk;

His master's wealth too was describ'd,
A booty to the thieving tribe,
Who, in the manner just declar'd,
Enter'd the house, and nothing spar'd.

HODGE'S DISASTER.

A TALE.

A COUNTRY farmer came to town,
To buy fat *Doll* the maid a gown:
Soon over Oxford Street he cross'd,
Where *goods* were sold below the cost;
Went in a shop, to tumble o'er
A choice variety in store;
Until a fine gown strikes his eyes;
But *Hodge* considers ere he buys,
Demands the selling price to hear,
And hop'd it might not prove too dear.
The knowing tradesman seem'd his friend,
His mind beginning to unbend;
A sweeter thing he'd never seen,
'Twas manufactur'd for the queen;
"Stood nearly to three pounds," he said;
And down the cash the farmer laid,
He fear'd some other person might,
Should he refuse, come in and buy't.
Now *Hodge* prepares for his return,
And passing by the Golden Urn,
Him did a loyal clown accost,
"The king!—let's go and drink his toast."

" With all my heart," he answers free,
" Yon house to enter I agree ;
" *My dairy* wine, so clear and neat,
" Will be a rarish *Lunnun* treat."
Twelve bottles of the best they crack,
But stronger punch the clown did lack ;
'Twas made : *Hodge* drank it in a trice,
Then drunken, on the bench he lies.
The clown, so loyal, went away
In haste, and left the *shot* to pay,
Taking the farmer's watch—ah ! worse,
His hat, his pocket-book, and purse ;
The charming gown, which caus'd much grief
To *Hodge*, exclaiming, " Oh ! the thief !"—
His plight the landlord came to view,
Seiz'd on his coat and waistcoat too ;
Then turn'd him out into a lane,
Midst storms of wind and pelting rain.
How he got home at last, who knows ?
To faithful *Doll* he told his woes ;
But she deriding him distress'd,
Treated his sorrows as a jest.

IMPERTINENCE PUNISHED.

A TALE.

MERCURY, ancient stories prove,
Was on an errand sent from Jove;
And travelling hard, he anxious grew
For place of rest to hail his view.
A cot, one story from the ground,
Hedg'd in by thriving trees around,
Far distant on the moor he sees,
And there he goes, his limbs to ease;
Kicks at the door his feather'd feet,
Admittance gains, and takes a seat;
The elbow-chair his fancy hits,
He near the glowing embers sits.
His hostess prov'd a matron kind,
And soon express'd her gen'rous mind;
Spread a white napkin on the board,
And set such fare as times afford.
One end a piece of bacon grac'd,
Aside a dish of cabbage plac'd;
An apple-pie one corner holds,
The other bread and cheese unfolds;
Nice home-brew'd beer display'd her pride,
Keen hunger her best sauce supplied.
She begs her guest will fix his place,
Turns up her eyes, and offers grace.
Mercury, pleas'd, came nearer still,
To cater, and to eat his fill;
No ceremony needs the god,
He helps himself load after load,

Swells his big belly out before,
Till he can guttle in no more.
With glee he drinks the sparkling beer,
Fuller of humour to appear.
Refresh'd, he'll now pursue his way,
But first inquires what is to pay.
The matron hears, and makes reply,
" Good sir, no one's more poor than I;
" Yet are you kindly welcome still,
" To call whene'er you think you will;
" When this way come to take the air,
" Drop in and taste my homely fare,
" Which, tho' I market cheap and mean,
" Is wholesome, and I cook it clean.
" With milk and cream my dairy's stor'd,
" Plain food is all these times afford;
" My beverage is of the best,
" And for my pains will stand the test:
" Come, sir, pour out another glass,
" And we'll conclude by saying grace."
Her guest this ready answer makes:
" Know thou, a god thy fare partakes!
" Thy gen'rous mind he much regards,
" And waits to heap on thee rewards:
" Say, what shall Merc'ry do for thee?
" State one fair wish, he'll grant it free:
" Still let good judgment guide thy voice,
" And prudence warn thee in thy choice."
The matron, overjoy'd, replies,
" I'm glad my lucky stars arise!
" As you're so gen'rous and polite,
" I'll be a youthful beauty bright.
" To court I'll hasten in the morn,
" And treat my envious sex with scorn;

" The king's affection I'll command,
" And reign his consort in the land.
" If this should be my happy fate,
" The world will envy me my state."
" 'Tis granted thee," the god express'd,
" Be to thy wish with graces bless'd,
" A crystal vase to thee I'll bear,
" Fill'd with celestial liquor rare;
" Through which distinguish'd, fairer rise,
" And strike with wonder mortal eyes:
" But of the same dare not to taste;
" One drop destroy'd, the charm will waste,
" Thy beauty in that moment turn
" Beneath a very linkboy's scorn;
" Alike despis'd, thou'lt fall a prey
" To late repentance and dismay."
He said; and from his side he drew
The sacred elixir to view;
Presents the same; away he steers;—
And like a Venus she appears;
Runs to her looking-glass amaz'd,
And at her lovely form she gaz'd;
Till grown familiar to the sight,
Vanish'd the novelty outright!
Next on the vase she turns her eyes,
And thus with admiration cries:
" What wondrous power this jar contains!
" I feel new life glide through my veins.
" The precious sluice I'd gladly taste,
" But, ah! one drop the charm will waste!
" Base, cruel *Mercury*, to excite
" Curiosity in spite!
" But I have sense enough and wit,
" To let you see for once you're bit.

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" The pendent drop I'll e'en divide,
" And steal the greater half beside;
" Sweet, bitter, sour, or salt, I'll know
" The bottom ere to court I go."
This said, our new-form'd Venus takes
A goose-quill—she the vessel shakes;
The drop she covets centers there,
Which she divides with steady care;
One half her longing bare supplies,
The other slurs the bottle's side:
And thus she gain'd her point belov'd:—
But fatal still the matter prov'd;
For, lo! the flavour, e'er the *ton*,
Her weak senses wrought upon.
" What's this," she cries, " that is so rare?
" It beats my boasted beer, I swear;
" Makes me resolve to have some more,
" Nor loss of beauty I'll deplore:
" 'Tis insupportable to me;
" Whate'er the consequence may be—
" Tush for the consequence! avaunt!
" I'll fill a glass depend upon't."
She said: then drinks with greater heat:
Her taste becomes refin'd and sweet;
Draught after draught she gargles down;
Intoxicated, kicks the ground:
Her cheeks shrink in, her teeth decay,
Her beauty vanishes away:
Such folly every charm destroys:—
Too late resound her cheerless sighs;
Her sighs, her prayers, her tears are vain,
She falls a matron old again.

THE

TEMPLE OF THE POETS.

A VISION.

A THIRST for fame, both far and near,
Excites the youth to persevere;
By perseverance arts are gain'd,
Wisdom and sciences obtain'd.
While some in learning take delight,
To judge the best of wrong or right;
Others refine, in hopes of praise,
Excel, to win a fadeless bays;
When, after racking their poor brains,
One leaf, at most, is all their gains.
But this exception is allow'd:
There's still a class, amidst the crowd,
By no means wanting of good sense,
Who with much studying dispense;
In the home circle of their friends,
Their natural dialect expends;
A joke, a laugh, at best, their aim,
How circumscrib'd is their short fame!
A man with little knowledge bless'd,
Is more conceited than the rest;
If he's a critic, mark his pride,
To folly more than skill allied;
In garret high he lives at ease,
His luxury to his bread is cheese;
Quaffing his evening beer, he sits,
Indignant, o'er the works of wits;
By chance some verbal faults he spies,
He thinks he's wondrous learn'd and wise:

But if an author, how he writes!
Book after book he soon indites;
Superb got up, to catch the eye,
And tempt the passenger to buy,
Spite of the analyzer's rage,
That flogs the Solomons of our age.
Thus musing, sleep at length prevail'd;
When, lo! a vision I beheld:
A lofty temple stood in sight,
The golden gates were polish'd bright;
Adjoining which, I read these words:—
"This place for writers room affords;
"And more, the poets we admit,
"As well as men of better wit;
"Fame shall her brazen trumpet sound,
"And spread their well-earn'd praise around."
"My son," an aged stranger cried,
"The modern poets here reside:
"Return, approach thou not the place,
"But keep from poverty and disgrace.
"Sublime tho' these tall columns stand,
"A temple forming outwards grand,
"The few who hither speed their feet,
"May starve, or coarse provision eat.
"Alas! alas! I read thine eyes!
"A giddy stripling spurns advice,
"Flies in the hoary face of sense,
"And learns by late experience."
He spoke: and thro' the gates I flew;
A spacious court-yard struck my view,
Displaying bards, both young and old,
The learn'd were shy, th' unletter'd bold.
A time I stood, surpris'd to see
How pale they look'd, save two or three,

Who higher than the rest to sit,
Still exercis'd their oral wit;
And sprinkl'd ink, evincing plain,
How they despis'd a vacant train,
Who for their living wrote the same
Ideas which they did declaim.
One in the corner, half conceal'd,
Invention's poverty reveal'd;
He turn'd his dirty pages o'er,
And slily stole his rhyming lore,
In hopes to gain a lasting name,
And by the press resound his fame.
Beneath were rang'd, on dusty shelves,
Whole volumes, puffing off themselves;
The well-wrote prefaces encore
In vain the half-read books once more;
Less merit sure their lines disclose
Than giant *J——n's* measur'd prose,
With royal purple spots display'd,
Well known to each trunk-lining blade.
When critics a smart bribe receive
From scribblers who are free to give,
They're known to praise, in strains more high,
The filthy odes which none will buy:
His faith the patron ill expends,
Who money to a poet lends.
Near to the right, a certain tribe
Of authors sat, with each a scribe:
No waste of sense their labours show,
'Tis hammer'd far as it will go;
Still the broad margin well admits
The nice remarks of attic wits,
From which the virulent may glean
Fresh matter to indulge their spleen.

Lo! to the left side, soon appear'd
Two writers—their discourse I heard:
" My drooping friend, so late so bold!
" Your sudden sorrow brief unfold.
" To set your mind at ease, you know,
" I oft my learned pains bestow;
" My deeper knowledge I impart,
" To bring to rest your lab'ring heart,
" Or smoothen o'er what you indite,
" Whether in verse or prose you write."
" I," cried the other, " have compos'd
" A poem taking off our foes;
" Describing how the fighters rag'd,
" But fled whene'er our troops engag'd:
" This to a printer lately sold
" For thrice ten pieces, sterling gold.
" My manuscript's no more admir'd,
" Old *T*——*r* is with anger fir'd;
" He swears the rhyming lines I wrote,
" Are on a battle never fought;
" The finish'd ode, prefix'd beside,
" Extols some hero never tried:
" Declares the cash I must replace,
" Or hide from public view my face:—
" What can I do? the money's spent,
" But just sufficient for my rent;—
" I wish I'd spurn'd, ere this, the muse,
" And been content to cobble shoes."
His friend replied, " Dismiss your grief,
" For I'll afford you full relief:
" Once more I'll prove my better skill;
" Alter your manuscript I will,
" To paint some battle of the Scot,
" On which no poet yet has wrote:

" This shall express some learning too,
" And fetch the money paid to you.
" Hand me the sheets, or leave them where
" I nightly quaff the fumes of beer."
They spoke, and vanish'd. I espied
Another writer puff'd with pride.
By curious method to compose,
The matter first he wrote in prose;
Then made each verse to chime ding-dong,
And form'd divisions broad as long.
He silent sat, but often smil'd
At fresh conceits, o'er which he toil'd.
The crowd approv'd, bought up his store,
To set " the table in a roar."
When now I saw a novel sight—
Two brother poets stript to fight!
With heat inflam'd, they fiercely rag'd,
Like two wild tiger-cats, engag'd;
Confusion, uproar, din, ensu'd,
Till each had drawn the other's blood
From their gash'd noses, to spout round,
While they lay kicking on the ground.
Inquir'd the cause; some jingling rhymes
But ill accorded to the times,
Soon drew the laughters on that side;
And vex'd, the bard the whole defied,
Making his brother's wrath ensue,
To beat the poet black and blue.
Near to the spot came *Billy Brace*,
A puppy of conceited race.
" I've been," he cries, " the more profuse
" In complimenting my own muse,
" For every sheet I hold contains
" My wit in celebrating strains:

" But none will my productions praise,
" Too learn'd for these degen'rate days,
" While simple fashion still prefers
" Sonnets, which need interpreters
" The author's meaning to explain,
" Poor matter of a vacant brain.
" Enough—My dear, good sir, behold
" These volumes, worth their weight in gold!
" Accept, and kindly look them o'er;
" They'll you instruct, and many more:
" Sublime the subject, high the strain,
" I'm *Homer* come to life again;
" No poet of this sacred place
" E'er form'd his diction with such grace."
So saying, in my hand he thrust
His sundry works, all grease and dust;
O'er which I glanc'd a curious eye,
And waking, found I'd grasp'd a fly.

THE

ROGUISH JEW DETECTED.

A WHIMSICAL ADVENTURE.

A ROGUE of a Jew I late met in the fields,
He'd some hundreds of people just close on his heels;
In long tatters hung down his gown, waistcoat, and shirt,
And his old greasy hat they kick'd in the dirt.

When I wish'd to be told why they us'd him so rough,
One answer'd me, " Sir, he's not yet had enough;
" He's a rascally dog, yonder youth can declare,
" And we'll hunt him about as the hounds the hare."

I repair'd to the youth, desiring to hear
Why the crowd serv'd the Jew in a manner so queer:
He replied, " Sir, the people with justice behave,
" And the fellow you see is a scoundrel knave.

" I this morn chanc'd to go 'side the church of St. Paul,
" And passing the sharper, aloud did he bawl,
' Oh! pity my sorrow, affliction, and care,
' I've lost all my cash at a neighb'ring fair!

' Oh! alack, sir, the monish unluckily fell,
' From my weak shaking hand, down an echoing well,
' As I ran from a damsel, who tried her vain lore
' To decoy me from virtue, long cherish'd before.

' Will you buy the fine watch?—I've got nothing to eat;
' 'Tis the best in the world, and I never will cheat;
' See, the outside is gold, set with diamonds around,
' And some time since it cost, at least, twenty pound.'

" Soon I took it in hand, to examine it straight:
" I perceiv'd it to be in a villanous state;
" The works were unloosen'd, and part of them gone,
" The outside was metal, surrounded with stone.

" Not perceiving to know the truth I had found,
" I enquir'd the price; he replying ' Five pound.'
" You're a rascal," I answer'd, "you know it as well,
" With your purse, and your damsel, and echoing well!"

' Say, why these hard words, my son,' he return'd,
' Since to cheat is a principle I ever scorn'd?
' 'Tis a bargain allow'd, and you never will see
' Any more the fine watch for five chilling from me.'

" He'd just made reply, when a porter, who heard
" The whole state of the case, seiz'd him fast by his beard;
" Then a signal repeats to the mob at his heels—
" 'Twas to chace the bold hypocrite over the fields.

" With a shout and huzza along Holborn they ran,
" Thro' allies and lanes, to hunt the old man;
" The Jew puff'd and blow'd, but no quarter they gave:
" And no more, sir, I know of the long-headed knave."

SONG.

POOR MARGERY.

To a neighbouring village, a mile beyond Kent,
Her wages to spend, poor Margery went;
And passing a milliner's shop near the place,
Beheld a rare bargain of Nottingham lace.

How nicely embroider'd it look'd to the sight!
How showy and clear! what a marvellous white!
The price, lord, how cheap! two shillings a yard,
With allowance of measure to take the whole card.

Well pleas'd this to purchase, poor Margery came,
Unloosen'd her purse-strings, and paid for the same:
In ribbons and flannels the surplus she spends,
And her way to the farm-house she eagerly bends.

One Saturday night, her labour all done,
She finish'd the cap she'd slily begun;
How fine was the lace, looking well to the sight!
How showy and clear! what a marvellous white!

Next day, as to church without bonnet she went,
An accident happen'd, that made her lament:
'Twas the curate himself, on his hobbling mare,
While he plung'd thro' the mud, bespatter'd the fair

Alas! her neat dress, at a distance you'd think,
Had surely been dipt in a vessel of ink;
Not a point had escap'd. She rueful return'd,
And her dirty condition she inwardly mourn'd.

Some water she boils, some starch she prepares;
To mend the dire mischief no trouble she spares:
The gown in the kitchen is hung up to dry,
But the cap she throws down on the pavement to lie.

See, she folds both her hands, and sadly she cries,
And upwards inclines the drear whites of her eyes!
No comfort poor Margery's bosom consoles,
The fine lace she bought, breaks out into holes.

Next time, foolish maid! when to market you go,
Take care, nor be tempted by merely the show:
Of Nottingham lace to prefer which is best,
The real * patent net alone stands the test;

Which, curiously platted, and twisted, and tied,
Improves in appearance the more it is tried;
While the other, so loosely work'd, 'tis agreed,
Will do hurt to the seller, and buyer indeed.

* The warehouse where this article may be had genuine, is at No. 34, Noble-street, Foster-lane, Cheapside, London.

MORE BARGAINS.

A TALE.

Two silly countrymen, without design,
Struck on a *tun* of elder-berry wine,
Put up by auction as the lumber lot,
Next in succession to an old sheep-cot.
" Brother," cried *Neddy*, " such a house I prize."
But *Dick* exclaim'd, " The tun of wine I *buys*:"
Then to the vintner, " Pray let's taste the cheer."
" No, no, my friends, there's no time for't here;
" The hammer's up." Now bid the folks around,
The price advancing till it reach a pound!
" A shilling more;" 'tis *Dick* who bids the best;
The hammer falls:—when, lo! see, what a jest!
The rotten, tott'ring, wormy shepherd's cot
Turns out at last scarce worth a single groat,
Past art to mend;—the elder tun so rare,
Drain'd of its dregs, stinks far the ambient air;
On Brixton common, 'neath two trees, they swung
The nasty hoops—the boards away they flung.

THE VOLCANO;

OR,

THE BENIGHTED COTTAGER.

A TALE.

THE SCENE IN ITALY.

THE lab'ring moon o'ercast by clouds beneath
Held back her beams—and dark the lonely heath;
When a poor swain, benighted, lost his way,
Then fain to wander, till the break of day.
With mind oppress'd, high up a mound he goes;
And far around his weary eyes he throws—
He'd find the surer path, returning home,
From whence he came in evil hour to roam.
Now shines the moon,—at distance he espied
A cliff, whose top commands a prospect wide
O'er hill and dale; he thither climbs amain,
And tries the rugged eminence to gain,
Thinking from that the ivied tower to view,
Apart the village one short mile or two.
High on the cliff the rustic cotter stands,
Above the meadows and the green woodlands:
A noble river finds below its way,
Glides by the banks and trees and vallies gay:
Nature's vast scope sublimer awe inspires,
The roaring cataract, the mountain fires:
Grandeur august claims here her solemn reign,
And Solitude extends her still domain;

O'er distant lands *volcanoes* stately rise,
In angry form, to pierce the cloudy skies:
But not the welcome spire, or tower between
The rev'rend oaks, presents within the scene!
Beyond his bounds the hapless youth was led,
To seek a fav'rite lamb that heedless stray'd;
Straight to an inlet in the rock he hies;
And on the sand to rest his limbs he tries,
A little respite from his grief he'd find,
And sleep till morning shelter'd from the wind.
Here while he stays, though he's afflicted still,
And heavily oppress'd with every ill,
Though fortune frowns upon a friendless swain,
Yet come sweet sleep, dispense awhile his pain.
Sweet slumber, hail! be thou the mourner's lot!—
And hunger, thirst, and baleful grief forgot:
Solace the wretch of want and misery,
The more he covets to be bless'd with thee!
Lo! the lost shepherd soon awakes distress'd,
And smites in agony his pensive breast;
Revolves the past, compares his present state,
And blames the rigour of his wayward fate.
'Twas past the hour of twelve, the moon shone bright,
The country cheering by her welcome light;
The restless rustic from his bed descends,
And to the fields his wilder'd steps he bends:
A piece of rock attracts his eager eyes;
He fancies now his fav'rite lamb he spies,
Feels a fond hope inspiring every vein,
Till undeceiv'd his joy gives way to pain.

* * * * *

Here grapes in wild luxuriant order grow,
And ripening, fall in crushing heaps below.

Though hunger tempts the wand'ring wight to stay,
He takes a bunch, and swiftly hastes away ;
Comes near the spot, his folly to bemoan,
That shap'd a lamb from a mere broken stone.
Near the torn fragment of rough stone he stands,
Laments his loss, and wrings his nerveless hands,
Till suddenly the moon became o'ercast,
Nor longer blew the cold inclement blast.
A sulphur'ous heat arises far around,
Loud rumbling noises pass between the ground ;
Full well he knew what did the same forebode—
A burning mountain vents its fiery load.
Back to the cave where late he slept, he ran,
And sought for shelter ere the storm began ;
Where, safely screen'd from danger, he beheld
The rending motion of the heavy hill,
Whose lofty brow's, immeasurable rise,
Seem'd a vast pillar to support the skies :
While lightning flash'd, how felt the frighted boor?
Loud and more loud the peals of thunder roar :
With horrid noise rush'd down the mountain's side,
A liquid fire, consuming far and wide ;
High up the angry atmosphere ascends
A blazing column, which afar extends ;
Replete with heated stones immense of size,
That broke in fragments, shoot along the skies.
By the same light 'twould dangerous be to tread,
And all around wears livery of red ;
A scene of grand sublimity appears,
Striking the wanderer with unusual fears.
The streaming lava gathers fresher force,
Nor meets obstruction in its awful course ;
Burns as it goes ; impels destruction dire
On every thing encountering its fire.

Poor shepherd boy! thy throbbing breast may swell,
And o'er thy cheek the tear of sorrow steal;
Alas! no more bemoan thy straying lamb,
Lest worse betide, and give thee cause for blame.
Foreboding fancy pictures sad the tale,
Danger may threat thy cottage in the dale:
What hadst thou better do? or stay? or fly?
Now clouds of cinders cover o'er the sky!
'Tis thy good genius who directs to stay,
And wisely thou her mandates should'st obey;
So in the morn thou may once more assume
New life, to hail thy family and home.

APOLOGUE EXTEMPORE

OF THE

CARRIER GILBERT.

TO ALL RANK R————S.

TREMENDOUS Sirs, whose wisely guided pen
Strives to set right the simpler sons of men;
Whose zeal for learning leads you down to look,
And sound the depth of every modern book:—
Yes, old books too—no length of years can shield
The works that moral nor instruction yield;
Music, *the pulpit*, sculpture, painting too,
Flourish or fall beneath your nice review!
Wonderful architects! whose COLUMNS rise
On purpling paper lifted tow'rd the skies;
Folly within, her yawning tomb may claim,
And butcher'd authors on the road to fame.

Spare a rough bard who courts 'the Muse of lays;'
Nor yet condemn, or speak him worthy praise,
Who little wills by *you* his name to raise!
Pass Gilbert 'neath your scrutinizing eye—
His sins are great—the youth's not fit to die—
Sirs, bear in mind the fable of the fly;
Which was perceiv'd once buzzing round a room;
Sternly some hind bespoke its instant doom;
Yet Mercy conquer'd—Mercy instantly
Open'd the window, set the captive free,
The world is wide enough for thee and me!
Methinks, dread sirs! you may more kindly deign
To give fair quarter to a harmless swain,
Who, with his lyre untun'd, attempts the rural strain:
And, as a mouse a lion did attend,
He'd prove of service, and become a friend.
Rang'd on the shelves of Cloacina's place,
Where tatter'd genius aids the cleanly race;
Some certain parts of your own labours stand,
Obsequious, ready, ever at command—
O fye, O fye,——
As yet 'tis not too late
To save the volumes from their piece-meal fate;
Send them to bind with golden edges bright,
And in the library fix them bolt in sight,
A novelty in literature quite!
So shall the stricken boor, the outside view'd,
Judge that the contents surely needs be good!

TO A FAM'D R————R.

Not all the toils which husbandmen bestow,
Avail the lands where even weeds wont grow;
No ample crops the wintry soil will yield,
It was, it is, will be a barren field.

MUJNOON;

OR,

THE DISTRACTED LOVER.

ATTEMPTED IN VERSE FROM AN ASIATIC TALE IN THE EIGHTEENTH VOLUME OF THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE, p. 121.

" Ungen'rous Tamai! you've bound
" Your garden, my flow'r to inclose;
" Rough briars and thorns twin'd around,
" Keep me from my beauteous rose.

" See, see, I am cover'd with gore,
" Deep wounded by many a thorn;
" Yet I'll get at the rose I adore,
" My bosom of love to adorn.

" Examine my heart how it bleeds,
" 'Tis mix'd with the tears from my eyes;
" Incessant the stream still proceeds
" With mourning and comfortless sighs.

" Like the nightingale songster of night,
" I am fond of my beauteous rose;
" The sweet flow'r, in whom I delight,
" Listen'd soft while the same did disclose.

" But now—oh! the pangs that I bear!
" The gard'ner admittance denies;
" He hath hedg'd all around the chaste fair,
" To hide her for e'er from my eyes.

" Tamai our passion approv'd,
" Till a monarch beheld my sweet rose,
" And beholding, immediately lov'd
" The goodliest flower that blows;

" Most enamour'd of which he appear'd:
" The gard'ner he tempted with gold;
" The mercenary gard'ner heard,
" And my beauteous flower hath sold.

" Yet, alas! the mean gard'ner knows,
" The riches of worlds I'd resign—
" But, oh! not to purchase his rose,
" To insult the dear maiden divine.

" The splendour of empires ascend
" Like a feather, so light in the scale;
" With my beautiful, charming young friend,
" Oh! their riches shall nothing avail!

" Yet the nightingale I'll go and seek
" In the twining and dark-lonesome grove,
" And to him my sorrows I'll break,
" Till I sink in affliction of love."

FRAGMENT.

TO LAVINIA,

WHEN HER LOVER, AFTER RETURNING FROM A LONG AND PERILOUS VOYAGE, FINDS HER ESPOUSED TO HIS RIVAL, THE HAPPY ALCANDER.

FAREWELL, to joy, felicity, and peace!
Now flatt'ring hopes to mock my wishes cease:
I've lost *Lavinia*—oh! the wild surprise
That strikes my heart, and wakes my rending sighs!
A fierce delirium seizes on my soul,
My fruitless tears in streams incessant roll—
I vainly kneel: oh! hear my languid groans—
An abject swain his destiny bemoans!
Let me behold thy lovely eyes once more,
And at thy feet compassion kind implore!
Thy tender pity sooth my woe and care,
And ease my mind, o'erburden'd by despair!
Clos'd the long day, in sleep I'd find relief;
Night's dismal shades increase my stubborn grief;
The time-past scenes my mem'ry brings in view,
Assail my rest, and torture me anew.
Ador'd *Lavinia!* thou, my early choice,
Held'st out in vain my earthly paradise;
Thine hand bestow'd too rashly—ah! thou'rt lost,
And all our bliss imaginary's cross'd!
Yet may your days pass o'er unclouded bright,
And I far banish'd your angelic sight!
May bless'd *Alcander*, while your love he's gain'd,
Feel conscious of this happiness attain'd!—

I'd fain have slept—it late befriended me,
But still my thoughts confus'dly turn'd on thee;
My brain, distemper'd, made thy form appear,
Kind to condole, and answer tear with tear;
I saw my charmer, while a dream deceiv'd,
In deep affliction my hard fate she griev'd;
With me my sorrow, cheerless, did deplore,
Hung on my neck, and bade me sigh no more.
Oh! ecstasy of bliss!—but, ah! it fled!
Long, long the tedious night dwelt o'er my head;
When dawn'd the dreary morning, I arose,
And losing thee, I bid adieu repose.
Alas! the worst of misery is mine,
My every claim on pleasure I resign!
I fly—oh! pity me, celestial fair!
I fly to other climes, to sooth my doleful care.

FRAGMENT.

TO THE SAME.

Once more, lov'd fair, presumption claims my pen,
Though reason plainly tells me, 'tis in vain:
Alas! my fond imagination still
Misleads to form thee pitying my despair!
Lavinia, canst thou pardon what I ask?
To thy poor slave, oh! grant one interview,
Again to hear the music of thy voice;
To mark thy gaze, thy lovely fingers trilling
Graceful, easy, the harp's trembling strings!
But thou despisest me—alas! no more

I'll listen to thy soft melodious strains,
To charm my senses, set my soul on fire!
Adieu, *Lavinia!*—Oh! *Alcander's* bless'd,
Whom you have favour'd with your first esteem:
May he remain sincere—may happiness,
May all the raptures of connubial bliss,
For ever, ever crown your coming days!
Farewell!

TO FRIENDSHIP.

Hail, Friendship! spark divine of heavenly fire!
Early thou took'st to earth thy wav'ring flight,
And kindly didst extend abroad thy power,
Cementing souls in other gen'rous bonds
Than ties of kin, or mercenary hopes.
'Tis thine to elevate a mind depress'd;
To reassure, to comfort, or uplift
The anguish'd noble, while, in solemn state,
Craving advice: he, though afflicted still,
Accepts from thee things which another might
With vain condolence offer. Through thy smiles
The burden of misfortune grows more light.
The rough, unletter'd rustic, led by thee,
Anxiously seeks, in dungeons damp and cold,
His known acquaintance, long confin'd for debt;
Or stands o'erjoy'd, as fortune may him bless
With every better gift her store contains.
'Midst heavy cares, perplexing human life,
Thou oft excit'st to spend a social hour
O'er the convivial bowl——The wretch, how vile
Who, after grasping thy o'er-bounteous hand,
Ungrateful proves, to leave thee fresh to feel
Thy kindness slighted, mortifies severe!

SONNET I.

GRIEF.

Ah me! the secret anguish of my breast,
The sigh that labours, and the tear that falls,
The bitter griefs which memory recals,
Now rise severe to rob my nightly rest;
By much affliction I am sorely press'd,
And sorrow inexpressible I feel:
I covet sleep, my weary eyes to seal,
But slumber flies a wretch like me distress'd!
I'll up and traverse some far distant shore,
While rain descends, and the rough tempest blows;
The dismal wilds and vallies I'll explore,
And to the Echo all my cares disclose:
Mournfully count my suff'rings o'er and o'er,
Confess my pains, and number all my woes!

SONNET II.

DESPONDENCE.

The doleful chimes in yonder steeple's height,
Successive striking, sound the neighb'ring dale;
The sun's departing beams no more prevail,
To cheer the grove, and chase the dull twilight.
The pendent gloom and doleful chimes invite,
Apart the hamlet, my slow steps to bend,
While the cold dews and noxious damps ascend,
And the pale moon but faintly crowns the night.
Close to the stream in pensive mood I'll wait,
Where weeping willows scatter leaves below;
Pine at the rigour of my wayward fate,
But vent no tears to ease my stubborn woe:
Since my desponding, cheerless, hopeless state,
And troubled mind no such relief may know!

SONNET III.

LOVE.

Lo! what forebodes this rising anxious pain,
  This pensive wish in solitude to rest;
  The torpid languor by which I'm oppress'd,
Essaying to benumb my every vein?
Ah me! 'tis Love, who forms the mental chain
  That fetters my sad, melancholy mind!
  O sacred Love! prove not to me unkind!
Nor, heavenly Peace! forsake a gentle swain!
I'll seek for joys to crown me while I stray
  Where the wild flow'ret meets the downcast eye,
Where Philomel with music fills the spray,
  And wider prospects ope beneath the sky:—
Cease, ye fierce fires, lest I consume away,
  And to Amanda's charms a martyr die!

THE

CLOUD AND THE STREAM.

FABLE I.

As once a cloud receiv'd the sun's warm ray,
Along the sky it proudly shap'd its way,
Casting below a shadow, in disdain,
On a clear stream meandering o'er the plain,
And thus exclaim'd in thunder from its height:
" Reflect my glory to the dazzl'd sight?"
The humble current instantly obeys;
And o'er its surface lustre widely plays:
Till chang'd by storms, the cloud's effulgence fled,
And forc'd by winds, in darkness roll'd its head.

MORAL.

The crafty tyrant, by successes crown'd,
Looks for his deeds to spread his fame around;
Death comes at last—the dream deceives no more,
The short-liv'd triumph of a day is o'er.

THE

LION AND SNAIL.

FABLE II.

A HUNGRY lion, hunting for his prey,
Hurt a weak snail, that on the sedges lay:
He felt compassion touch his gen'rous breast,
While he stood anxious, and these words express'd:
" Poor writhing worm! broke is your shell around,
" And you're disabled on the verdant ground!
" In the green meadow doom'd perchance to fall
" A feast for unfledg'd sparrows on the wall."

MORAL.

A noble mind to pity ever deigns,
And marks the anguish of another's pains.

FARMER HOBSON.

A RURAL POEM.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed.—Description of the farm yard.—James at plough.—Sowing seed.—The dairy, &c.—James feeding poultry.—The sheep, &c.—Young lambs, &c.—Observations and moral reflections.

SPRING.

I SING the toils of one unknown to fame,
A wealthy farmer, *Hobson* call'd by name;
Whose daily cares revolving seasons crown,
On fallow mead, on hill, or level down:
Since in the yard, the barn, or cultur'd field,
The farmer's labours ample subject yield,
If but the Muse inspire each temper'd line,
Befriend the lay, and every thought refine.
Down in the north, near to a highway side,
Where the swift mails before the waggons glide;
Stands a thatch'd house with land encompass'd round,
Ring fenc'd with hedge-rows and a rising mound.

Wide to the left, the upland ground ascends,
Below whose side a valley far extends,
Early prepar'd the yellow grain to grow,
To form the wheat-stack and the barley-mow.
And here, no little farmer needy stands,
Oblig'd to sell his corn from off his lands;
But several farms that many serv'd before,
Now all in one, increase the rich man's store;
Who, with a moderate profit not content,
Keeps up the price, and makes the poor lament,
Hind'ring the gifts of Heaven to take their course,
A time of war so hard, making still worse.
Round *Hobson's* house an ample space appears,
Where many a stack of hay its head uprears;
Where stands a shed for waggon, cart, and plough,
Apart the barn, and pigeon-house below;
And nigh a stye, and hive of bees beyond,
Appears the gabbling geese and duck's dark pond,
And various poultry anxious cares bestow,
To lead their young, to feed them as they go.
One line of conduct mark'd old *Hobson's* way,
His character *seem'd* clear as summer day;
At his full board, with wholesome food supplied,
His wife and children sat at either side,
Dwelt on his smiles, or, if by ills sore vex'd,
Shar'd all his griefs—like him they felt perplex'd.
And still, in life, as fate awards it so,
That after joy oft trouble comes and woe,
Wrongly, such folks as *Hobson*, count the crop,
Which, in its early growth, a with'ring blight may stop.
Sometimes a sheep, or pig within the stye,
Or, suddenly, a fav'rite cow may die;
Things, which befalling, hurt the farmer's mind,
Steal his delights, and sorrows leave behind.

One hundred ewes he number'd in his turn,
Ten cows with cream supplied the dashing churn,
His team of able horses he would boast,
Were worth five times the money they had cost;
And, 'mong his store, he prided still to find,
Farming utensils of a better kind;
And had besides, his labours to beguile,
A four-wheel chaise for riding out in style.
Ceas'd now th' inclement bitter biting blast,
A different aspect marks the Earth at last;
'Neath milder skies where *Winter's* sway had been,
The face of things assumes a smile serene;
The ground bedeck'd with early flow'rs appears,
Congenial warmth recruited Nature cheers.
Hobson's hir'd boy, a rustic hale and strong,
Begins at morn, to drive the plough along;
Till the soil crumbling to his efforts yield,
And one dark hue distinguish far the field.
Adown a vale's declivity he bends
His heavy way, or slow up hill ascends.
Throng, o'er the glade, alight expectant birds;
The loosen'd mould a fav'rite food affords,
Earth-worms and grubs, left bare beneath the sky,
Attract his wary followers while they fly.
Awhile reclin'd young *James* his plough resumes,
In whistling mood, or sings till evening comes;
O'er his drain'd keg no further time he'll loose,
Homeward he's bound, but stops to scrape his shoes.
He knew fair Cleanliness the dame embrac'd;
How her brick floor no signs of dirt disgrac'd;
Within the dairy, wholesome, sweet, and light,
Was every pail, and pan, and churn, kept bright;
Whence her new cheese became the country's boast,
And her *fresh butter* mellow'd many a toast;

And thrifty *Hobson* gave a helping hand,
Whene'er the weather kept him from his land:
No idle drone, if work was to be done,
Or indolent where wealth might still be won.
But when the morning first begun to peep,
He'd from his rest with resolution leap;
Setting at nought, the dame's soft, soothing strain,
Tun'd to cajole, and lure him back again.
In view for wealth no pains old *Hobson* spar'd,
To have his land with nutriment prepar'd;
Dung, from the cow-yard, blacken'd o'er the soil,
A rich manure to aid the ploughman's toil.
Now by whose hands fresh parallels are made,
And deep drawn furrows mark the stubborn glade;
Hobson with shallow basket seeks the plain,
Between the spaces scatters well the grain;
O'er many an acre, spread his rented fields,
Still not to servants this nice point he yields:
One crop of barley, or of oats, well sold,
Will over pay him more than sevenfold.
Thus when the EARTH with bearing seed's supplied,
He makes poor *James* the heavy harrow guide,
Bestows his help, works hard till setting sun,
Then gladly views the level surface done.
But anxious still to see his barns all fill'd,
Riches to bring and further gladness yield;
Full many a scheme to fright the birds he plans,
Those depredators of his new-sown lands;
Nor pity linger'd in his boiling breast,
When oft his hand would spoil the moss-form'd nest,
Quickly destroying rook, or crow, if near;
Sure sign of indiscriminating fear.
With cadence rough, his stern command resounds,
"Go kill the traitors that infest my grounds!"

On second thoughts, *James* may do harm to game,
By sad mischance, and marr his honest fame!
Unsettled wight! he wavers in his mind,
Slily to slip the powder horn behind.
Blithe *James* is young—lest mischief may ensue,
Away he goes with labour still in view,
Just cross a string the wind-mov'd shreds to lay,
Stuff'd rags and straw, to scare the birds away.
Quick as he steps, disperse his feather'd foes,
And terror strikes which ever way he goes;
On tree, or bush, they settle from his sight,
Thence, one by one, returning to alight,
James sore beset, exerts his utmost powers,
And full employment occupies his hours.

Yet, e'en the best precaution seems to fail,
And harmless weapons prove of no avail;
In secret hold, the hireling gunner lies,
And levels death at *Hobson's* enemies!
Nine several times a fatal shot he takes,
And many a bird a bloody exit makes;
Which giv'n to *James*, in certain charge, he's bound,
To spread them lengthwise o'er the level ground;
A fearful sight that 'larms the pilf'ring race,
Causing them straight to quit the guarded place:—
" Bring out the slaughter'd birds, their wings unbend,
" From point to point them on the soil extend,
" When the flock, flying o'er the cultur'd plain,
" Call on their lifeless mates, but call in vain."

As morning dawns, and gilded are the skies,
Industrious *James* from slumber must arise;
Wide lays his work, two fields he needs must pass;
And, in the meadow, oft, the dewy grass,
With sweeping showers, increase the pebbly rills,
Reflecting fair the trees and upland hills.

A thousand objects tempt his ling'ring way,
While the lark's music hails the coming day.
But *James* is not of sciences possess'd;
The ARTS to him seem trivial things at best!
Nature he knows no further than the name;
Humble his mind, aspiring little fame.
Yet joy, oft times, this little fame attends,
When lively laughter his droll jokes befriends;
Or, when a group, around the kitchen fire,
Pleas'd at his sev'ral tales, his stock of sense admire.
Near the sown land a shapeless hovel stood,
Thatch'd close with straw, o'er its thick walls of mud;
Where every night the implements were laid,
The hoe, the shovel, mattock, and the spade.
Safe from the foxes' scent the birds he found,
In heapy basket slung aloof the ground;
Soon to his early task he nimbly springs,
Them, on the field, with careful hand, he flings;
Repeats the same, for several nights and morn,
Till the seed root, and safe the risen corn.
Back now he turns, his useful help bestows,
Hastens with *Betty* to fetch up the cows,
Carries the fodder dry, the clean scour'd pail,
And both the stools, within a neighb'ring vale:
Where, 'neath some spreading oak of rev'rend age,
Betty and *James* to milk the kine engage;
Eases the udder of its copious stream,
Supplying *Hobson's* dairy with choice cream.
And which, at eve, the careful mistress churns;
By pounds of butter she the penny earns;
A larger portion of the milk she'll take,
The richly-flavour'd *Cheshire* CHEESE to make;
Boast of the country, far and near in fame,
Quickly it drops, and mellows to the flame:—

For neither *Hobson*, or his wife agrees,
For sake of butter to forego their cheese ;
Both are a pride, and both a profit yield,
And their milch-cows enjoy the open field.
Inferior cheese no signs of fatness crown,
A toasted slice imbibes a bitter brown ;
Devoid of cream no virtue it contains,
Or brings new vigour in th' enfeebled veins :—
" Well said indeed," a wretched cynic cries ;
" But for the *class* which are not over nice,
" Whose few earn'd shillings, when to market brought,
" Admit no boasted quality in ought."—
Away with such weak arguments as these,
And for the future let's have better cheese ;
The lab'ring *poor* deserve the best of food,
To help their strength, and do their spirits good :
The idle *drones* put off with worser meat,
Nor need be nice in what they drink or eat ;
'Tis from the POOR the nation's safety springs,
And they of all, should fare on wholesome things.
Now milking done, *James* goes with usual speed,
Old *Hobson's* poultry, and his hogs to feed ;
Goes up the ladder, where a corn-bin stood,
To measure out the fowls their daily food :
His ready way across the yard he bends,
Until surrounded by the cackling hens,
And gabbling geese, that presently forsake
The dirty borders of their miry lake.
Fix'd to the spot a score of hens remain,
Teaching their young to peck the scatter'd grain,
While the shrill cock resounds the neighb'ring vale,
Crowing with chest erect and strutting tail.
James, at the hog-trough, next, his station takes ;
The swilling mash, food for the swine, he makes ;

Grains, which have spent their virtues in strong beer,
Or sparkling ale, are things of value here;
With coarser flour the tubs he'll next replete,
Stir up the swill, and form an ampler meat;
Unbar the stye, that forth the pigs may roam,
Till the replenish'd trough allure them home.

Comes now the Spring fresh beauties to unfold,
Assuredly welcome, both to young and old;
With Hope attendant, crowns the wasting hours,
And bears to far extent her fragrant flowers.
See joy-inspiring thoughts her steps attend,
A num'rous train, poor mortals to befriend;
Blessings in store, she opes with lib'ral hand,
And Pleasure gaily animates the land;
Love, with fond rapture, views the beauteous scene;
Trees, shrubs, and plants, resume their wonted green,
Full-grown the boughs, *cool shade* just gives a glance,
Unheeded yet, till Summer heats advance.

None, at this season, is more blithe than *James*,
Ease in his conscience constant dwelling claims;
Of happiness a lib'ral part he shares,
And little knows of life-perplexing cares;
One truth is clear to this unletter'd hind,
Content depends upon a settled mind;
And, is a gift, inestimably high,
Above vain wealth, that would its place supply!
If here consists philosophy profound,
The name of James may gather fame around;
His master's will 'twere better to obey,
Than idly loiter his good time away.
A charge of fav'rite little lambs he'd got,
And now the shepherd's, seem'd his humble lot;
He'd, on a pipe, attempt some rustic strain,
While his flock sported o'er the verdant plain.

Hobson self-interest ever holds in view,
Sheep, fleecy grown, requir'd his care, he knew;
Shorn of their wool, the whole he's fain to pass
Thro' his own hands, to let them crop the grass.
In pasture left, his hundred ewes abound,
Their lambs for slaughter frisk along the ground;
Young things! unconscious how the sharpen'd knife,
Alas! too soon, will rob them each of life.—
Yet, ere the time, they quit the flow'ry field,
And, speedily, their short existence yield;
They, on the lawn, their little sports pursue,
And stamp attention on the admiring view.
See! how the lambs essay their strength and speed,
In airy sweep across the tufted mead!
Unlike the gen'rous courser do they bound,
Or strike, with steely hoof, the trembling ground,
Their lighter footsteps, leaping o'er the field,
Scarcely compel the green-sod tufts to yield.
Timid are they, and fill'd with mortal fears,
Whene'er a strange-like animal appears;
Or, if the wind with sudden fury rise,
And a fierce tempest howl amid the skies,
Shook the wild hawthorn and the scatt'ring rose,
Away they scamper from their fancied foes!
Surely no ill the firstling flock awaits,
Strong is the fence, and well secur'd the gates,
On either side the scented woodbine blows,
And, 'neath the hedge, the springing nettle grows.
Lo! 'midst the world will many bear in mind,
Troubles of the imaginary kind;
Exclaim aloud, discourse of suff'ring grief,
And talk of woes admitting no relief!
They're like the lambs which in th' inclosure fly
From the torn branch whirl'd up the wind-rough sky;

Ready to magnify the least distress,
And bring light troubles heavily to press.
Sorrow and grief come natural where there's cause,
And hard the task to strive 'gainst Nature's laws;
Weakly unwise is he whom plenty crowns,
Who meets half way Misfortune's sterner frowns.
'Tis nobler far to draw a level line,
Nor joy at trifles, nor for trifles pine;
Sedate with pleasure, patient midst of woe,
Acquire by stealth a happy life below.
Spring hast'ning onward, high the sun ascends,
His welcome heat to longer days he lends.
O'er the rough common ceas'd the blowing breeze,
And scarce a zephyr fann'd the woodland trees;
Secure from danger slept the barter'd lambs,
Or, undisturb'd, play'd fearless by their dams;
They little knew what dreadful ills did wait,
When a rail'd cart, aside the meadow-gate,
Carried them thence, in slaughter-house to bleed,
And *James* their shepherd mourn'd the ruthless deed.
But tyrant Man, insatiate, demands
The earliest produce of the farmer's lands;
The house-bred pigeon, scarcely us'd to fly,
The suckling pig, and tender lamb, must die!
Oft, too, a wanton cruelty's embrac'd,
To fashion higher flavour to the taste.
See, yon poor calf hung up—most piteous sight!
A vein is lanc'd—the quiv'ring flesh turns white;—
Slow drops the blood—it dies a ling'ring death,
And in pale agony resigns its breath!—
But cries the Epicure, "This style give o'er;
"Not sensual minds the bleeding brute deplore;
"While its white flesh a sav'ry treat affords,
"When serv'd with proper sauces at our boards!

" And for this calf some folks will pity feel,
" Yet search the shambles for the whitest veal;
" Of skinning eels, with mark'd abhorrence, tell,
" Yet thoughtless roast the oyster in its shell.
" Search then the cause, the evil, how it springs,
" Lo! 'tis Refinement, that Invention brings,
" Means to find out our pamper'd wish to please,
" And give a zest to Luxury and Ease."
Dismiss'd the point, my vent'rous Muse descries,
Fresh opening beauties, and mild Summer skies.
Kind hearted *James* employment further gains,
Where the corn waves upon the fertile plains.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

The fruitful year beneficial to the farmer.—Showers of rain, &c.—The corn-field.—Grass for mowing.—Summer crops, &c.—Remarks on monopolizers.—New hive for the bees.—A storm, &c.—Conclusion of the second Book.

SUMMER.

SOME sixty miles from London's bustling strife,
Hobson the farmer leads a country life;
Annexing many a cultivated field
To sev'ral lands which his forefathers till'd.
To him the year increasing riches brings,
Yielding a store, abundant, of good things;
Turns to account what separate tythe he sows,
Whence yellow wheat, in tenfold measure, grows;
Leaves many a stack of fodd'ring beans and hay,
Before the old are half consum'd away;
Prospers the ground for barley, oats, and rye,
To heap the bin, and every call supply.
Yet, by experience, *Hobson* truly knows,
That fairest prospects may untimely close,
A summer's sun dry up the arid soil,
And sultry beams augment his weary toil.
Thus he, at night, his fervent wish repeats,
That rain would come, repelling droughty heats:
Awake at day-break, starting from his bed,
A greasy nightcap on his scalpy head;
Uncouth his visage, thro' the lattice thrust,
He views, indignant, clouds of wav'ring dust;

Which, if, perchance, a flying shower had laid,
Like a dark mantle, thinly o'er the glade,
Across his brow would doubt his joy beguile,
And leave the ghastly ruins of a smile!
James, at a call, his ready shovel brings,
Up instantly the lifted turf he flings;
Dried at the surface ev'ry part appears,
Poor *Hobson* sheds some unavailing tears.
Sudden the sky, tempestuous darken'd, lours,
Light rain descends in gentle welcome showers,
Whose moist'ning virtue renovates the Earth,
And dies away each painful thought of dearth.
Lo, then, behold, how wrongly troubles bear!
Causing the mind to border on despair;
While bounteous Good from Heaven, mankind be-
And Providence the best for all provides. [tides,

Where fell the rain down vale and upland hill,
The thriving crops with milky kernels fill,
With liv'lier green shoot up, refresh'd and bright;
While many a wild flower, delicately white,
Or colour-tinted, strikes the school-boy's view,
The tall red poppy, and cyanus blue.
Still the *assemblage* which the fields adorn,
Are held as weeds when grown midst wheaten corn;
Like as a fop, in human life, is seen,
Of gaudy dress and self-sufficient mien,
Fashion'd 'mong men of sense, appears more plain,
A kind of *jack-a-dandy* thing, insane!
James in the corn-field now his time employs,
With a wood rattle makes a clatt'ring noise;
Some vagrant sparrows up from covert rise,
Trying their speed along the cloudless skies.
Then on the nearest hedge they lighting, stand,
A bold, mischievous, little, pilf'ring band;

Or down the leafy spray descend again,
Till by the rattle scar'd across the plain.
Not far the field-rose prickly stem entwines
Round the bench-head where *James* his limbs reclines;
The sun's bright ray disturbs his noon-tide rest;
And, in the shade, he scans the emmet's nest.
How vain is man! e'en JAMES, for one short hour,
Fancies himself a Bonaparte in power!
His clouted shoes, beneath his kingly tread,
Wide o'er the plain could devastation spread;
In wrathful moment num'rous tribes confound,
And lay their cities level with the ground!
His wand'ring thoughts in mercy sweet he sums,
Eats his free meal, and scatters his few crumbs;
Th' assembling ants the blessing kind receives,
And bravely *James* a nation's cares relieves.
Where grows the turf with various plants emboss'd,
The dock's broad leaves o'ershade a mighty host;
Unnumber'd insects, scarce distinguish'd, pass,
In all directions o'er the cov'ring grass.
Some lab'ring climb the nettle's fibry stem,
Others with wings a slothful pace condemn;
High o'er his head extend their crowded flight,
And in a sun-beam vanish out of sight.
The caterpillar quits its humble state,
(Now golden honours on the class await,)
No more to crawl, but proudly wing'd, he rides,
Culling each fragrant honied flower besides.
The paler butterflies are frequent seen,
Skimming in pairs the meadow's surface green,
Some hawthorn fence, or garden wall to scale,
Where choicer sweets allure them from the vale.

James, become weary, on the bench prone lies,
And heavy slumber seals his watchful eyes;
Yet would a dream perplex him while he lay,
How farmer *Hobson* chanc'd to pass that way,
Crying, " Awake, thou inattentive slave!"
Next fancied three provoking blows he gave;
Bade him confess how he came idly laid,
With limbs extended, in the elm-tree shade.
Unnumber'd birds, mischievous, did alight,
Threat'ning new evils bad as drought or blight.
Startled from sleep, *James* quits the hated spot,
The tuneful skylark pours a dulcet note;
Sweetly melodious, 'neath a cloud he sings;
Upwards light bearing on his outstretch'd wings,
Lingers in sight—continu'd soft, his strain
Causes a rapture to th' attentive swain.
James list'ning heard, but will no more delay;
Around the standing corn he bends his way;
Toils with a willing heart, a steady grace,
Beats up the pilf'ring birds, and gives them chace.
MEANWHILE the meadow quits its verdant hue,
Grass fit for mowing opens fair to view;
Luxuriant grass, whose sweets the cattle know,
The sleeky oxen, and the fatt'ning cow.
Cut with a sharpen'd scythe it falls—turns pale,
Issues a scent that spreads o'er hill and dale;
Dried by the sun, now on the ground it lies,
Till the rake come, and gathering heaps arise.
Old stirring *Hobson* to the FIELD repairs,
Where *hay*, just mown, demands his needful cares;
The peasantry, domesticated, join
In mutual labour, and obtain his *coin*.
Broach'd the ale-barrel midst the shadow rests,
Where five oak-trees surround the circling guests;

Nor last of all *James* shares the general toil,—
His jokes excite a simp'ring kind of smile:
Some would remark what gambols he'd just play'd,
How on the haycock laugh'd the master's maid,
When closely tripp'd, her heels high forward flew,
And both her garters met the prying view.
Nor yet of harm discours'd the rural band,
Friendship and mirth went kindly hand in hand;
Each keen reflection, like a flash, held round,
Then dy'd away, and with a health was drown'd.
Upris'n refresh'd, with humour still in view,
Dispers'd apart, they *pleasing toil* pursue,
Form many a shapely cone of new-mown hay,
Ply the long fork, and clear the whole away.
When now Ceres smiles o'er the rustling corn;
Summer's fine crops the fertile fields adorn.
Lands, sown in Spring, our *granaries* supply,
With ample store of barley, oats, wheat, rye;
Ere Autumn come, the green-leaf scenery change,
And cold and storms aid Winter's wasteful range.
Hobson intends to see his wealth increase,
Bids all his household trivial matters cease,
Enter the spacious mead, in order blithe,
And find employment from the sharpen'd scythe.
Down goes the barley level with the ground,
And heaps of oats, wind wav'ring, lay around.
Some to unstrip their cumb'rous garments run,
Some turn the swarth to dry before the sun;
Here ripen'd rye close at a sweep lies spread,
And there bound wheat lifts up its mantling head;
Invites due labours of the robust swains,
Grateful to snatch the blessing from the plains.
Give praise to GOD!—can Man due thanks oppose?
How vast the source whence this abundance flows!

A horn of plenty, pour'd with lib'ral hand,
Crowning with gladness Britain's happy land—
Yet will monopolizing knaves accurs'd,
Become of public nuisances the worst;
Will hoard the grain which heaven on all bestows,
And prove more odious than our foreign foes!
Pity it is, now times become so hard,
These sordid wretches meet not their reward,
Who merit well what humbler rogues obtain,
A certain height to swing above the plain.
Lo! ere the trying taxes did advance,
A workman's guinea answer'd all his wants;
His weekly wages better things afford,
Roast meat, or boil'd, to garnish out his board.
Those were bless'd days when little farmers sent
Their corn to sell, withal to pay their rent;
With other stock, each varying taste to suit,
Eggs, butter, cheese, live poultry, and fresh fruit.
  Provision's ris'n alarming heights indeed,
And higher still the prices may succeed;
Till *common food* which once was cheap to each,
Usurp a *price* beyond our utmost reach!
Boast then, no more, of England's favour'd isle,
Perish the Muse that seeks us to beguile!
Nor vainly speak of salutary laws,
If men in power desert the suff'rer's cause:
And that we suffer needs few words to tell,
Chiefly from those who corn and cattle sell;
Who, for a small advance, in tax, or rent,
Raise the old prices nearly cent. per cent.];
Slip far the staff of life to distant lands,
And leave a twig to mock our weaken'd hands.
  These are bold truths, yet useless in the main,
For still will *Hobson* sell his yearly grain;

Deaf to complaint, great wealth he thus acquires,
Sells all his stacks—obtains from able buyers,
Advance of price, which others fain allow
For sheep, and pig, and calf, or waning cow.
He neither thinks, nor cares for those forlorn,
Who could rejoice if cheaper was the corn.
Pleas'd at their lot, o'er ev'ry comfort call,
Their dinner wholesome, and the charge but small.
Oft in the barn young *James* the flail must beat,
T' obtain a sample of the farmer's wheat;
Whene'er *feign'd* scarcity increas'd the price,
And gave some colour to a ready rise.
Slow footed *Dun* comes hobbling from the mill,
With sack of flour, a heavy burden still;
Thro' a rough lane he plods with wearying strides,
While on his back the lusty miller rides,
Till at the door the solid load is laid,
Thence to the loft for daily use convey'd.
The farm's made rents, from THREE to FIVE, afford,
As nice a pie and pudding as my lord,
With many a noggin of live sparkling ale,
To roar the laughter while keen jokes prevail.
In summer-time when blowing flowers abound,
And fragrant odours scent the gardens round,
Th' increasing bees another hive demand,
And forth they sally in one clust'ring band;
O'er hedge and ditch innumerously they pass,
Cling to a branch, a self-collected mass;
Like to a cone themselves they strongly form,
Holding defiance to each pending storm:
James with a bell allures their shorten'd flight,
With tinkling music keeps the bees in sight,
Till on the branch the valu'd tribe remain,
A more commodious settlement to gain.

Safe underneath *James* covers o'er his face,
Shakes the green bough, brings down the culling race
Into a hive, which virgin honey lines, [binds.
That tempts with sweetness, and their wand'ring
Three rows of hives old farmer *Hobson* owns,
Abounding wax the rich department crowns;
His jars of honey ev'ry hope exceed,
And from the steepen'd combs comes bottled mead.
Ofttimes poor *James* returns a pitying sigh,
When word is giv'n th' industrious bees must die;
Immediately he's told their stock to seize,
Ere Autumn close, and more severe the breeze!
With heavy heart he lights a smould'ring blaze,
Blue-burning sulphur in their hive conveys;
Soon the whole swarm,—lamented sacrifice!
Fall suffocated, making piteous noise.
But Luxury expects a fresh supply,
Feels little grief for suff'ring tribes that die,
Merciless still, delights to fill his dish,
With prime of eatables, bird, beast, and fish.
Had *James* his will he'd save the smothering hive,
Break close the knife that crimps the cod alive!
So simply kind a tender heart boasts he,
And with his neighbours lives in charity;
Pities th' absurdity which still prevails,
The shameful custom docking horse's tails.—
How rose the blunder? of mistakes the cream;
A monument of folly in extreme;
Mark of insanity—a monstrous deed,
To beautify by injuring the steed!
For useful purpose Nature did assign
The horse's ornamental tail behind;
That amply long, and his o'erflowing mane,
Could urge his flight to scour the wid'ning plain.

Nor ease in pasture, now the horse enjoys,
While sorely vex'd by swarms of troubling flies,
He's no defence, tho' plagues enow betide,
And keenest stings at ev'ry shrinking side.
Clos'd the long day, the sultry shorten'd night
Comes in the volant garb of clear twilight;
Slumber would fain seal *Hobson's* weary eyes,
While on his bed, in listless mood, he lies:
But, suddenly, a furious storm began,
Thunder and lightning 'larm'd the sordid man,
Poor witless oaf! for reck'ning false to blame,
Fears he a flash may set his stacks in flame!
Quick on the floor his trembling shell he lands,
His grinders chatter, and his hair stiff stands,
Lifts his red cap clean off, in fearful form,
Aud loud he prays that Heaven will cease the storm.
Lives yet a wretch of penury and care,
Who midst of danger worries heaven with prayer!
In times of tribulation lowly bows,
Till ceas'd the tempest, and forgot his vows!
Such appears *Hobson*, who'd to church repair,
Pray for his sins, and seem devoted there;
Yet when the sermon's tedious length was o'er,
Till that day week he thought of God no more!
Save, at his meals, he'd say a sort of grace,
With length of chin and penitential face;
The careful dame repeat his words again,
And all his children answer him amen.
'Tis said that true Religion wears a cloak,
Which oft is borrow'd by designing folk,
Who thus disguis'd, their specious ends obtain,
And hourly cheat the unsuspecting swain,
Of heaven and heavenly things the light unfold,
And bless their little bargains bought or sold.

Did farmer *Hobson* this vile course pursue,
His land's produce would find him much to do;
Nor art he us'd to give false matter zest,
In this respect a honest man at least!
Once miss'd his price, he'd vanish from the mart,
Young *James* send back with his unloaded cart,
Regret the labour on the Friday lost,
His *certain* profit, calculated, cross'd.
Where powerful Plutus o'er the senses steals,
A thirst for wealth Humanity reveals;
O'er different men this acts far different ways,
And to good purpose one for riches prays;
Others, from evil habits, gold require,
And vilely pamper every bad desire;
Others for EASE the yellow guineas crave,
While some, like misers, hoard on hoard, will save.
Was *Hobson* then, remarkably in blame,
Among the latter class to build his fame?
He kept no property in bank or stocks,
'Twas all i'th' chest, secur'd with three strong locks!
Counting of which, he sundry joys obtain'd,
Much greater far than those from *interest* gain'd.
Summer retir'd, see AUTUMN comes to reign,
And future harvest claims the spacious plain;
The orchard-trees with loaded branches bend,
And juicy fruits, in tempting form, extend.
Heav'n o'er a world, torn by war's conflicts, smiles,
And harvest home awaits the ploughman's toils;
Awake, my soul, a grateful anthem raise,
And tune to Providence new notes of praise.

THE END.

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ALCANDER AND LAVINIA,

WITH OTHER

POEMS AND TALES.

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TO

THOMAS TEMPLEMAN, ESQ.

THIS VOLUME

OF

POEMS AND TALES,

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

HIS MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

HAVING on a former time bestowed some few remarks relative to the *Gilbert* of this author, I now take another opportunity to continue the same, and shall offer my humble opinion of the merits of his other Poems, submitted to me for that purpose. But as the limits prescribed will not admit of my entering so largely on the subject as I could wish, I must cut short the copious observations I intended.

The several Poems contained in the following pages, with the exception of *Farmer Hobson*, and one or two others, have been already before the Public. Of the latter mentioned, the Reader will likely remember a specimen given in the Introduction to *Gilbert*. It was there expressed that the author should continue further the subject, on my being fully persuaded his abilities would be equal to the task. The work itself fully proves that I did not over-rate his powers.—*Farmer Hobson*, as being created by a lively imagination, bears this particular character. In every department where he is introduced, he is still the same, a thrifty, careful, industrious soul, so remarkably self-inte-

rested as even to grow neglectful of his Maker, and the moral duties which one man owes to another. He makes a sacrifice of all to his excessive thirst for wealth.

James, his servant, may truly be considered as the real farmer's boy, not pictured like *Bloomfield's Giles*, a philosopher, or naturalist, who made the fields, &c. his study; but rightly a youth of whom it is said,

> Nature he knows no further than the name,
> Humble his mind, &c.

One from whom as only little is expected, it adds more to the merit of the work. A striking thing in the poem will be, that, although this author is going over the same ground, exactly, as a cotemporary poet, and also, that of rural affairs admitting but small diversity, he still seems at no loss with his subject, the same powers of invention which are discovered in the perusal of *Gilbert*, enable him to treat on this subject likewise, and in another species of verse too.

The poem of *Alcander* begins the present volume. It contains much interesting matter, and holds out a useful lesson to mankind not to give way, too rashly, to the angry impulse of devoting passion. Here is a chain of events, from *Alcander's* setting out in search of his wife, to the happy termination of his sorrows, which keeps up interest still alive, and affords a wide scope for reflection. Among the lyric poems, there are some founded on re-

fact: the one called the 'Fiend of Anarchy,' is taken, apparently, from the divine interference of Heaven in behalf of our beloved king, who, it may be well recollected, was fired at by *Hatfield* in a public theatre, the ball passing very near his Majesty. This poem is highly descriptive, and particularly the underneath stanzas, wherein the action of the ruffian is aptly delineated. The abrupt transition to mark the watchful care of Providence over a virtuous Prince I really think very fine.

Now, all at once, his arm extends
The fatal instrument,
It sudden flash'd—the smoke ascends,
A violent death is sent—

But the omniscient Power on high,
Sustainer of all things,
Summon'd an Angel from the sky,
To guard the best of kings.

And who that moment wav'd around
His radiant shield of fire,
And warded off the mortal wound,
And sav'd our gracious sire.

The anxiety of the house on the alarming occasion, is well conceived in the latter part of the next verse, and points out the affection of a grateful people for a venerated monarch, who still reigns over the hearts of his subjects.

Aside the sacred chief rebounds
The heaven-averted blow;—
A loyal anxious cry resounds
Each side, above, below.

'His life is safe,' a voice proclaim'd,
The house with joy did ring,
Aloud they call, seize him who aim'd
His weapon at the king.'

Had the above Piece been composed by the writer of the 'Horkey' it probably would have arrived, long ago, at the celebrity it richly deserves.

MILES SAPMAN.

Feb. 27, 1810.

P 1.

ALCANDER AND LAVINIA;

OR,

THE MYSTERIOUS SHRIEK.

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

Introductory remarks.—Alcander invites the pilgrim into his lonesome cave, relates the unhappy occasion of his turning hermit. He makes known how Lavinia became the innocent victim of his misguided jealousy;—whereupon the pilgrim mentions a circumstance, which induces Alcander to go in quest of his wife, whom he now supposes may have survived his cruelty.

When fiery passion comes with rashness join'd,
Reason forsakes th' infuriated mind;
Hasty Revenge the blinded senses bends,
Holds out her sweets; but bitter things intends.
Happy are they who wiser steps pursue,
Who keep fair Reason closely in their view,
Rightly to steer mid ruffling cares and strife,
And save themselves repentance all their life.
A thoughtless youth, who'd all his riches spent,
Th' offended priests on pilgrimage once sent,

For three whole years to wander far alone,
His several faults and follies to atone.
Forlorn he stands amidst a desert waste,
His every look with horror overcast;
Some recent deed bears anguish in his mind,
Much to deplore, and blame his fate unkind.
Beneath some trees he upwards lifts his hands;
Close by a dreary hermit's cave he stands:
The poor recluse, more wretched still, drew nigh,
To hear his words, half chok'd with many a sigh.
"Flow, flow my tears—my sighs encrease the wind!
Rest leave for ever my distracted mind!
Ah, woe is me!—that fatal blow I gave,
Consign'd a stranger to the silent grave!
For which offence my prayers will be in vain,
And little hopes of future peace remain;
But every vestige of content recede,
Till by long suffering I atone the deed.
"Then what avails this weary pilgrimage?
Or what these pangs of sorrow will assuage?
The shriek—mysterious sound—will me affright;
The horrid shade continue in my sight:
Hence vengeful ghost, forego the charge accurst!—
Did not the wretch attempt to strike me first?
Open, O earth! and me from light conceal!
Life more and more adds to the grief I feel."
He ceas'd his plaint; the list'ning hermit heard,
Came close in view, and this address prefer'd;
"Stranger," he cries, "attend awhile on me;
I am a man unhappier far than thee!
Approach within my solitary cell,
And hear the things I'm ready still to tell;
Things which excite the most acute distress,
By mem'ry heighten'd hard my soul to press."

" Lead on the way," the pilgrim quick replied,
" I'll follow thee, whate'er my steps betide:
Hope me inspires; thy soothing words impart
A charm that eases my foreboding heart.
A little time to rest my limbs I need:—
Great is my guilt—I mourn a murd'rous deed!
Heavy the act that on my conscience lies,
And wrings these tears that wet my swollen eyes.'
He having spoke, within the cave they go;
A dismal place well suited to their woe.
The hermit brings for his unhappy guest
Dried fruits and herbs, and him he thus address'd:
" Where RHELMORE's towers a noble view com-
Far o'er the ocean and the distant land, [mand
Foster'd beneath her tender mother's care,
A maiden flourish'd, beautifully fair.
Whate'er the arts of lovely charms express,
The young *Lavinia* highly did possess; [bright,
Health bloom'd her cheek, her eyes were killing
Auburn her hair, her bosom snowy white:
Yet, more than these, I valu'd her good mind,
Her temper open, amiable, kind,
Her virtue pure, her manner dignified,
Inclining gay, and still divest of pride.
Could I at such perfection feel unmov'd?
Ah! never mortal more sincerely lov'd!
I to her friends soon mention'd my design,
And how I wish'd to call *Lavinia* mine:
Large my estate, adjoining close to theirs;
My character renown'd, clear my affairs.
" Three tedious weeks impatience I betray'd,
Ere to the church I led the trembling maid;
Her hand the summit of my wishes bless'd,
Above all men—I'm now the most distress'd.

One lovely infant shar'd our fond embrace,
The mother's charms in whom I still could trace;
Crown'd with felicity I'd well attain'd,
What more to wish, or more for Heaven to send?
Ah me! 'twere bliss too mighty long to last:
A strange reverse my envied state o'ercast;
My peace disturb'd, by jealous cares annoy'd,
Joy fled away—my hopes were all destroy'd.

"From sea return'd, a vent'rous villain came
My wife's late vows and plighted truth to claim.
Erst was the swain by my *Lavinia* lov'd,
But one so poor her parents disapprov'd:
He cross'd the ocean, sought another clime,
Vast wealth to gain, and staid abroad long time;
Of which no tidings ever were receiv'd;
They thought him dead—the maid in secret griev'd.

"Now richer grown in diamonds, jewels, gold,
Pandaroso, most insolent and bold!
Among *Lavinia's* friends approach'd in view,
But of her marriage nothing yet he knew.
Th' unhappy tidings to the youth they told,
His colour fled, he stood no longer bold:
Aloud he cried, 'Oh! adverse fate, unkind!
At length my doom is certainly assign'd.
Adieu, sweet peace! for ever thou art flown!
Did I for this endure the burning zone?
Or led by love, explore the raging main,
A princely fortune so immense to gain?
What boots it now?—no more of wealth I'll boast,
Curst be the riches of the Golden Coast!
Lavinia's lost!—I mourn my cruel fate;
In evil hour my sorrow bears a date.'

"He added not, but from their sight he went,
And long conceal'd they kept the strange event,

For fear of causing our uneasiness,
And banish from our dwelling future peace.
"Now comes the deed which fix'd me here forlorn;
Pregnant with death arose the gloomy morn:
At breakfast we, as usual, down were sat,
My little daughter lisp'd her harmless chat;
Some trivial toy *Lavinia* kindly drew,
And dropt a note;—it fell within my view;
When she retir'd I seiz'd the guilty prize,
Thrice read the same, and bade adieu my joys.
Ah me! 'twas sent by that audacious swain;
He hop'd her answer might assuage his pain,
And mourn'd the rigour of his destiny,
And blam'd my wife for being espous'd to me!
"Wrought up to frenzy by each length'ning line,
I madly enter'd on a rash design:
Close to the hall a river shap'd its course,
And 'side the rocks rush'd in the sea with force;
On this rough shore the mountains lift their heads,
On that a wood its gloomy foliage spreads,
Tall wav'ring trees were scatter'd up and down,
And ranker grass and furze o'erran the ground;
The country else a desert wild and drear;
Still I resolv'd to send *Lavinia* there!
Keep her confin'd amidst a cave profound,
Where Echo still return'd a mournful sound.
But yet the letter in my hand I held,
And ev'ry softer sentiment I quell'd,
Vindictive anger made me treat severe
The wife I lov'd an hour ago so dear!
"My reason left me—to her room I ran;
Full soon my wrath to show more plain began,
My soul was fir'd with fierce conflicting strife,
Not for ten thousand worlds I'd spare her life.

" Alarm'd, afraid, and wond'ring at the tone
Of my chang'd voice, she issu'd faint a groan:
' Alas! my dear *Alcander!*' she begun,
' Tell me the things unhappily I've done?'
Fall'n prostrate, all in tears, she begg'd for peace,
Endeavouring thus, my violent rage to cease!
Immediately I felt fresh anger rise,
My rage increas'd—more sternly chang'd my voice:
, Thou wretch ungrateful! cherish'd on my breast,
Too long I've been a silly dupe at best!
How vain the vows which thou to me once swore,
To guard thee safe from love's insidious lore:
His odious letter by good chance I've seen,
What he intends thou canst no longer screen:
Shame of thy sex, and to thy kin disgrace,
I long shall wish I'd ne'er beheld thy face.
Or that the bold, insinuating swain
Had found his grave beneath the stormy main!
By thy false carriage still I'd been deceiv'd,
And still my visionary bliss believ'd.'
' Alas! my dear *Alcander!*' she replied,
' My fault is venial, nor with guilt allied:
No more let rage o'ercome your manly sense!
I call on Heaven to prove my innocence.
The stripling's note, on which my fate impends,
I'd burnt ere this, but sav'd it for my friends;
To whom I gave the others he late sent,
And they advis'd me in the sad event.
I wrote him sharp, his troubling style to cease,
Nor more attempt to interrupt my peace;
Wed to another, happy was my lot,
Himself and his pretensions I'd forgot;
Nor have I knowledge when from sea he came:—
Then truly now, I cannot be to blame!

Cease this distraction—these hard thoughts forego,
Dismiss your wrath, or strike the fatal blow!'
"This said, all trembling, she kneel'd on the ground,
Embrac'd my knees, and wildly look'd around;
Looking towards the door with wistful eye,
As if desirous from my sight to fly.
My anger'd heart retain'd no spark of love,
Her sight caus'd rancour, and did hateful prove;
With force the victim in my arms I caught,
Nigh to the open window her I brought;
Poor thing! affrighted, to my neck she clung,
I loos'd her hold—her in the waves I flung;
One dreadful shriek she gave, which yet I hear,
A sound vibrating, ceaseless, on my ear.
"When now, as from a vision, I arose;
Reason return'd to aggravate my woes,
Return'd with force, my shrinking soul to lash,
And I repented I had been so rash:
I ran with speed, urg'd on to pity late
My poor *Lavinia*, and her dreadful fate;
Came to the river where I'd thrown her in,
Th' unruffled waves held on their course serene:
I upwards gaz'd to mark the window's height,
Perceiv'd I stood where rushes rose in sight;
Lavinia's room o'erlook'd the other side,
I thither pass'd, the waves did smoothly glide:
Long time I stood revolving in my mind
This sudden turn of fortune most unkind!
"In vain my rage till mid-day I deplor'd,
My peace was gone, no more to be restor'd.
Slow to *Lavinia's* chamber I return'd,
I found a note, which more my guilt confirm'd;
Here it was copy'd, her own letter sent
To shun the youth, and prove her innocent!

No doubts remain'd;—I hurried out with speed,
To hide my face, confessing first the deed;
Made known the issue of my rashness wild,
Left my estates to dignify my child,
To kindred care resigning her: from home
I further than this cavern did not roam.

"Three tedious months in solitude I've borne
A ling'ring life, afflicted and forlorn;
My little daughter I no longer see,
Dear pledge of joys, for ever gone from me!
O stranger! this my crime, than thine far worse,
What stream shall wash it, and avert the curse?"

"Thy crime is great," the wond'ring pilgrim cried,
"Since through your rage the fair *Lavinia* died!
But of her virtue I've another proof;
And plainly now perceive it was the youth,
Cause of your woe whom I in combat slew;
His murder'd form appears before my view!

"By priests condemn'd to leave my native home,
In wretched plight I o'er the country roam;
For three long years I wander to amend
My various faults—and griefs on me attend:
I too have journey'd o'er a trackless waste,
O'er hill and dale with weariness I've pass'd;
Low bends my conscience, bordering on despair,
Beneath a crime too great for me to bear.

"Near a wood side I lately chanc'd to stray,
And on a bank, to rest awhile, I lay;
Th' evening closing, silent came the night,
The sky was clear, the waning moon shone bright;
I scarce had clos'd my eyes, before a shriek,
As of distress, still silence' reign did break;
Forth from the thicket rush'd with speed a man,
To me he flew, and angry thus began:

'Wretch! where's the female who demands my care;
Tell where she is—thy life I hardly spare!'
'Infamous robber!' quickly I replied,
'A wayworn pilgrim thou hast ill belied!
No ravisher is he—stand on defence;
I take the ground for suff'ring innocence.
And thou vile enemy to order speak,
Confess for why, and whence issued the shriek;
Unfold the secret, truly as it lies,
Or meet the louring vengeance of the skies.'
'Thou triflest with me!' did the stranger cry;
'With me thou triflest!' I as quick reply:
Then both together struck at each a blow;
My staff o'erwhelm'd the welt'ring villain low!
Then faint he spoke, 'At length my pains are o'er,
And false *Lavinia* troubles me no more!
But in my veins the streams of life congeal,
And death's cold grasp with gloomy joy I feel.
Yet tell me, pilgrim!—oh! the matter speak!
Tell me the meaning of that doleful shriek!
I thought I heard *Lavinia's* well-known voice,
A sound that caus'd my vengeance to arise.
"Three months ago I'd just return'd from sea;
I wrote some letters—thus she answer'd me:
'Wed to another, happy was her lot!
Myself and my pretensions all forgot!'
Seiz'd by despair, I bade my peace adieu,
And now I meet my welcome death from you!
Oh, pity!—satisfy my doubts!' he cried.
'We've both mistook each other,' I replied:
'The shriek, or whence it did proceed, or what
Betides the same, I really know it not!
Something mysterious it howe'er forebodes,
Already causing these dire mortal blows,

Canst thou forgive thy murderer!' I said;
Then stooping bound his wounds;—but life was fled.
Cold sweat ran down my cheeks, the mischief done,
I stood dismay'd, nor knew what course to run.
My hand unnerv'd, the hateful weapon fell;
My groans re-echo'd in the lonely dell.
I tried to magnify his insolence,
Or that I slew him in my own defence;
The blood I'd spilt lay heavy on my head,
And long I mourn'd the youth untimely dead!
A duty in my power did remain:
I laid the corse beneath the reeking plain,
The cold sod watering with my streaming tears;
But yet his shade before my sight appears—
O grievous crime!—Kind hermit, now adieu!
My guilty presence but pollutes thy view:
Yet in that shriek some dreadful matter lies,
Fatally prov'd, and cause of cheerless sighs."
The pilgrim thus. *Alcander* soon replied,
" Thy strange adventure seems with mine ally'd;
Direct the way, the lonely wood I'll seek,
To clear the matter of that fearful shriek;
The wretched swain conjectur'd it to be
Lavinia's voice—a wond'rous mystery!
Nor less requir'd than heavenly power to save
The fair one, doom'd to meet a watery grave:
O grant that she her fortune may survive!
I'll search the world to meet with her alive.
Grant this, just Heaven, my sorrow to assuage!
Forgive my crime of jealousy and rage!

He ceas'd. The pilgrim utter'd short reply:
" What's in my power to aid thy search, I'll try;
This sea-girt isle is desolate and drear,
And winding many a valley I came here;

Thinking I heard, attemper'd by the breeze,
The woodman's mallet echo 'mong the trees:
A guide it needs, but I'll the wood explore,
Retrace the weary steps I trod before:
We'll in the morn set out without delay,
And Providence befriend us on our way."

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

The pilgrim gives a further account of his misfortunes to Alcander. Their extraordinary dreams.—Alcander finds an immense treasure of jewels, &c. which he generously bestows on his companion.—The adventure of the gory handkerchief.—Alcander is seized on by four men, who lead him away as their prisoner.

This saying, late, each to soft slumber yields:
All night they sleep. Now morn breaks o'er the hills;
The dew-drops sparkle on the verdant ground,
And thick the mist ascends in clouds around.
Both now arose; *Alcander* quickly sped
Rough on the board his simple food to spread;
Refresh'd with herbs, they hasten on their way,
Alike oppress'd, alike to grief a prey.
As on they pass the pilgrim thus began:
"I was consider'd once a happy man!
My own estate return'd whate'er I spent,
Fed ev'ry wish, and crown'd me with content;
Nor wanted I a num'rous tribe of friends,
Who daily sought to serve their selfish ends!
Fair stood my house to gain a lasting name,
Princes and lords did envy me my fame.
From time to time a steward, left in trust
With my affairs, prov'd wickedly unjust;
Unknown to me, my land in part he sold,
And lin'd his coffers with a heap of gold.

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It happen'd once, for money I was press'd;
My urgent wants I to this wretch confess'd,
And he advis'd, as my demand was great,
To sell a portion of my good estate;
Presenting deeds, to which my hand I set,
My hand and seal, the money quick to get.
Unwittingly I sign'd my own disgrace,
And ruin'd fell by what he'd schem'd so base!
Still of my land there seem'd few acres sold,
But clear 'twas prov'd I'd nothing left to hold!
Thus brought to suffer doleful grief and care,
And by the priests constrain'd to go afar,
Three tedious years' lone wandering I endure,
To mend the faults which did my youth allure."
Alcander heard: a kind reply he made;
" Alas! thy steward ill his trust betray'd!
Pity it were you could not him detect,
And from his office straight the wretch eject.
In this true light I things revolving view,
What Fate ordains mankind must needs pursue:
See! in the world how many counted great,
For lack of prudence ruin their estate;
Wasting the wealth their fathers did obtain,
Till the house fall to poverty again;—
Drink the sweet nectar of forbidden joys,
Midst pride of courts, and foppery, and noise."
" Oh! spare me this!" the pilgrim warm replies;
" 'Tis like the picture, Sin correcting Vice!
We know our failings—touch the string no more;
Reproach me not with folly I deplore.
With eagerness our footsteps let us bend,
And to the purpose better still attend.
As yesterday I walk'd in yonder fields,
Or winded round the border of the hills;

A cloud of dust before me did arise,
Shaping an awful column in the skies,
Of form prodigious; soon a rumbling sound
Mov'd under me, and shook the quiv'ring ground!
Swift to a rock the nearest way I went,
Oppress'd with fear:—I climb'd the high ascent:
There stay'd in safety till the storm was o'er;
The whirlwind pass'd to some remoter shore.
Amidst the rocks I suddenly espied
My name in curious characters describ'd;
Of my whole life th' events were clear portray'd—
I started back, became still more afraid.
Till by soft sleep my eyelids fast were seal'd;
A pleasing vision I beheld reveal'd:
An apparition call'd me to arise,
And stand confirm'd in hopes of certain joys;
High honour, wealth, and fame, did me await,
And power to purchase back my rich estate:
Then kindly smiling, it bade me beware,
And mind in future to take better care;
Nor treat a villain as my bosom friend,
For fear destruction might my choice attend.
Soon I awoke: surprise my soul possess'd;
I found myself beneath a tree at rest,
Th' evening near the close:—then I bethought
'Twas there an hour's refreshing sleep I sought!
The howling storm, the whirlwind truly seem
Much to portend: the substance of my dream,
Whate'er it augurs, is to me profound;
But thou, perhaps, the meaning canst expound."
Alcander answers, "Sure this dream portends
A restoration to thy home and friends!
Could I explore my future fate as plain,
'Twould ease my mind, and free me from my pain.

Far in the fields a num'rous crowd appear'd;
The sound of martial music long I heard;
High wav'ring standards stream'd, of colour white,
And thirty gilded chariots came in sight; [plied,
While on they wheel'd strange turns my breast sup-
One while I sung, the next I laugh'd and cried;
When, lo! the standards were all touch'd with gold,
Lavinia's name and mine I did behold.
Sudden there falls a mighty storm of rain,
Loud rolls the thunder, lightnings flash the plain;
No more the thirty chariots cause my pride,
They break in pieces, and are scatter'd wide:—
I start with fear. Canst thou, O pilgrim! say
What this forebodes?—it strikes me with dismay."
"Alas! thy dream," the other quick returns,
"Points out the crime for which *Alcander* mourns.
Oh! may I wrong conjecture what appears
So passing clear!—The chariots tell thy years;
The standards bring to mind thy happiness,
Driv'n by the adverse winds, for e'er will cease."
"Ah me! thy words," *Alcander* sadly cries,
"Like ruthless daggers in my soul arise!
No more, *Lavinia*, I'm thy face to see—
'Tis death to think!—O work of destiny!
Curst be the hour, repented now too late,
When I consign'd thee to such dreadful fate!"
Discoursing thus, their time the travellers pass'd,
Arriving near a grove of trees at last,
They weary rest, the scrip's contents they try,
Dried fruits and herbs their natural wants supply;
Not far to slake their parching thirst they go,
Two murm'ring rills unite a stream to flow;
By which refresh'd, enliven'd, they pursue
Once more their way, and hail each rising view.

Now shines the sun intensely hot and bright,
And they draw near a mountain's lofty height,
Close to the top, the jutting rock display'd,
To fancy's eye, a frightful Gorgon's head:
Here various plantains flourish o'er the ground,
And scented flow'rs shed fragrant sweets around.
'Neath shady trees the friends in silence pass,
And find a footway leading thro' the grass;
Of which the track they anxiously pursue,
Till a vast cavern strikes their eager view:
Its rugged sides green mosses interlin'd,
While on the floor, by skilful art design'd,
Engraven fair, strange characters express'd
The wounded feelings of some wretch distress'd.
To read the same the pilgrim downward bends,
Then starting back, he thus his voice extends:
" Mysterious fate! what wonders I explore!
Lo! in my dream I've seen these words before!
Am I awake?"—he rubs his stricken eyes.
Alcander views, and soon to him replies,
" Ah! what vile name before me stands reveal'd?
The irksome secret is at length unseal'd;
Read there, ' *Lavinia's* lover, hapless swain,
Within this cave, oft mourn'd his inward pain!
Stranger, proceed the hollow rock to wind,
And near the top a cabinet thou'lt find;
Wealth it contains, in getting which I lost
A gem more valu'd than the Golden Coast."
As by a serpent stung, the pilgrim cries,
" What murder first! then seize the golden prize!
Are these the means by which my fate intends
Me to restore to property and friends?
Alas! till I meet welcome death I'll roam,
Remote, afflicted, far from my lov'd home;

Nor will I near that cabinet approach,
Or with polluted hand the relic touch!
Let us depart!"—*Alcander* soon replies,
" No, I'll examine how the matter lies;
The treasure to a stranger is consign'd,
'Tis his by right who comes the first to find:
I'll lead the way—new thoughts my bosom fill,
Let us ascend the summit of the hill."

He urg'd no more; fast up the clift they sped,
Their steps aside the frightful Gorgon's head,
Of monstrous size, by Nature scoop'd within;
And midst a niche the golden key was seen.
They looking round to find the destin'd prize,
The hermit soon the cabinet espies:
Unlock'd to view, the diamonds meet the sight,
Impel the gaze, and sparkle richly bright.
But what attracts *Alcander's* stedfast soul,
Causing his tears incessantly to roll,
Proves the dear letter, in a case conceal'd,
Of which the copy he'd before reveal'd.
Long to his heart he held the lines well known,
Wrote by his wife; her virtue fully shone:
A villain dar'd her plighted truth to claim,
She hop'd no more to hear his guilty name.

He turning round, once more his words renews:
" This gift behold, nor longer it refuse;
One half accept of treasure which I found;
Or I will leave thy share within the ground,
These precious gems inclose below the plain,
Which cheaply sold, would make thee rich again;
Regard the Power who kind compassion shows,
Benignly kind to bear away thy woes;
Bless Providence!—for thee he interferes,
His care acknowledge, and dismiss thy fears."

The pilgrim then: "I'm willing to receive
What thou think'st proper to thy friend to give:
Immense of value, these rich jewels shine.'—
"Ah!" said the other, "let the whole be thine!
This letter more than thrice the whole I prize;
May it portend the sure return of joys!
Oh! if the suff'ring writer soon I find,
I'll re-assure her sorely wounded mind."
Amaz'd, the pilgrim to the hermit cries,
"Yes, I'll receive from thee the offer'd prize,
Abundantly extensive to redeem
Th' estate I lavish'd, and fulfil my dream.
When my three years of troubled penance ends,
I shall return to honour and my friends;
Well caution'd by misfortune, I'll take care,
And future of extravagance beware."
The point thus settled, they the hill descend,
Around the winding path their steps they bend;
Across the fields a tedious course they sped,
Till distance claim'd from sight the viewless head.
When now the pilgrim, breaking silence, spoke:
"I yester-morning travell'd by yon rock,
Which brings to mind an object I beheld
Amidst a bush of furze below a hill,
What linen seem'd, but stain'd with human gore;
How came it there I cannot yet explore.
In deep surmising lost, I stupid stood
Beneath some trees aside a dashing flood;
And fancied still the shade of him I slew,
Sternly arose to torture me anew!
And, not expecting from the sight relief,
Onward I walk'd, oppress'd with heavy grief;
My head with agony hung bending down,
My ceaseless tears fell trickling to the ground."

He spoke. *Alcander* him concern'd, address'd :
" Thou hast, methinks, a mystery express'd,
Which to clear up, and every doubt suspend,
My eager way towards the hill I'll bend ;
Around its heights my hasty steps I'll wind,
That we a clue to aid our chance may find."——
" Quick," said the pilgrim, " Yonder lies the wood ;
Nor hence a furlong where the sight I view'd ;
One matter to the other may relate,
Alike both pregnant with our wayward fate :
Proceed in haste the meaning to explore,
Of that same object I have seen before."
Approaching now a valley drear and lone,
They view the linen—cross some thorns 'twas thrown ;
There left to bleach, and whiten in the wind,
Needful no more the healing wound to bind.
Yet whence it came, or whose the deadly pain,
They long might think, and still 'twould be in vain.
Full of conjecture poor *Alcander* stands ;
He lifts it up, and with his trembling hands,
Smoothens the gory corners of the same,
To find th' initials of the owner's name :
No name or mark of any kind he sees ;
Again he throws it, wav'ring, on the trees,
And feels confirm'd, while fresh ideas throng'd,
That to *Lavinia* never it belong'd.
Now o'er the forest they prepare to go,
Alcander's groans discover signs of woe ;
The hollow trees re-echo oft the sound,
And spread the mournful cadence far around.
Sudden there rush'd in view, led by the noise,
Four men in arms ;—exulting, loud one cries ;

" By Heav'ns, 'tis he!—the gods our prayers regard,
And ours is now the promis'd high reward!
Long time we've sought him o'er the lonesome plains,
The woods, the brakes, where solitude still reigns;
Sought him on rocks, in caverns round the isle—
Fortune at length upon us deigns to smile!
Come on, *Alcander*, follow us with speed;
No force we'll use, the way we'll only lead——
You've murder done!—*Lavinia's* friends await,
Impatiently, to bring you to your fate."
He spoke. Another of the ruffians cried,
" Shall we secure *Alcander's* slave beside?
For such I take the man I see appear,
Hard laden with the trumpery and gear:
Speak, one and all!" The others answer kind,
" He has our leave to go or stay behind."
To whom the pilgrim: " Howe'er this will end,
My choice is fix'd—my master I'll attend.
Early this morn a journey we begun,
Weary to travel till the setting sun,
In flatt'ring hopes *Lavinia* might survive,
And we behold the mourner yet alive;
But, ah! ill luck our devious steps attends,
No power propitious our resolves befriends;
Our eager hopes you come to terminate,
Marking us more the very sport of fate!"
" How blind to sense you speak!" the other said;
" 'Tis much too true that fair *Lavinia's* dead!
But from the river by good fortune sav'd,
And thus *Alcander's* guilty rage outbrav'd,
Prudence had shap'd her steps—assuredly,
From persecution, to her friends she'd flee?
Indeed, of friends bereft, then might she roam,
Remote, forlorn, and drear, without a home."

The pilgrim answers, " This remark holds good,
The truth is clear, when rightly understood:
But, know, *Alcander* went his wife to seek,
Induc'd by me ;—I heard a fearful shriek !
A sound of woe, long floating on the gale,
To echo every hollow in the vale.
Immur'd in some rock-cavity's extent,
Lavinia may her husband's rage lament ;
Unsatisfied is he but that the fair
May still be suff'ring bitter grief and care."
" Yet for that matter," soon the other cries,
" To her not any mystery applies :
Along the river's brink her corse was found,
Where the green willow lifts its boughs around ;
Besides, we held the melancholy bier,
And saw her buried, not without a tear."
" Alas ! alas !" *Alcander* did complain,
" My dear *Lavinia !* we shall meet again !
Your friends now prove they're friends to me indeed,
And welcome is the death to which I speed.
Ah ! did they know the anguish of my mind,
This trouble sav'd, they ne'er had been so kind;
The hateful life they covet, they'd still spare,
To be the prey of horror, woe, despair!"

CANTO III.

ARGUMENT.

The friends of Lavinia resolve to punish Alcander for his crying guilt.—His expressive sorrow.—He begs their indulgence, with a sight of his infant daughter; which request is, however, denied.—The executioner, &c.—Happy, and unexpected, clearing up.—Conclusion.

SUNK the bright sun, pale Cynthia bears the sway
To guide the travellers on their weary way:
They o'er the country leave the circuit wide,
And cut off shorter to the water-side.
Here, nigh the landmark, they behold their boat,
Left on the margin of the waves to float;
Unloos'd the cords, the dashing oars they ply,
And o'er the silvery river swiftly fly.
Alcander first the solemn silence breaks,
And to the pilgrim mournfully he speaks:
"Too well thou didst my recent dream explain,
And prophesied my present mortal pain!
Confirm'd am I *Lavinia* lives no more:
I caus'd her death, and now in vain deplore.
Soon in the presence of the judge I come,
When thou wilt leave me to my dreadful doom;
Or, if desirous, thou may'st stay to see
The issue of the fate awaiting me."
To whom his friend: "*Alcander*, I will stay,
To mourn with thee thy dear *Lavinia*.
Such duty still befits my ardent prayers,
Long as permitted by the rig'rous stars:

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Yet, though a cloud of heavy gloom unfolds,
Enliv'ning hope a good assurance holds,
I shall my rising wishes realize,
And thy keen sorrows thou shalt change for joys."
" Let not thy slave," the working men now cried,
" *Alcander's* melancholy thoughts subside:
The prince has given *Lavinia's* friends thy lands,
And sentenc'd thee to suffer by their hands."
" Yet, why?" the pilgrim to them all began;
" 'Tis in your power to save the wretched man.
Hear what I offer, well my words regard,
Tell me the full amount of your reward;
Stand as it may, the sum I'll treble o'er,
If you'll release us on the neighb'ring shore."
" Slave!" cried *Alcander*, " mind well what you [say;
Deceive not these, but patiently obey.
'Tis fate's decree, and still I would disdain
My liberty by brib'ry to obtain:
Justice demands my forfeit life—I go,
I haste to meet the richly welcome blow!
Lavinia's dearly lov'd departed shade,
Perhaps, in pity, has my tears survey'd."
He ceas'd. Once more did solemn silence reign:
The dashing oars divide the liquid plain;
The men by turns to row their boat applied,
Till near a hall close by the water-side.
Here, on a bank, one of the four jumps out;
To the high dome he takes his eager route,
With thund'ring noise the knocker he applies,
The attendants run, the man exulting cries,
" We've found *Alcander!*—on the shore he stands;
And wait we now for other fresh commands."
The welcome tidings echo far and near,
And all the mourning family appear.

The parents cry, " The ruffian bind with cord;
No room for pity can our breasts afford;
Within a cell secure him for the night,
Wretch as he is, and hateful to our sight:
To fright still more, a scaffold you'll prepare,
His punishment no longer to defer:
Inform him this, so may his dread increase,
And hopes of mercy at our hands shall cease."
Instructed thus, the man returns with speed,
Alcander fetter'd, in the hall to lead.
The pilgrim following, pensive looks around;
Oft his fall'n tears, fast trickling, wet the ground.
Cold in the cell they pass the livelong night:
Tied hand and foot, to weep till morning light:
Aloud the pilgrim moans his hapless lot,
Left in the boat, his scrip he'd quite forgot;
His heavy loss affects beyond relief,
Destroys his hopes, and wakes the bitt'rest grief.
Yet poor *Alcander's* fate he wish'd to know,
Comparing that with his inferior woe,
He truly mourns the sorrows of his friend,
And list'ning, heard his labouring thoughts unbend.
" What throes of anguish rend my beating breast!
While mem'ry comes to make me more distress'd.
This house did once my soul's delight contain,
But now, alas! it causes real pain!
Fled are the days when scenes of joy arose,
Fled like a dream, and I'm alive to woes.
When these high walls form'd my *Lavinia's* home,
Where loftier trees overtop the sacred dome:
'Mong flow'rs so fresh my eager steps I've sped,
To twine a rosy garland for her head;
How blithe, how airy, then she danc'd the green,
To vie in grace with LOVE's supernal queen!

Dear recollection! oh! I did adore
The fair *Lavinia*, whom I now deplore!
Come, death! unite me to her sainted shade,
Where perfect bliss no jealous fears invade!"
He said no more; the night in groans he spends;
Behind the wainscot stand *Lavinia's* friends;
They heard his words;—soft pity warms their souls,
Tear after tear compassionating rolls:
Yet soon they turn to thinking on the deed,
Resolve at last to punish him with speed;
His dreadful guilt with horror aggravates,
Due punishment his cruelty awaits;
They'll spread the terrace o'er, at break of day,
With solemn black, their vengeance to display;
Then orders give *Alcander's* fate to speed,
And show their just abhorrence of the deed:
With one accord they break up for the night,
Retire apart, and wait returning light;
But first, a servant to the boat they sent,
To bring the scrip, and thus its loss prevent.
And now the dawn of welcome morn arose,
On which would cease *Alcander's* heavy woes;
Loud toll'd the bell, the drear, resonant note,
Successive struck, along the gale did float;
The terrace hung with black, in silent state
They lead the suff'rer, chain'd, to meet his fate.
And near the spot, he wipes his tearful eyes,
And to the kindred of *Lavinia* cries,
"Alas! ye well my agony befriend,
And kindly haste my mortal grief to end!
The legal form of justice ye disdain,
So bent on speed to set me free from pain:
Still let some pity in your breasts find room,
And one short moment save me from my doom;

Let me behold the child I love so dear—
Deny it not—'tis all I ask for here."
" Think not, *Alcander*," they to him reply,
" Think not we led thee hither but to die!
The legal form of justice canst thou crave—
Thou, who consign'd our daughter to her grave?
Restore *Lavinia*, our decline to cheer—
Alas! alas! can we be too severe?
No, wretched man, expect no more to see
Her offspring lov'd, but die in misery!
While yet there's time, thy thoughts on Heaven em
Thy guilty soul devote to powers on high: [ploy
In prayer thy few remaining minutes spend,
And to the priest provided thee, attend."
Alcander sighing, these few words return'd:
" Too rig'rous clan, how long I've vainly mourn'd.
My lov'd *Lavinia*——innocent was she!
But that avail'd not with a wretch like me:
Ere yet the time she guilty did appear,
Her I ador'd affectionately dear;
Some green-ey'd demon, envious of my bliss,
Provok'd my wrath with much too good success,
And in the stream I cast a virtuous wife,
An hour before more valu'd than my life.
Now I repent—Oh! grant me this request,
Let my weak sight be with my infant bless'd;
One moment make me happy, ere the blow,
I gladly covet, end my grief and woe!"
He said: then anxiously he looks around;
And by the priest he kneels upon the ground;
His guilt retold, some time in prayer he spends:
Apart the executioner attends;
Muffled in black, the tott'ring figure stands,
Rests on his axe, and waits the dire commands.

Not him *Alcander's* tearful eye perceives,
How much his sanguinary task he grieves.
One of the group aloud exclaims, " Prepare!
Let the wretch have an end to all his care!"
Obedient, on the block he rests his head,
Expects the stroke that mingles with the dead;
When, lo! the figure with the axe draws near,
And cries, with well-known voice, "*Alcander* dear!
Forgive *Lavinia!*—in thy punishment
She took no part, nor to it did assent!"—
Then throwing off her cumbrous sable vest,
Before his wond'ring eyes she stands confess'd;—
'Twas she herself:—it staggers his belief,—
Ah, what transition from the depths of grief!
" *Lavinia!* oh!"—th' astonish'd suff'rer cries;
He faints away, with rapture, joy, surprise;
Falls in his fetters senseless on the ground,
And sudden consternation spreads around;
Now swift they run his fetters to unbind,
And pity, late, assails each anxious mind:
The frighted daughter round the body throws
Her trembling arms, and suffers bitter woes;
While the wise surgeon opes a flowing vein,
And life and sense return to him again.
Back to the house he's carried with all speed;
His fear disperses, and new hopes succeed:
He drinks a cordial, which revives his soul,
And down his cheeks a flood of tears did roll;
Nature gives vent the fierce conflicting strife,
To ease the storm, endangering his life;
Compos'd he feels, essays to sit upright,
And of his wife he bears the welcome sight.
When now his friends, with guise no more severe,
Came in the room, well pleas'd his voice to hear;

To whom *Alcander:* " Tell me, quick! I pray,
By what kind chance was sav'd *Lavinia*—
Sav'd from the fate to which I her consign'd,
A horrid deed, distracting still my mind?
O let me hear, what thanks to Heaven I owe,
Who's kindly rais'd me from the depths of woe!
So shall my future life make some amends,
Restor'd to fame, my wife, my child, my friends.'
Th' attentive parents thus to him replied,
" Let now for ever, each sad thought subside:
Let what is past cause thee no further care;
But, time to come, of rashness well beware!
That gloomy day we may remember, when
Lavinia here was brought by sev'ral men,
Who chanc'd to walk along the water-side,
And saw her struggling in the river wide:
One of the four plung'd in the yielding wave,
And bravely swam, our daughter's life to save.
Her hair, dishevell'd, hung in piteous plight,
Drown'd she appear'd to our distracted sight;
Nor could we guess, or satisfy our doubt,
Or where, or how, the accident fell out.
" With speed were proper remedies applied,
Her to restore, our happiness and pride;
Like Heaven it came, we heard she did survive,
And view'd our darling child once more alive!
Just then your dreadful letter was receiv'd,
And, for *Lavinia's* sake, your state we griev'd;
Issu'd our orders, and the men soon sped,
To bring you to our house;—but you were fled!
No time was lost; we ev'ry one agreed
To find you out, and hop'd we might succeed;
Else, the poor mourner, well enough we guess'd,
Could ne'er her melancholy have suppress'd.

Twelve of our tenants, in three parties sent
Far o'er the country, long a circuit went;
A solitary course they did pursue,
Fain to explore your residence in view:
Oft, in the woods, they utter'd loud the sound
Of deep distress, which echo spread around:
Sometimes they'd imitate a dismal shriek,
In hopes you'd hear, and the poor object seek:
Yet, till last night, your steps they could not trace,
Desponding gloom o'erhung each sun-burnt face;
But kindly Heav'n now deigns to bless once more,
And to our prayers fair joy and peace restore.
" The gentle stranger soon we undeceiv'd:
Your fate no longer, as unkind, he griev'd;
His scrip restor'd, soon set his mind at rest,
And ev'ry sigh he presently suppress'd;
And brief his pilgrimage he did relate,
Praising his stars for this reverse of fate:
Yet no persuasion could induce his stay,
He guess'd your feelings, and he would away;
His presence might but interrupt our joy,
And clog the giddy rapture, rising high;
Some other time he'd wait on your commands;
Refresh'd, he hasted to redeem his lands."
To whom *Alcander:* " Thanks to Heaven again,
Thus to reward me for my suff'ring pain!
No more shall green-ey'd jealousy possess
My grateful mind, now rais'd to happiness;
Reason, no more, to blinded rage shall bend,
But on our steps shall ecstasy attend.
All-gracious Power! to THEE new life I owe,
Now rais'd to sudden bliss from depths of mortal woe?"

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

AND

TALES.

THE

THIRD CANTO

OF THE

GODS' REVENGE.

ARGUMENT.

Cupid being compelled to quit Olympus, urges his course amidst the heavens. The wrecked system, &c. Love's soliloquy, and extention of his devious flight The majesty of Apollo; together with Cupid's final descent on the shores of Africa.

ANTERÆS heard: then ceas'd the gods their cry;
Confus'd he hurries headlong down the sky;
Down from *Olympus* rush'd upon the wing,
Breathing dire threats 'gainst *Jove*, the awful king.
Fir'd with revenge at his undue disgrace,
He shapes a comet 'midst the realms of space,
Darts far and wide his vivid angry blaze,
Sparkles his train, and strikes the uplift gaze.
But *Jove* commands, new fear the god appals,
Sense him forsakes, and presently he falls
Into a ruin'd system overcast
With endless night; stay'd in its course at last.
Drear, dark, and cold, the ruin'd worlds hung round,
And fix'd in gloom, the sun extinguish'd frown'd;
His reign was done:—no more he lights the day
To vanish'd states, and kingdoms pass'd away.

Yet in the void, where time and tide had ceas'd,
Echo surviv'd—with tenfold force increas'd
The deep-ton'd sigh—speech thunder'd 'mid the air;
And in strong cadence Love vents his despair.
"Lo! what affliction rends my sinking soul!
Tears unavailing, unremitting, roll:
Oh, the unjust, deplorable event,
Which hurries me to endless banishment!
Come, gracious Hope! thy influence I need;
Cheer a fall'n power, and bid new thoughts succeed:
May I behold *Olympius* smile again,
Receive new honours, and resume my reign!
Permit me, JOVE, one sacred truth to tell,
How fond affections my warm bosom swell!
Grant me once more, *Idalia's* words to hear,
And move as usual in my natal sphere,
Alas! I find despairing dreams will rise,
To blast my hopes, and every glimpse of joys!
My frighted senses form the mighty ills
Which Destiny unsparingly fulfils.
Jove stands enrag'd, and, angry to excess,
Dwells on the crime which sinks me in distress;—
I hear his voice, the thund'ring king declares
He'll wake afresh my stupifying cares;
Afresh in mind the bitt'rest grief excite,
And to my limbs external pains unite.
Unpitying sire! thy boiling breast subside,
Or cause thy wrath the bolted wheels to guide—
O'erwhelm *Idalia's* wretched progeny,
And cease this amplitude of misery!
When on th' empurpled glade thus crush'd I lie,
Then shall thy breast heave many a cheerless sigh
Thy tears, thy sighs, shall vainly me deplore,
Of no avail thy offspring to restore."

He ceas'd. Resentment marks his glowing face;
He waves his wings to leave the gloomy space,
Shapes his bold daring flight along the skies,
Till other worlds attract him as he flies.
The *Georgium Sidus*, rightly nam'd, which rolls
Circuitous wide, to prying view unfolds
High rocks, deep caverns, grottoes, groves, and fields,
The flow'ry meadows, and the sloping hills;
The glitt'ring diamonds near the golden mines,
Clear crystal rivers, and the mountain pines;
Where various living creatures still attend,
Where altars blaze, and songs of praise ascend.
Lo! *Saturn* now at distance shines his ring:
Distracted *Eros* keeps on rapid wing;
And now like lightning he shoots o'er the skies,
Fills countless worlds with terror and surprise:
All in red heat he strikes the atmosphere
Of that big planet, since call'd *Jupiter*;
Whose belted clouds move in their course around,
High o'er the ocean and productive ground;
With showers of rain supply the fertile shore,
The bounteous good increasing still to more.
Here Love descends: no wond'rous things he spies,
Beholds no lasting pyramids arise,
No yellow ore to lure a thirst for gain,
Nor sparkling gems beneath a ransack'd plain:
Plants, herbs, and flowers, if these afford delight,
Luxuriant Nature here may tempt the sight.
Now twangs his bow to wound a quiet race
Of harmless giants, in this happy place:
What piercing shrieks, what horrors spread around!
The hollow caverns in the rocks resound:
The shaft unerring vexes every breast,
Old age and young, with sudden cares oppress'd.

His passion eas'd, oblique he swiftly flies:
His native sphere, the EARTH, attracts his eyes;
A globe all shatter'd by deluging rain,
One half the land, one half the wintery main.
Here Love appears in likeness to a star,
Or fiery comet, midst the sky afar.
Th' eastern magi solemnly express,
Jove sends a sign portending dire distress:
Amaz'd, fierce tyrants quit their pomp and pride,
Cover their faces, and flee terrify'd,
The gods beseeching humbly to suspend
The awful judgment, and their anger end.
With grief of soul, vile Cupid casts his eye
On bright APOLLO, thron'd amidst the sky,
Beholds his fire whence issu'd many a dart,
The light and heat congenial to impart.
Around his orb the world revolves its way,
Divides the seasons and the night from day;
Bright o'er his face th' irradiate sparkles blaze,
And vivid life in his meridian plays.
Apollo rose, and from his orb descends;
Supernal light his stately steps attends:
'Midst the blue sky th' abandon'd god he view'd,
Nor longer with celestial grace endu'd;
But simply boasting equal still was he
With king *Apollo*, rob'd with majesty;
Once his transparent skin and white array,
Eclips'd the gorgeous governor of day.
The Power displeas'd to hear such words resound,
Lifts from his orb sulphureous rocks around;
These burning on the disk, he makes a noise,
Withholds his beams, and darkens half the skies;
Till whirl'd, the rocks, in many a-sinking gurge,
Splash widely far the crackling fiery surge:

With looks of softness glistens o'er her face,
Her charms express the bloom of youthful grace;
A little handsome; not of form complete,
To keep the lover kneeling at her feet:
Nor long she stood, above the steps she springs,
Sits on the hay, and thus to speak begins:
'Young lad, dismiss your weak surprise and fear!
The farmer's man declar'd how you came here.
A sneaking kindness he forsooth pretends;
No more of that—let you and me be friends:
At the mid hour of night, our folks asleep,
From my warm bed in silence I did creep;
All negligent myself you see I've clad,
I flew down stairs to make you feel right glad.
How pleas'd am I!—disperse your needless fear!
Embrace your *Kate*, and play no looby here:
My best respects to some poor hind I've shown,
Can he do less than love but me alone?'
In saying this, on *Gilbert* fix'd, her eyes
Shoot wanton glances—other arts she tries:
Moves nigher still, her purpose to pursue,
And bares her snowy bosom full in view.
What fierce temptation for a lovelorn swain!
He strives to speak—'tis utterly in vain:
His every look, with wonder strange impress'd,
Displays the state of his impassion'd breast.
To such discourse he'd better not attend;
'Twere base indeed, to injure his kind friend:
Still *that* same friend, deceiv'd by *Kitty*, seem'd
A silly dupe, though otherwise esteem'd.
Now fires his blood to burn through ev'ry vein,
Now prudence cools the fiery course again;
Confus'd he stands, nor yet he silence breaks;—
Now more collected, thus he falt'ring speaks:

'Cease, O fair maid! to tempt a wretch forlorn,
And from the hay-loft quickly back return:
For me, poor wight, unworthy I must prove;
To meet with ardour due your hapless love:—
Your youthful breast a guilty passion glows,
It heats your blood, and virtue overthrows:
Yet sober judgment still shall guide my way;
I scorn the crime that would my friend betray.
He late confess'd, it were by both agreed,
Both you and him, to wed with proper speed,
Join both your wages some neat cot to rent,
And buy a pig to add to your content.'
Then to himself: 'Ah, *Jane!* unlike to she!
Were all your fond affection fix'd on me,
Nor longer like a vagrant I would roam,
But stay with thee for happiness at home.
Ne'er will to me such sacred joys belong;
I'm doom'd to know of ills a mighty throng:
My troubled soul is heavily oppress'd,
And cank'ring care corrodes my beating breast.'
He ceas'd; nor dar'd to look on her again;
One fatal smile might make his purpose vain.
The maid observant, thus resumes her lore,
But not in mood so lively as before:
'For shame, young swain, to use me so severe!
Think not I came to be insulted here:
I view'd your case, soft pity fill'd my breast,
My guilty passion finish'd all the rest:
Still not my pity, not my passion told,
Can warm a heart that stubborn is and cold;
No more I'll fondly tempt a wretch forlorn,
But from the hay-loft quickly I'll return.
My offer'd kindnesses your scorn excite;
Add not exposure to your cruel slight:

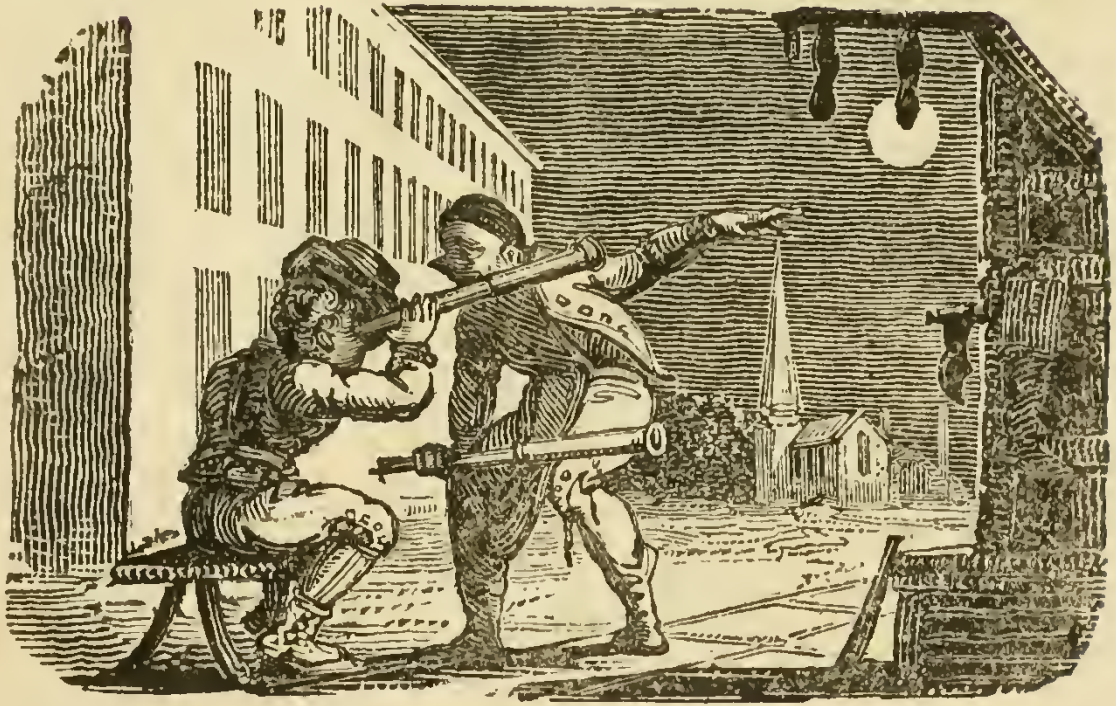
Disgrace attends whene'er the thing is known,
And I shall rue my meeting you alone.'
At which, she rising, hastily retires,
Her hopes all fled, and damp'd her amorous fires;
Back to her bed her silent way she found,
Deep sunk in sleep, with dreams of bliss she's crown'd.
Now *Gilbert* by himself is left once more,
To dwell with solemn silence as before:
The strange adventure strikes with new surprise,
Suspends his grief, and sooths his dreary sighs:
Stretch'd on the hay his weary limbs he rests;
Soft slumber comes, no more dull care molests;
Forgot his griefs, and *Jenny*'s slights and scorn,
He lies asleep, nor wakes till rising morn.

CANTO V.

ARGUMENT.

The return of day.—Mistake cleared up—Character of the farmer; his family described.—Gilbert is disappointed; proceeds on his journey.—Stubbled field, &c.—Burning the brakes.—Advantages, &c. attendant on cleanliness.

Aurora wakes the rosy dawn of day;
Our mournful lover quits his bed of hay,
Shakes off dull sloth, and thence his steps to bend,
He waits impatiently to see his friend.
The trap-door sounds, some person knock he hears;
The farmer's boy before his sight appears,
With soothing voice, inquiring kind to know
How rested he amidst his care and woe?
Young *Gilbert*, smiling, speaks as things accord,
Save of sweet *Kate* he mentions not a word;
He thinks sometime to let the matter rest,
A hidden secret in his pensive breast.
Not long they stand—the morn's too good to waste;
They o'er the threshold down the ladder haste;
To milk the cows they've cross the fields to go;
Young *Kitty* loiters near the stile below.
But what could equal *Gilbert*'s new surprise,
When first the damsel met his wond'ring eyes!
He stood convinc'd the same she could not be,
Who'd in the hay-loft been so kindly free.
He feels new joy—it glistens o'er his face,
His friend through *Kitty* suffers no disgrace:



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Yet who were she, or whence, that courting came,
He'd gladly know, but dare not ask the same.
With fodder for the cows, and pails scour'd clean,
Kate and her sweetheart walk across the green:
Poor *Gilbert* too!—how hard his sorrows press!
These lovers' joys awaken his distress.
Along the lane where clust'ring hazels grow,
And blackthorn bushes screen the weeds below,
Smooth paving-stones, laid level, keep the feet
From plunging deep midst ruts of dirt and wet.
They singly each across the flat proceed
To where the cow-barn rising tops the mead;
Down set their pails—the doors wide open stand,
Out come the cows, a lazy lowing band.
Where rails or ropes confine the spot each side,
With streams of milk the vessel's well supplied:
The loaded udder yields its valu'd store;
The kine, unloosen'd, seek the mead once more:
Not far they stray between the verdant hills,
Where grow the larches bordering the green fields;
The tender grass invites them to the plain,
Till milking-time, at eve, return again.
Now home the servants bend their steps with care;
High on their heads a store of milk they bear:
A ready hand poor willing *Gilbert* lends,
But trembling fear his slower steps attends;
He sure enough has cause to feel dismay'd,
A step awry may make him kick the glade,
Dash down his pail to flow—(most piteous sight!)
Banish his hopes, increase his wretched plight:
Just through the lane the smoothest path he seeks;
Safe on the green arriv'd, he silence breaks,

Wishing in secret guise to learn her name,
Who late at night to seek a lover came :
' I'd gladly have it well explain'd by you,
What kind of people I'm about to view ;
Instruction give where I most stand in need,
And prove to me a friend sincere indeed.
The farmer's son's or daughter's temper tell :
A deal depends, I'd fain obey them well ;
Avoiding wrong, I'd what is best pursue ;
Nor servile prove, but pay attention due.'
His friend replies, ' 'Tis meet you're told the same :
Our MASTER's one fair daughter, *Joyce* by name ;
A comely wench of sanguine mould is she,
And, when she's pleas'd, bestows her favours free :
Affront her once, nor more yourself deceive,
'Tis not her nature ever to forgive ;
Her passion rais'd, the vixen instant flies
In deadly hatred—vengeance gleams her eyes.
The sire, with anxious tenderness at heart,
Strives for the welfare of his house apart :
His duteous son becoming reverence pays,
His second wife submissively obeys.
Yet is he apt, at times, to swear them harm,
He beats the dame, drives *Richard* from the farm :
His anger vented, peace he soon restores ;
Bids both return ; his rage he long deplores.'
This spoken, safe they measure back the ground,
And in the yard the ample pails set down :
The milk warm-reeking mid the dairy stor'd,
Yields up rich cream, fresh butter to afford.
Then on the farmer next the boy attends,
While pensive *Gilbert* to the hay-loft bends :
There long he waits the grand result to know,
And clouded care with sorrow marks his brow.

Strange troubling whims his tortur'd soul assail,
And o'er his reason folly would prevail,
Vexing his mind with many a sad surmise,
New fears to form, and various doubts likewise:
The vixen *Joyce* may vent her bitter rage,
Persuade her sire no stranger to engage,
Still to prevent her being expos'd outright,
Should *Kate* e'er wish to bring the truth to light.
But soon his thoughts from wand'ring thus he stay'd;
The gentle youth at distance he survey'd,
By whose deportment easily he guess'd,
Enliv'ning hope had fled his pensive breast.
With falt'ring voice to speak the boy began:
'Ah me! ill luck betides our little plan!
My master frowns—he my endeavour foils,
Nor will admit you sharer in our toils.
Just now I've been the farmer's will to hear;
His manner seem'd unusually severe!
He says no vagrants shall his grounds infest,
Nor yet his peace or family's molest.
Refusing which more clearly to explain,
I bolder grew, and ask'd him o'er again:
Indignant then, he in a passion swore,
He'd nail me up against the first barn-door:
A broken flail in both his hands he took,
And thrice my back with mighty force he struck.
For fear of worse disaster swift I ran,
And met my *Kitty* in the narrow lane.
To whom the whole mishap I soon express'd;
Kate dropp'd a tear, and well the cause confess'd:
Thinking no harm, to noisy *Joyce* the scold,
She broke the secret, and the matter told.
At morn the daughter waits upon her sire,
Betrays us both—inveterate's her ire:

Her father swore, believing all she said,
Swore that no stroller o'er his doors should tread!
How things have chang'd! what adverse thoughts succeed!
Be you refresh'd, and on your journey speed;
Here is your breakfast, good new-milk and cake,
And here's some money, which I beg you'll take:
My spying-glass I give to you likewise,
You'll think on me whene'er it meets your eyes.
May change of place your happiness restore,
And *Jenny*'s scorn create your grief no more.
Farewell, dear friend!'—Young *Gilbert* heav'd a sigh,
Wip'd the rife tear, and thus he did reply:
'Though grateful still, your kind concern forego,
Your master's wrath increases not my woe:
Thinks he, perhaps, his prudence he'll o'errate,
And leave a wand'ring vagrant to his fate.
His daughter's words full credit must obtain,
And while he's vex'd, your pity comes in vain.
Strange as it is, I feel the less distress'd;
I might have prov'd a stupid thing at best,
More giv'n to grieve, beneath some tree reclin'd,
Than, as I ought, the farmer's work to mind.
Alas! farewell!—your spying-glass I'll take,
And keep the same a token for your sake;
But nothing more: your money I return;
You're better worthy of the whole you earn.
Farewell, for ever! Heav'n your hopes befriend!
May fortune still on all your steps attend!
And, since to me so much regard you've shown,
My gratitude I cannot less but own.'
He ceas'd; receiv'd the offer'd milk and bread;
Refresh'd by which, his way he quickly sped;

Far east the farm, with wand'ring steps he wound,
The road between the cultivated ground:
The stubbled field beyond a hedge appears,
'Cross the wood-stile his lonely course he veers:
Down the low slope, up the ridg'd hill he goes,
The stubble crackling 'neath his heavy shoes.
A mound he sees,—his glass he rests—espies,
O'er the wide waste, thick clouds of smoke arise;
With eagerness towards the spot he turns,
Beholds a heap of *braking* * as it burns.
Two lab'ring boys with fuel feed the fire,
Clear the light ashes while the flames aspire;
Then water bring to knead the whiter clay,
Form'd into balls against the market-day.
Where *cleanliness* excites the matron's pride,
To various uses are these balls applied;
The nice white hearth contrasts the red-brick floor,
The brighten'd hooks the mantel-piece explore.
Fair CLEANLINESS, sweet-scented, lovely maid!
How bless'd the cottage where thou art display'd!
Good *Health* delights to follow close thy train!
And *Poverty* may frown at thee in vain:
When thou midst want set'st out thy charms divine,
Still are we led to fancy plenty thine;
Thy magic touch gives things more value still;
And where thou dwell'st, the more content we feel.

* *Beholds a heap of braking*, &c.] In some of the waste-lands down in the north, it is usual for poorer folk to gather the plants called *brake* into different heaps, which they set fire to and burn to a calcinous state. Of the powder they make a kind of round ball, which is applied to purposes of cleanliness, and for which they find a ready sale in the neighbouring market towns. M. S.

CANTO VI.

ARGUMENT.

Gilbert proceeds on his way, and arrives at Worksop.—Solitude, &c.—Vales, groves, ruins, stagnant pond, &c.—Some gipsies offer an invitation to Gilbert.—He partakes their refreshment.—Their king makes an harangue; relates his adventures, &c.—The lover confesses what occasions his sorrows; he is derided, and takes up his lodging under a haystack.

Now on the waste lorn *Gilbert* walks more fast;
A narrow plank, laid o'er a ditch, he pass'd;
At WORKSOP town he wheels his steps around,
Where the pav'd street his hobnail'd shoes resound.
He turns a corner to the pine-topp'd hills,
Treads slow the track that leads across the fields.
Behind, in sight, the ancient ruin lies,
Nigh which a church salutes the bending skies;
Two sister towers adorn the rev'rend pile;
Curv'd windows, arching, light the long-drawn aisle
The yew-tree grows, the cypress lifts its head
Above the mansions of the mould'ring dead.
High up the hills the youth his way pursues,
Brings out his glass, the woodland site he views;
The woodland site with fatt'ning deer abounds,
Plenty of game o'erstocks the neighb'ring grounds
Down lonely vales in pensive mood he strays;
The temple ruins hail his mournful gaze:

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The crumbling domes, the colonnades, the towers,
Cast deeper gloom, and dull the solemn hours.
Drear o'er this spot our lovelorn *Gilbert* roves,
Shaping his course amidst sequester'd groves;
The box, the larch, the laurel, fair to sight,
Thrive in the shade, and gain their utmost height.
Trees of dark foliage intersect the vale,
With branches proudly rustling in the gale;
And where the waves reflect the azure skies,
Along the marsh the skirting rushes rise.
Close to a stagnant pond he bends his way;
The mantling cresses interpose his stay;
He picks the best, the worst away he throws,
Then eats his cheerless dinner ere he goes.
Clear from the rocks the gurgling stream issues;
He slakes his thirst: his journey he renews:
On the footpath, beyond the bar, he hastes,
With quicker steps. Near the road-side he rests.
Broad sturdy oaks, thick elms, and poplars high,
Stand where the fir-tree apples scatter'd lie;
Or 'neath where chesnuts ripen on each bough,
The gorse, the wilding, and the broom-flow'rs grow;
Sharp stinging nettles, rankly run in seed,
Exalt their stems o'er many a humbler weed.
More eastward now the friendless *Gilbert* bends,
Far o'er the waste a ling'ring look he lends;
With stumbling pace he hies across a field,
And seeks a path the jarring gate conceal'd.
While slowly saunt'ring, careless where he went,
Two different roads to right and left present:
A posted board the travelling stranger spies;
He faster walks, till MANSFIELD hails his eyes.
A mile from town there stood some shelt'ring trees,
Beneath sat gipsies midst their tents at ease:

The lovelorn youth approaching nigh in sight,
They hear his groans, and view his wayward plight
Amidst the gang two ember fires appear;
O'er one, three poles the boiling pan uprear,
Whence grateful steams in spiral clouds issued,
Bespoke the cooking of a *mess* of food.
These friendly gipsies beg he'd halt awhile,
Step to their tents, and ev'ry care beguile.
Invited kindly, *Gilbert* list'ning hears,
Joins with the throng, and banishes his fears.
Along the grass a whiter cloth they place,
Which various remnants of provision grace;
Delicious cates, fried fish, roast fowl, abound;
Hot savoury soup in dishes smokes around:
Low on the plain the gipsies take a seat;
With one accord invite their guest to eat:
The craving calls of nature better prove,
How unsubstantial is mere food of love.
A serving girl attends the gipsy band,
And lifts the goblets on a bench to stand;
Strong heady liquor from a vase she pours,
Fills each in turn:—loud mirth beguiles the hours.
MASTER quite sober midst the nightly feasts,
Calls out to order, and bespeaks his guests:
'Ye friends; sworn brothers! other ties than blood
Hear my decrees! let them be understood:
'Tis by our sway your sure resources spring;
My various schemes luxuriant blessings bring;
In fortunes told I sum the best events;
Nor draw conclusions to confound the sense:
I please the servants with my futile words,
And, in return, get what the place affords;
Large rounds of bread, or offal, broken meat.
Or tasteful viands, fit for kings to eat.

Grown still more bold, I seek a richer boon,
Claim my reward, a knife, or silver spoon;
Or where I find some doubtful what to do,
I'm oft compell'd the wiser girls to woo,
Spread out the cards, renew my empty lore,
Declare how soon they may the knife restore,
Till rising conscience like a vision fly,
And I decamp rewarded truly high.
Now, now's the time, the golden sun declines,
The moon, unclouded, more supremely shines;
From yonder town the taper's amber blaze
Darts through the trees, illumes the glist'ning gaze:
Up, one and all, in secret guise to go,
Explore the rails, and watch the maids below.
Where creeking sign-boards, whistling to the gale,
Express what goods the tradesmen have on sale,
Beg hard, or steel: infest the open square,
Tempt the soft girls, and loll in plenty there!
How rich in spoil, at dawn of day all met,
You'll add the value of whate'er you get!
My ample share, by right of rule, I'll claim;
'Tis I, the king, who bears you on to fame.
'Meantime observe, the young man I'll attend;
A stranger quite; but I'll his case befriend:
Our sundry laws I guess will set him right,
Awake his courage, and his powers excite.
By grand achievements in our state he'll rise,
Till, like *Carew*, his fame resounds the skies:
Another king ye will by me acquire,
Ere from the arduous office I retire.
Haste, comrades! all, to yonder town to go!
Look through the rails, entice the girls below!
Tell each her fortune, sum the best events,
And draw conclusions fitting to the sense.'

He spoke. The gang, the better to obey,
Start up in haste, the eldest lead the way;
A wicked crew, let loose in every street,
To beg, or steal, where'er they set their feet.
Where panes of glass expose the kitchen light,
They crouch to beg, or fortunes they'll recite:
The servant-girls new grievances unfold,
Still pleas'd to hear their goodly fortunes told.
But *Gilbert* now is by the king address'd:
'Pray, stranger, say, why throbs your lab'ring breast?
'Tis time to try your confidence to gain,
By telling how I came o'er these to reign.
Three years, or more, I left my native home,
A whimsied journey o'er the plains to roam;
I slowly saunter'd over hills and dales,
Thro' shady woods, o'er common-wastes, and vales;
Amidst a quarry I sat down to rest,
Feeling with hunger, thirst, and grief oppress'd.
Not far, a man in tatters I beheld,
Coming towards me 'cross the nearest field:
He said, "My son, some perquisite bestow!
Take pity on a wretch by want brought low!
Though less you give, with thanks I still accept—
Me, but relieve!"—he spoke, and loud he wept.
I answer'd thus: "Mark now! my words are true,
I've nothing here, to give to such as you;
Without a doit I travel far and wide,
My trifling wants are easily supplied.
Had I the means, your cares I'd soon o'erturn;
No more, poor soul, I'd suffer you to mourn;
But, as it is, your craving suit suspend,
Go whence you came, and seek a better friend.'
"If that's the case,"—'twas so, he made reply,
"Dismiss your grief, and stifle ev'ry sigh:

I'll you adopt to cheer my life's decline,
My ample store of riches will be thine!—
Nay, cease to laugh;—a beggar may have gold;
And I'm the king of beggars, be it told.
Come, follow me—you're worthy of my choice;
And may your fortune cause you to rejoice!"
'In saying this, with speed he went away:
I follow'd after through the new-mown hay,
Recross'd the road, retrac'd the mellow field,
Where the high trees a vagrant gang conceal'd.
"See, here's my son!" the kingly outlaw cries;
"He'll do whate'er my feeble strength denies;
And by his schemes I pray you all abide,
More valu'd they, the oftener they're tried.
Of what you get a tythe he's to receive,
Worthy his counsel which he'll deign to give:
His words observe, his *counsel* well regard,
And sure success expect for your reward."
The wond'ring crew to honour me agreed;
I gave advice how they had best proceed;
Met at a wake, or neighb'ring village fair,
To beg relief, or levy plunder there.
With diff'rent washes, walnut shells, and paint,
At times the gang brown gipsies represent,
Inflict their limbs with angry ulcers sore,
And, like maim'd sailors, beg from door to door.
'Meanwhile the king grew daily worse and worse;
Within his tent he utter'd many a curse:
A hoary miscreant! miserable thing!
Not evil deeds will kindly comfort bring.
Late one dull morn the men abroad had sped,
He feebly calling, I ran near his bed:
"*Harry*," said he, "I feel I soon shall die;
But never yet were wretch so loath as I!—

Heard ye that voice?—its summons I obey:
My glass is out!—now hark to what I say!
While cold I lie, the tearful group you'll call,
Divide my rags, and give a few to all:
This old surtout, where patch on patch appear,
Keep to yourself—my riches sav'd, lie here:
Three thousand pounds, in notes and gold, you'll find
Securely treasur'd in the seams behind.
Farewell, my son!—ah me!—what pangs of death!
O God! forgive!"—he groan'd—resigns his breath.
Compassion for the dead assails my soul;
Fast down my cheeks my tears in torrents roll.
At night the gang, with heavy sobs, I call,
Divide the rags, and give a few to all.
The old surtout, where patch on patch appear,
I keep myself, for, lo! the treasure's here!
Within the seams I privately have told
Three thousand pounds, bank notes, and sterling gold:
A tythe I claim of all the stock beside;
And still I deign each vagrant's course to guide.
'Now come, young man, your grief to me confess;
Explain the cause you suffer such distress:
If worthy found, I'll fix you with my friends,
And cheer your soul by what the king intends.'
'I crave excuse,' lorn *Gilbert* thus replied:
'And beg you will no more in me confide;
For in these parts, unhappily, I rove,
A fated youth o'ercome by stubborn love!
Ah me! 'tis love that causes my dismay,
Bends low my head—I'm grief's unwilling prey!
The cruel maid, of whom I do complain,
Inflicts new woes, and wakes the bitt'rest pain;

Her lovely image fires my beating breast,
Affects my senses, robs me of my rest:
All day, all night, my torture knows no end;
No hopes are left, but death, to stand my friend!
Till then, I will my sincere passion mourn,
Plac'd on fair *Jane* who'll make me no return:
Yet may she real happiness explore,
And heights of bliss, when *Gilbert* is no more.'
To whom the other this reply essay'd:
'Poor silly oaf! forget a scornful maid!
Or fresh in mind her cruel scorn retain,
And let your REASON meet her with disdain!
Yet, hold!—the thing which I to you propose
Too hard appears—pray nourish still your woes,
Benumb your sense, your manly powers suspend,
Create your goddess, and devoutly bend!
I read your thoughts—I see what hurts your mind;
There's no degree of spirit left behind:
Unnerv'd, grown useless by your foolish love;
Unfit to live, unfit to die, you prove.
Go then, soft lad! or better will you choose
To slumber here till morning dawn renews?
Some disappointment in my schemes I feel;
But what I've said you'll never dare reveal.'
To which the suff'rer could no more reply,
His bosom heaving many a far-fetch'd sigh:
Derision mark'd the king's contorted face,
When *Gilbert* hasted from the guilty place.
He on the road his course benighted steer'd,
And through a hedge beheld a stack late rear'd;
Beneath its welcome shelter down he lay,
Spent with fatigue, and slept till break of day.

CANTO VII.

ARGUMENT.

Daybreak, &c.—Discovery of the gipsy.—History of Herbert and Mary-Ann.—Gilbert undertakes to carry a letter; he loses himself in the fields.—The robbers, &c.—He prevents them from murdering a gentleman, whom he afterward assists in returning home.

AGAIN 'tis morn—the sparrows on the spray,
Proclaim their joy, and hail return of day:
Young *Gilbert* starts, his journey to renew,
And bids his airy lodging long adieu!
Soon o'er the meadow he attempts to pass,
Where crystal dew-drops shine the wav'ring grass;
Along the narrow-skirted path he hies;—
A strolling gipsy near a bank he spies:
Pensive his looks; a loaded box he bears,
Which resting down, his tatter'd coat he tears:
A rev'rend elm the verdant bank o'ershades;
Beneath its boughs he throws the ragged shreds:
In the clear stream bestowing well his pains,
Washes away the walnut-shell's brown stains,
Till health unfold a sweet complexion fair,
And good success reward his steady care.
Unseen stands *Gilbert*, peeping 'side the trees;
His wonder rises at the sight he sees:
Nor pow'r he feels, nor will from thence to go;
He, ling'ring, waits the final end to know.

The gentle stranger brings his loaded box,
And o'er the stones the same he soon unlocks;
Takes out clean linen fine, a suit of clothes,
A modish hat, new shoes, and silken hose.
Genteely dress'd, he quits the lonely spot:
Still seems to waver where to shape his lot:
Along the grass his empty box he throws;
And, disencumber'd, o'er the meadow goes.
Swift *Gilbert* ran—him soon he overtakes,
He bids good morn; the youth kind answer makes;
His courteous answer question fresh supplied,
Till pleas'd they walk, discoursing, side by side:
But not on trifling subjects either dwells;
His cause for grief the lovesick carrier tells.
Young *Herbert* sighs; to pity him he deigns,
And soon the LOVER's confidence he gains.
Here now in turn his story he relates;
Gilbert the more impatiently awaits:
Strange curiosity, unfelt before,
Excites the swain to hear th' eventful lore.
'Near thirty miles, whence yonder windmills stand,
My sire's estate extends far o'er the land,
A wealthy liquor-merchant still is he,
And traffics largely o'er the distant sea.
Far round about resounds his upright fame,
And far and near the poor revere his name:
His heart is open to relieve distress;
The blind of sight, the crippled lame, to bless.
'No anxious pains, no dear expense he spar'd,
To make me worthier of his best regard:
He fondly lavish'd all his kindest cares,
And hop'd by me to crown his latter years.
With nurse's help I'd scarcely learnt to run,
Ere I gave signs of being a headstrong son:

Grown up a dunce, good counsel did despise;
And heeded not my parents' tears and sighs.
Alas! what heights of wickedness I knew,
And day by day more lost to shame I grew:
I scorn'd to follow REASON's golden rules,
But stood a dupe to sundry knaves and fools.
'Twas then, by chance, I *Mary-Ann* beheld,
Whose mental charms her outward form excell'd:
Idalia's * son, his mighty power to prove,
Let fly a shaft—I deeply fell in love!
With passion warm'd, a suitor I became,
Reform'd my faults, cherish'd the gen'rous flame,
Bade all my old companions adieu,
And like a lamb, in gentleness, I grew.
My father bless'd a change so wondrous great;
And thank'd the Power reversing thus my fate!
Approving kind the merit of my choice;
And by his sanction did my heart rejoice.
No cruel bar to foil my hopes I found;
My happy lot rose envy all around;
My cup with joy seem'd ready to run o'er,
Delight supreme, and bliss unknown before.
But I had treasur'd up my hopes in vain;
Misfortune frowning, left me to complain:
A dire small-pox mischievously annoy'd
Poor *Mary-Ann*;—her charms were all destroy'd.
Nor more of heaven in her eye appear'd;
Nor more her finish'd excellence endear'd:
I thought her robb'd of every mental grace,
When I beheld destroy'd her lovely face.
See! now, a slave of beauty all-divine,
Bend with devotion at her sacred shrine,

* Cupid.

Weakly adoring outward charms, which fade ;
Nor reck'd that VIRTUE best adorns each maid.
I cool became—the match was set aside ;
Lorn *Mary-Ann* took things to heart—she died !
Her double loss of beauty and my love,
Caus'd pining grief a weight of ills to prove.
Too late compassion touch'd my stubborn soul;
Long for her sake my fruitless tears did roll.
Oh ! had she liv'd but to have been my bride,
I'd sacrific'd in pity all my pride.
Now, now, I mourn my cruelty unkind ;
Increasing anguish settles on my mind !
Had I in time to comfort her but deign'd,
I'd sav'd her life, and happiness obtain'd.
Scarce spread the news ere I from home fast fled,
Far o'er the wilds a trackless course I sped ;
Three tedious months with gipsies I have liv'd,
And day and night for *Mary-Ann* I've griev'd.
Alas ! alas !—sure every care is mine,
That wrings the soul, and leaves us to repine !
For thee, young man, methinks 'twere not amiss
To turn thy thoughts on future scenes of bliss :
Jane yet may love, joy yet thy steps await ;
And peace, attendant, bless thy humble state !'
Concluding thus, he wipes the starting tear :
Gilbert would speak ; but MANSFIELD town is near :
Where the green dragon shapes a striking sign,
Appears the inn for porter, ale, and wine !
Pensive the friends conclude their fast to break,
Nor further for a baiting place they'll seek :
On nice hot roll, rich toasted cheese, fine ale,
In parlour snug, like travellers, regale.
With hearts refresh'd, they on their journey go,
Passing the lane, the northern road below ;

Where, rais'd conspicuous by each shelving side,
Deep graven stones the space in miles divide:
There sev'ral rough-wrought characters they read,
Bend on their way, and try their utmost speed.
Shame to the man, who injur'd, in his rage,
The guiding-post, or mile-stone, near the hedge,
Merely to vex the weary wand'ring wight,
And mock the doubtful stranger's anxious sight!
Far on the road th' ungracious wretch has been,
The dints of mischief on each stone are seen;
The letter'd board defac'd, no more descries
The town, or points how far the distance lies.

Here *Herbert* sigh'd—to speak he thus began:
'Now, while we walk, I'll tell you what I plan:
I'm tir'd with rambling, homewards I'll return,
Nor more my father for my sake shall mourn.
But, once to judge how things are like to go,
First what he means concerning me I'll know;
If to forgive my faults he's yet inclin'd,
I'll better be, nor more afflict his mind.

'Three miles this side of LOUGHBRO' is seen
A modern building on a rising green:
Safe wall'd with brick, white rails are fix'd around,
The fragrant woodbines grace the gravell'd ground.
Oblige me, *Gilbert*, by one favour kind;
Carry my letter, and the merchant find:
Dwell on his action when he turns to read;
Observe it well—there rests my fate indeed;
With kind concern to what he wills, attend;
Make known my grief—'tis what I now unbend;
Do, *Gilbert*, say, how much your friend laments
His num'rous faults, and heartily repents.'

The other heard, then with a smile replied:
'All this I'll do, and thank you, sir, beside;

Gratefully bound, by this convincing proof
Of your regard for a poor hapless youth!
With woe oppress'd—o'erbearing, stubborn, woe;
'Tis all as one whichever way I go;
From place to place unsettled still I move;
And, while I travel, mourn my slighted love.
Your letter safely to your sire I'll speed,
Dwell on his action when he turns to read,
With due concern to what he wills attend,
Make known your sorrows, and your griefs unbend:
Nor doubt but he to answer kind will deign;
He'll pardon all, receive his son again.
Thus I, for once, a little joy shall have,
Ere my misfortunes bring me to my grave.'

To whom young *Herbert* answer'd in these words:

'Your kind assurance better thoughts affords;
Oh! if my father peace to me restore,
Believe your friend—I'll let you mourn no more!
A thriving farm on that bless'd day I'll buy,
Which you shall rent on terms not over high;
Your lovely *Jane* your constant spouse shall be,
And trouble cease to bear its weight on thee.
Cheer up, dear *Gilbert!* mark the words I say,
Coming from friendship, which you must obey;
A mite from my inheritance I'll give,
And thee and *Jenny* happy may ye live.'

'Thanks, gen'rous *Herbert!*' *Gilbert* quickly said,
While every look his gratitude betray'd;
'Thanks, gen'rous *Herbert!*—I the gift refuse,
Which, to accept, your friendship 'twould abuse.
Had I, indeed, of wealth a kingly store,
I still should think I'd reason to deplore!
Had I been born estates to call my own,
Jenny had lov'd me for their sake alone!

Here drives the thorn!—it makes me more distress'd—
It wounds my heart—it robs me of my rest:
Were I but wealthy, *Jenny* kind would prove;
But humble *Gilbert* she disdains to love.'

Discoursing thus, twelve tedious miles they pass'd,
And came below the hollow'd rocks at last;
Far in the distance stands a row of mills,
Along the border of the forest hills;
Where tufts of gorse, with yellow blossoms crown'd,
Wide variegate the upland rising ground:
Full many a sluggish jack-ass steals abroad,
To crop the thistle growing near the road.
Slow up the path, the friends their way pursue;
The cavern'd houses strike their prying view,
'Till bearing down to NOTTINGHAM they come,
And hear the crash of many a lumb'ring loom.

The higher folk in stately halls reside;
The streets are pav'd, the market well supplied:
Pale manufacture bears the town a name,
Its *patent lace* and stockings speak its fame.
Industry points the certain means of *gain*,
While Commerce sends her labours o'er the main,
Contrasting still, her riches' fair increase,
With rags and filth, the fruits of idleness.

Now walk they fast, nor make the least delay,
Aside the church with speed pursue their way;
The Bridge-Foot House attracts attention best,
Within they go, their weary limbs to rest.
On boil'd plum-pudding, nice roast beef, they dine:
The landlord call'd, he brings his choicest wine:
How nice the fare!—the lover scarce can find
A will to eat—affliction rends his mind.

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Here *Herbert* writes, his sorrows he reveals ;
He folds the note, which carefully he seals :
The bill discharg'd, their journey they renew,
Till noble TRENT extends before their view :
Nor long the scenes their ling'ring steps assail,
The castle rock, the lowland level vale,
The far-fam'd grove of Clifton, which inspir'd
Our WHITE * to sing, with heavenly numbers fir'd.
Across the bridge their steps they onward bend ;
And though quite weary, strive their pace to mend ;
Adown the slope, or nigh the heavy rise,
Full many a milestone strikes their eager eyes.
Arriv'd at BUNNY, *Herbert* thus began :
' Here will I wait the issue of my plan :
See where yon sign-post meets the passing sight,
The village-inn I'll make my home to-night.
Four miles from hence, the left side of the road,
You'll not mistake the merchant's fair abode :
Hear the description which I gave before,
Its front is stone ; its height, a second floor ;
White rails o'ertop the walls of brick around,
And tufted trees adorn the gravell'd ground.
Soon to my father you'll my letter give—
View well his look—oh ! may he it receive :
If things go well, inform him where I wait,
And in the morn convince me of my fate.'
He ceas'd : the letter in his hand he took,
Gave it to *Gilbert*, who, replying, spoke :
' Amidst of ills some better things remain ;
Friendship has power to banish far my pain.

* The late *Henry Kirke White*, of Nottingham, author of *Clifton Grove* and other celebrated poems.

Here will you stay the while direct I go,
With heart of zeal to dissipate your woe:
I'll to your father all your cares unfold,
Speak your repentance, and your grief of soul.
Then quick returning, whether wrong or right,
I'll bring you word, your good will to requite.'
So saying, they shake hands, and silent part:
Fresh hopes inspire young *Herbert*'s grateful heart;
His inn he seeks, the better cheer he tries,
While lovelorn *Gilbert* on his journey hies.
How fast he walks! he's on big errand sent;
Eager he feels to know the great event:
Nor more his close attention he bestow'd
On varying sights along the dusty road.
Three figur'd milestones *Gilbert* quickly pass'd:
Meeting a stile to crown his zeal at last,
This way to go he thinks less time may need;
Across he steps, his errand more to speed;
Runs up the hill, then down the valley flies,
Till night's dark shadows overspread the skies.
Alarm'd, he hurries o'er the dismal green;
No outlet thro' the banded hedge is seen.
The treacherous path at length, by slow degrees,
Leads him astray;—another road he sees:
A different cut some high rails terminate;
He's *now* confus'd; he mourns his folly late—
Poor youth! 'twere wrong the safer track to leave,
A fault which gave him other cause to grieve.
The moon up risen, he perceives he's lost:
He spies two paths, one o'er the other cross'd:
Which he shall choose, no fav'ring sprite reveals;
He's chosen wrong—it leads into the fields!
Here GILBERT stands unknowing what to do;
No wandering rustic comes within his view,

Of whom to ask, haply to find once more
The certain road he quit in evil hour.
Low droops his head: his spirits 'gin to fail!
When, lo! a cry for help, resounds the vale;
A dreadful cry—louder the noise repeats;
Poor *Gilbert*'s breast with consternation beats.
Again a shriek!—he runs with sudden speed
Towards the spot from whence the cries proceed:
Close to a wall four of the ruffian crew,
Dragging some man to murder, come in view:
A piteous scene! it gives him mortal pain!
His feeble strength to master four, how vain!
Prudence his better courage will befriend;
He schemes a plan, whate'er may be the end:
Without delay takes off his upper coat;
He holds it out, then runs toward the spot:
Shouts, 'Here they are! up, friends, we have them all!'
The frighten'd cowards scamper o'er the wall:
Guilt strikes their conscience; they feel sore afraid;
With speed they haste across the heavy glade,
In fancy picturing, by the moon's pale light,
A crowd well arm'd to intercept their flight.
Meanwhile brave *Gilbert* hastens to the swain,
Prone-lying, trembling on the skirted plain.
He lifts him up, and kindly looking said,
'Take courage! friend, the wicked rogues have fled!
Accept the ready offer of my hand:
I'll guide you safe where'er you give command:
Happy it chanc'd, that timely here I came,
To disappoint the villains in their aim.'
To whom the stranger: 'Sir, my life you've sav'd,
And gratitude has deeply *this* engrav'd;
But still I feel your offer'd help I need,
To bear my frame, enfeebled, o'er the mead.

'Tis scarce one furlong from yon chalky mound,
Where my house stands upon a rising ground;
Whence, for the future, I'll avoid with care,
Coming alone to take the evening air.'

These few words spoken, their return they haste
Across the meadow, field, and wint'ry waste;
Nor more molested, they their course pursue,
Till close at hand the king's highway they view.

CANTO VIII.

ARGUMENT.

The stranger rescued from the robbers discovers himself to be the father of Herbert.—Gilbert meets with unexpected condolence; his interview, &c.—Jenny confesses her affection; she clears up to him the singularity of her former deportment.—His excessive joy, &c.—The gratitude of the gentleman towards Gilbert for having saved his life.—Conclusion.

YOUNG *Gilbert* bless'd his well-rewarded toil,
And thank'd the Power that led him o'er the stile;
He'd been the means, through Providence divine,
To save from ruffian fury some poor hind.
The road they pass'd; our *Gilbert* did inquire
Where stood the house of *Herbert*'s wealthy sire?
His new companion answers, with a sigh,
'Tis that we seek;—a father once was I!
Ah! brave young man, say why this anxious strain?
Why ask the question? will you kind explain?
I'd once a son, by fortune led to roam—
Alas! he went, three months ago, from home!
Now stubborn grief, which still my soul assails,
Leads me to walk midst solitary vales;
Or, on the rocks, to mourn my son's hard fate,
Or 'side the stream, lamenting, early, late.
'Where solitude asserts her solemn sway,
Where, unmolested, brood the birds * of prey,

* The kites.

Oft have I seen, at eve, the sun decline,
His streaks of gold, his cloud-assemblage shine,
Till sudden anguish seiz'd upon my soul,
And ceaseless tears in mighty torrents roll.
Ah! might I hear where *Herbert* could be trac'd,
Weak as I am, I'd try my steps to haste;
His faults, though num'rous, freely I'd forgive;
He'd comfort me what few years I've to live.'
He ceas'd; nor knew that each succeeding word,
To lovelorn *Gilbert* did fresh joy afford;
The whole adventure dwells upon the sense,
It is the ordering of wise Providence.
Just as he'd shap'd an answer in reply,
The wish'd-for building strikes his eager eye;
Th' afflicted sire unlocks the garden gate,
The liv'ried servants round the portal wait.
Poor *Gilbert* meets their looks of bitter scorn;
His manner humble, and his garb forlorn;
But soon experienced a better fate,
When each one heard what did their lord relate:
'He's sav'd my life!'—the words like lightning fly;
Th' attendants often, to themselves, thus cry:
'A vent'rous act indeed! how bravely done!
The merchant will adopt him for his son!'
What scraping, cringing, what insidious lore,
To catch a smile!—his pardon they implore;
Happy they feel, who e'en a word obtain
From the late object of their proud disdain.
But *Gilbert* now young *Herbert*'s sire address'd,
Him to console, and ease his troubled breast:
'Good news I bring; much pleasure may it give,
Know that your son, whom you lament, does live!
I've left him, sir, at BUNNY, while I came,
To bring his letter.'—He presents the same.

The parent, warm with rapture, breaks the seal,
And, overjoy'd, reads what the lines reveal.
Gilbert he styles his guardian, best of friends,
While for his son his carriage quick he sends;
Along the road the lash is heard to sound,
The horses fly, and light the wheels run round.
Meanwhile poor *Gilbert*, close requested, tells
His own true tale—on *Jenny*'s hate he dwells;
In either eye reveals the glist'ning tears,
And full of trouble and concern appears.
His friend beholds with marks of new surprise,
And bids him cease his heavy groans and sighs;
Abrupt began: 'T'was you that sav'd my life;
And, in return, fair *Jane* shall be your wife!
Look not amaz'd, but hear what I express:
Jenny, your fav'rite, my best servant is;
My old housekeeper for a season hir'd
The maiden's service you've so long admir'd;
Herself she's well acquitted, just and true,
And her affection's surely fix'd on you.
A 'squire's devoirs she lately did withstand,
E'en to my steward she's refus'd her hand!
Some youth she loves, young *Gilbert* call'd by name,
And what you say evinces you're the same.
I'll ring the bell fair *Jenny* to accite,
And may you bring the matter clearly right!
If to your hopes the lovely girl's inclin'd,
Henceforth in me you both a friend shall find.'
He spoke: applying to the bell his hand,
Soon *Jenny* comes to wait on his command;
He leaves the parlour—*Gilbert* meets her eyes,
Her cheeks turn pale, tumultuous thoughts arise:
The sudden shock with joy distracts anew,
Confus'd she waits; nor wist she what to do;

Kind on the youth she casts a tender smile,
That well repays his suff'ring, pain, and toil.
'Alas!' he cries, 'such bliss I ne'er shall know!
Here seems a dream to aggravate my woe.
How hard my fate!—my breast heaves many a sigh;
What hopes are left for such a wretch as I?
Ah! say you love!—my heart with rapture beat;
Dear *Jenny*, make my happiness complete!
With kinder pity view my doleful state:
Ah! say you love! or seal my cruel fate!'
The fair one hears, and, *Gilbert* more to bless,
In softer strain her passion did confess;
Gently she blames her lover all forlorn,
Whose ill-tim'd flight had caus'd her long to mourn.
With smiles benign, to *Gilbert* thus she cries,
'Fond youth! forbear; no longer heave your sighs:
If *Jane* is lov'd, mistaken cares dismiss,
Hush ev'ry grief, and bid affliction cease!
Ah me! what joy enraptur'd my young heart,
When from the door I mark'd the tilted cart!
Pleas'd at your stay to tell my father news,
I've made believe the cleanly broom to use;
My sidelong glance appear'd quite lost on you,
But still I thought your passion kind and true;
And fondly hop'd you'd follow through the gate,
When in the garden I was led to wait.
But, through mischance, you left me to deplore,
Upbraid my foolish folly o'er and o'er;
Cry at the gifts which you so kindly brought,
And blame myself for being so much in fault.
Know too, dear *Gilbert*, you're the only swain
For whom my heart e'er felt a secret pain:
Continue still your *Jenny* to adore,
And she will cruel prove to you no more!'

To which her lover answers, wild with joy,
'Sure this is *Jane*, and not deceived am I!
What rich reward awaits my stubborn toil!
Relenting Fortune deigns on me to smile.
Adieu, ye fields! ye mountains, vales, and groves!
Midst solitude no longer *Gilbert* roves!
Fate now allots to him a paradise,
While hopes of bliss, to know no change, arise,
Say, will dear *Jane* consent to be my bride,
Dwell in a cot, and share all I provide?
Will *Jane* agree with *Gilbert* poor to live,
And good or ill, as Heaven may send, receive?
Oh! then I'm bless'd, supremely bless'd indeed!
And take from hence the best, the highest meed.'
To whom with smiles th' enchanting fair replies,
'Nor more will I my sentiments disguise;
But own the truth—young *Gilbert* I approve,
Who for my sake could solitary rove.
How much I've suffer'd for my false disdain,
Were strange to tell,—yet things come right again;
Jenny consents to be her *Gilbert*'s bride,
And share the good or ill that may betide.'
'Success attend!' the list'ning master cries;
I'd fain approach, to bid new joys arise;
The hero brave, who sav'd my life, to crown,
And fix him high above the world's hard frown.
A farm well stock'd, you, *Gilbert*, will receive,
Likewise to *Jane* one thousand pounds I'll give:
Accept this scroll, to which my hand I've set,
And hence be your felicity complete.'
So saying, from his vest the deeds he takes:
The youth beholds, and thus rejoinder makes;
'Ah, sir! your goodness more and more I see,
And thank you kind for gifts bestow'd on me.

Fair from your hands, sweet *June* becomes my bride;
Can I with her crave wealth, or aught beside?
Yet, if you please, I heartily assent,
The well-stock'd farm on mod'rate terms to rent;
Since you've a son who is indeed my friend,
And with your gift our friendship e'er might end—
Forgive me, sir!—the present I refuse,
Which to receive, your friendship 'twould abuse:
Here nothing more I dare accept from you,
To whom my gratitude's already due.'

When now young *Herbert* suddenly appears;
He'd just arriv'd—our *Gilbert*'s words he hears:
Prone at his parent's feet himself he throws,
And gushing tears declare his inward woes.
'Look o'er my faults, dear father!' he began,
And from this hour I'll ne'er offend again!
Look o'er my faults—a duteous son I'll be,
And RECTITUDE shall henceforth dwell with me!'

'Welcome, my hopes!' the aged parent cries;
I pardon all, and blessings grant besides;
You like the *Prodigal* restor'd become,
Ease and contentment still to find at home.
Let no harsh strife your future peace assail,
Nor passion o'er your judgment more prevail;
A settled calm on all your thoughts await,
Cool to determine and deliberate.
From late experience much you may have gain'd,
Better to strive your conduct to amend.
The plan of life nice principles requires;
Good wholesome counsel combats bad desires.
But my lov'd son in *Herbert* I behold,
And look'd-for joys before my face unfold;
Joys which no careful sorrows shall impede,
Kind as they come affliction to succeed.

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Still to this youth how much does *Herbert* owe!
He shielded me, braving the mortal blow!
Lone in the fields I chanc'd at eve to stray;
His courage made the murd'rers haste away:
Sav'd from their hands, 'tis mine to heap rewards;
But what I'd freely give, he disregards:
Fearing the gentle *Herbert* 'twould offend;
Foregoes the farm, to keep him still his friend.'
'Respected father!' soon the son replies,
Within my mind all troubling care subsides;
Again restor'd to your parental love,
Whate'er you do I cannot but approve:
Yet for the youth a friendship kind I feel,
I'd promis'd him in part what you reveal;
Since which, defending he your sacred life,
His be the farm, and *Jane* his faithful wife.'
At which young *Gilbert* his discourse renews:
'The goodly gift I'll now no more refuse:
I'm truly bless'd!—dear *Herbert*, see the fair!
Behold sweet *Jane*, who caus'd my anxious care!
Oh! by her love my rapture bears a date!
Crown'd with your friendship, happy is my fate!
For me there's real happiness in store,
And sorrow flies my presence evermore.'
Thus clouds and storms obscure the sun's warm ray,
Dwell on the light, and dull the face of day;
Just for a time the gloomy shroud may last,
Till the hot beam reflects a brighter cast;
Serene's the sky, all Nature shines more fair;
Th' unwelcome vapour vanishes in air.

THE STORY OF

ANCIENT PLUTO.

THE

GODS' REVENGE;

OR,

THE TRIAL OF CUPID.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

THE WINTER HERMIT,

A TALE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following pieces were composed by the Author of GILBERT, and discover a superior genius. Sometime before offering his Works to the Public, he submitted the MS. to two or three learned acquaintance, who spoke very favourably of the contents. It was however observed, that the present is not the age to encourage this kind of poetry, and compositions founded on fables of the heathen mythology will be but of little use to any writer. In deference to their opinion, it was considered to introduce the poems to the world as translations from the ancient poets, and they quickly obtained many admirers.

The Editor embraces this opportunity of declaring the real author, and it will be remarked, that the MUSE of *Gilbert* is not confined to one species of verse only; but that his poetical talents can 'soar to heights sublime,' as well as touch on the 'sweetness and simplicity of the pastoral reed.'

MILES SAPMAN.

March 25, 1809.

P. 77.

THE STORY OF

ANCIENT PLUTO.

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

Saturn having been dethroned, Jove and Opertus divide the world. Tartarus described, together with the descent of Pluto into the Elysian fields. Man disputes the sway of Jupiter, who thereupon visits him with dreadful plagues; the consequence thereof.

WHEN ancient *Saturn* from the throne was hurl'd,
His rebel sons did halve the jarring world:
Great *Jove* preferr'd OLYMPUS' stately height,
And *Pluto* HELL's low subterraneous site;
The wheels of thunder did the first demand,
The other claim'd the whole of center land:
Their varying dispositions thus confess'd,
Each came to act hereafter as express'd.
With speed *Opertus* to his kingdom rides—
To the world's end a flying car he guides;
Erebus' distant portals strike his sight,
He downward steers his coursers' rapid flight.
Each side the gates stood rocks, the Styx' drear coast,
Where *Charon* landed many a gloomy ghost;

Three-headed *Cerberus*, barking, did extend
His pond'rous chains, the entrance to defend;
Barking in vain—stern Dis * his powers applied,
And made the gates, harsh grating, open wide:
Onward he pass'd; a dragon stretch'd his stings,
And sprung up fiercely on his outspread wings
High in the air; but strong with fetters bound,
He fell more fast, and furious smote the ground.
Now wider shores appear beneath the sky;
The king directs his eagles as they fly,
And steers the car above the dismal ridge
Of burning mountains, and stupendous bridge;
One arch it forms above the foaming surge
That takes its rise from Tartarus' strong gurge,
Where the volcanoes vent, with hideous noise,
E'erlasting flames, that fire the distant skies;
And splinter'd rocks, replete with endless blaze,
Lift high their heads, and shine ten thousand rays:
Vast fragments fall below the denser sphere,
Cinders and stones are scatter'd far and near.
In this illimitable void are cast
The ruin'd systems, motionless at last!
Whose wasted orbs their places know no more,
Stay'd in their course;—the time and tide all o'er;
The suns extinguish'd, hide the face of day;
The rocks dissolve, the mountains melt away!
Hell's sulphur'ous river overflows its mound,
By slow degrees regains the craggy ground;
In other parts forsakes the lonely strand,
Leaving uncover'd tracts of dismal land:
Confusion reigns, old Chaos ever seems
To bear the heat and cold's remote extremes;

* Pluto.

A region drear, which shades of darkness bind,
Till the pyrites leave a gleam behind.
But now descended on the Elysian fields,
Pluto alights, *Jove*'s signet he reveals.
Th' imperial seat with massy diamonds bound,
Form'd a bright blaze that dazzled far around:
Four sculptur'd harpies held the cloth of state;
Six deathlike shapes below the footstool sat;
Nor far, the many-headed hydras play'd
On flageolets, resounding o'er the glade;
Twelve demi-sprites the harp Æolian strung,
And long the monarch's mighty deeds they sung.
With flattery vain, the king his state assumes,
Ascends the throne, receives his crown and plumes;
Afar and near his subjects homage pay,
And honour give to *Pluto*'s iron sway.
Meanwhile, abroad, a daring ruffian band
Denied *Jove*'s right and power to rule the land:
The thund'ring king the bolts of lightning hurl'd,
And stood resolv'd to desolate the world;
He brought the guardians of the compass'd earth,
To cause the plagues, war, pestilence, and dearth.
Presumptuous man, inhabiting abodes
Of clay, constrain'd the awful sire of gods
To shower down judgments on his guilty head,
Till mighty armies lay untimely dead.
The good *Junones* no more their care extend,
The unsuspecting female to befriend:
Deluded, lost, by * flattery express,
The virgin early falls in deep distress;

* *Deluded, lost,* &c.] Here is depictured the fate of the hapless maid who listens to the flattery of a base lover. She is led to forsake the paths of *Virtue* at an early age, and be-

Turn'd by mistaken parents out of doors,
Their pride of blood, her crime's increase restores;
Till the poor starving wretch deserted dies,
And once so lov'd, a putrid mass she lies!
Sent from their duty, *Fabulinus'* clan
No longer watch the progeny of man;
In her own offspring the forsaken maid,
To hide dishonour, drives the murd'rous blade:
High Heaven the voice of crying blood regards,
And the vile mother * Justice well rewards.
The newly-rising crops *Voluna* blights,
And fears of famine, far and near, excites:
Ceres gives aid the teeming soil no more,
But starves the lands she bless'd so late before,
When the poor tillers of the arid earth
Feel all the horrors of a certain dearth:
A scene of desolation spreads around;
Unhappy man returns a mournful sound,
His dying groans in quick succession rise,
Ascend the plain, resound the lofty skies;
Until peace-offerings by the priests are paid,
And *Jove*, repenting, stores the fruitful glade.

comes the prey of consequent distress. Her wretched parents, through a mistaken notion of family pride, turn the deluded creature out of doors, and there leave her, unreclaimed, subject to infamy. M. S.

* *And the vile mother*, &c.] If the law justly condemn the unnatural mother who destroys her offspring, what punishment should it not inflict on the *unforgiving parent*, who is actually the *destroyer*, not only of the life of his devoted child, but, it is to be feared, *in giving her up to vice*, of the *soul* likewise?—Nature and Religion, both, recoil at the idea. Alas! how many amiable daughters might have been restored, had they only obtained pardon for their first offence. M. S.

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

Proserpine gathering flowers, is seized by Pluto, and carried away from her nymphs.—He pretends love, but the maid repulses his offers.—Æuenno, sent to perform a stratagem, returns crowned with success.

But soon in *Pluto*'s ardent soul arose
Tumultuous hopes of joy and sweet repose;
With some fair partner to divide his throne,
Nor longer bear his arduous sway alone.
And it fell out, when *Proserpina* stray'd,
Far from her nymphs, along the flow'ry glade,
He met the lonely damsel on the way;
Midst *Enna*'s field did she become his prey.
Now to the ground her fragrant garland falls;
She calls her nymphs—but ah! in vain she calls!
Gulph'd in the bowels of the heavy earth,
Where without leave there was no coming forth.
Then she: 'What direful prodigies appear,
My soul convulsing with alarming fear!
Consign'd by fate to feel the worst of woe,
And suffer torments in these realms below:
But *Jove*, behold!—oh! save the early race
Of thy *Ceres*, distinguish'd by her grace!
Or strengthen her, her sorrow's weight to bear,
And stay the anguish of her deep despair!'
To whom Opertus: 'Proserpina, hear
What I design, and cease thy empty prayer!

Pluto, who widely his domain extends,
Permits thee, if thou will, to mourn thy friends,
Or fill with rapture his devoted breast;
Or one or other, be thy choice confess'd.
Torn from thy kindred and a parent's care,
No more expect to breathe thy natal air:
Ceres e'en now thy course would soon pursue,
Prying with torchlight every avenue;—
Yet she'll rejoice when thy good fortune's known,
Rais'd to the honours of a monarch's throne,
Where rules the king with arbitrary sway,
And spirits fly his mandates to obey.
Suspend thy tears, nor more lament thy fate,
Grief ill becomes the sov'reign of a state!'

Replied the maid, 'I scorn thy offer—go,
Vile as thou art, and cause of all my woe!
Had righteous *Jove* this act of thine decreed,
Thou might'st with me, tho' insolent, succeed;
But thou art false—for thine I ne'er will be,
I thee abhor, and from thy presence flee.'
She said; and sidelong cast her tearful eyes:
Straight to a cavern in the rock she flies;
There cherishing her grief, full sore distress'd,
To Heaven she prays, and all her fears express'd.
When now to his high seat the king retires,
And feels perplex'd by love's tormenting fires:
His soul sustains alternate hopes and fears;
By turns he frowns and smiles at all he hears;
Now to use brutal force he seems inclin'd;
Now he resolves on other means more kind:
A gentle scheme ingeniously he plann'd,
To gain the virgin, and ensure her hand.
The trumpet sounds, he issues his commands,
His airy powers convenes on distant lands;

Here met in consultation on the coast,
The monarch rises, and address'd his host.
'Ah! who's not heard *Opertus* oft deplore
His fate, tho' sov'reign of Hell's boundless shore!
A thousand shadowy forms his orders wait,
O'er these he reigns in solitary state:
Ceres young daughter wins his pensive breast,
And proves a tyrant in her turn at best:
From *Enna*'s vale the maid but lately came,
Yet scorns the proffer of our diadem;
Delights in fields, and flowers, and verdure gay,
And spurns the pomp our royal realms display.
Now who'll, for me, disguise himself in white,
Like to a goddess of *Cythera*'s site,
Approach the realms of beauty, mild, serene,
And take our true credentials to the queen?
To aid my wish, if *Venus* kind attend,
The welcome balm to heal my grief she'll send;
Denied, our messenger will artful play
His part, and lead her fav'rite son away.'
He paus'd; for, lo! along the dreary shore,
The waiting powers in wild commotion roar;
Applause, contempt, their varying shouts resound;
A peel of murmurs shakes the quiv'ring ground.
As ruffled waters, rushing down a steep,
Strike upon crags, and burst into the deep,
Fall'n midst the sea, the foaming breakers glide,
And ceaseless noise extends afar and wide:
So seem'd the shouts to echo 'long the coast,
Till *Pluto* calling, silence seiz'd the host.
'Twas then a spectre of the Ægean rocks,
The progeny of *Erebus* and *Nox*,
Accurs'd of *Jove*, whose altars he'd profan'd,
And sacred domes, where piety still reign'd,

Open'd a line, and pass'd amidst the clan;
An audience granted, he to speak began:
'*Pluto*, behold, how I most humbly bend,
In form disguis'd, *Cytherea* to ascend!
By thy commands, where *Venus* reigns, to go,
And bring her offspring to the shades below.
Love's awful queen, who bears the sway of gods,
Shall mourn unceasing in the bless"d abodes,
Shall mourn her son's departure from the isle,
To cheer thy hopes, and cause the fair to smile.'
Hell's sov'reign heard, then raising him, express'd,
His braver courage far excell'd the rest;
From whom he turn'd disdainful, and apart
With speed retir'd, exulting in his heart.
His secret cave *Opertus* next explores,
Scoop'd in the rocks, and opes two folding doors;
Out gush'd a light, from lamps e'er burning cast,
To guide their steps as down the aisle they pass'd:
Here diamond pillars fix the wand'ring gaze,
A length'ning range, reflecting vivid rays;
Vulcan, the architect, his skill essay'd,
And dug these caverns, that such pomp display'd.
'Now,' said the king, 'see yonder golden throne,
High o'er the rest—'tis meant for thee alone!
When thou return'st 'tis thine, a regal meed
Thee to reward, accomplishing the deed.
This vial powerful liquor does contain,
To change thy figure in the queen's domain,
The same receive—I bid farewell to thee,
Decoy the loves, and hasten back to me!'
He said, nor waited for his slave's reply;—
They part. *Æuenno* scales the lofty sky;
There swiftly rising in the azure round,
Appears, like *Iris*, with bright colours crown'd;

And near the streams that wash *Cytherea*'s site,
His robes flow smooth, and change to lucid white.
Midst cypress groves a tablet he unrolls,
The daring part he is to act unfolds;
He studies how to shape a fine address,
Trying new arts, to crown him with success.
First lovely *Venus*, by her smiles express'd
How high she held her empire o'er the rest:
From her fine eyes shot forth unerring darts,
To keep in awe, and newly conquer hearts;
Their fatal glance no living wight withstands,
But falls a slave, and waits on her commands,
The conquer'd slave to dalliance she chains,
And, as he suffers, glories in his pains.
Æuenno vex'd, his utmost power extends,
Sparkles his robes, his hair in ringlets bends;
High on his head a dazzling sun he wears,
And girds his loins with two full-blazing stars;
A warmer flush of crimson glows his face,
He walks more nimble in the sacred place:
Yet conscious fears at times the traitor show'd,
And kept at distance from each prying god.
Fresh fragrant gales blow o'er the verdant plain,
And rich perfumes, ambrosial, scent his train.
The grand assembly with a shout declare
Th' immortal stranger fairest of the fair:
Unknowingly a daring sprite they praise,
And feel still greater pleasure as they gaze.
Lightly he trips along the varied ground,
And casts his eager eyes on all around;
Ensnares the gods, excepting wiser *Jove*,
Who knew the state of grim *Opertus*' love:
High on his throne in majesty he sits,
The bold impostor to deceive permits;

So will'd his brother ever should forego
His bitter grief, and misery below.
But now *Æuenno*, his tir'd limbs to ease,
Hies where the roses blush in *Zephyr*'s breeze;
A little god, asleep on flowers, he spied,
His bow and arrows dangling at his side;
Venus's belt his snowy tunic brac'd,
And fresher garlands circled round his waist;
A silver crown adorn'd his youthful brow,
And his light wanton ringlets wav'd below.
With malice stung, the slave a dream applies,
And phantom gods convenes amidst the skies;
With one accord their voices long proclaim,
'Let EROS reign, and live the gen'rous flame!'
Made vain by flatt'ry, that each god presents,
Awake, the stripling shows his insolence,
Resolves to rule without the least controul,
And play the tyrant o'er each captive soul.
Æuenno then: 'Celestial power, give ear!
Son of *Idalia*, quit thy natal sphere!
The chief OPERTUS, and his hosts, implore
Thou'lt leave *Cytherea* for the lower shore.
Not to the cupids that on earth reside,
A spurious race, are *Pluto*'s hopes allied;
These vagrant pow'rs in baser bosoms reign,
And for small pleasure leave a world of pain:
Thron'd in the royal palace shalt thou sit,
To fill with rapture all that hear thy wit.
Come, take *Idalia*'s car, her milk-white doves,
And fly triumphant, as become the Loves!'
He spoke. The dreamer, to extend his power,
Seizes the chariot in a luckless hour;
Opertus' slave attending on the way,
To gain his ends, and lead him more astray.

CANTO III.

ARGUMENT.

Cupid arrives at Tartarus, and the reception he there meets with.—He causes great joy to Opertus, which, however, the latter dissembles.—The discourses of Pluto and Proserpine.—Conclusion.

THEM *Æolus* view'd, while fury flash'd his eyes,
And bade the dreadful tornadoes arise:
'Haste from your caves, ye winds, ascend on high,
To hurl the car of *Venus* down the sky!'
The blust'ring winds o'er *Thessaly* he steers,
Confounds the trav'llers by alarms and fears;
With roaring sound tremendous storms he brews,
Waves his broad pinions, and the god pursues.
Soon many a dart from *Love*'s bright quiver flies,
High o'er the earth, upborne amidst the skies;
The black'ning tempest gathers strength around,
Till Cupid plung'd into a sea * profound.
His silver shafts, in numbers widely strown,
O'erspread the fields, with ev'ry virtue flown,
Rais'd playful beams of lightning while they pass'd,
And still at distance, sparkled on the grass.
With fright o'ercome, *Æuenno* fast descends;
To drowning Cupid he assistance lends,
Till daylight clos'd, then took once more his way,
To guide the car where *Pluto* bears the sway.

* *Euripus;* a narrow sea between Bœotia and Eubœa.

The king beholds the car approach his throne,
His joy to hide, he speaks in threat'ning tone:
'Say, whence, or who's the slave that comes dismay'd,
Like an espial in the act betray'd;
Perhaps designing to o'erturn my host,
And faithful subjects, on the Styx' drear coast;
Bold to provoke grim *Pluto*'s vengeful ire,
To chain a traitor to Tartarean fire?'
The youthful stranger soon affrighted, cries,
'Know'st thou not me, descendant of the skies?
In *Venus*' chariot, drawn by milk-white doves,
I fly triumphant, earliest of the Loves.
While mighty *Pluto*, rich in fame, invites,
Well pleas'd I leave Cytherea's gay delights;
Here, on a throne exalted high, to sit
O'er thousands, pleas'd to hear my ready wit.'
The sullen monarch hears, and thus replies:
'Art thou young Cupid of the distant skies?
Oh! I believe, before my troubled sight
Stands a vain imp, half-drown'd, in wretched plight;
Nor this the style of *Venus*' son who aims
His feather'd shafts, to light love's fiercest flames:
Say where's thy arrows?—speak, I give thee leave;
Thy fate awaits shouldst thou dare me deceive!'
He sternly spoke; poor Cupid trembling bends;
'Have I for this forsook my kindest friends?'
Then to the king: 'While here I shap'd my flight,
Into the sea I fell a giddy height;
My quiver by the angry tempest toss'd,
I all my arrows in a meadow lost.
Accept me, liege, while at thy feet I fall;
Let joy be thine, and love, completing all!'
He ceas'd. The monarch changes his harsh tone,
And softer speaks, 'Come, stripling, near my throne;

Approach, where splendour shines upon the ground,
And mark these lower regions far around:
But not our realms, nor gay Cytherean shores,
Are worthy him, who nobler things explores!
Vile yonder seats, tho' burnish'd smooth, to stand
On diamond mountains, tow'ring o'er the land;
Vile yonder temples, vile those polish'd gates,
Jove's golden busts, and the o'erruling fates,
Fix'd on the pillars in the darker glade,
Where *Vulcan* form'd a lofty colonade:
To me, more mighty, be henceforth allied,
And, as I rule, I'll keep thee on my side;
I'll raise thee high in *Pluto*'s wide domain,
High over all, excepting me, to reign.'
He said no more, but speeds his way around
The river Styx, o'erflowing its broad mound;
He speeds his way, well pleas'd within his mind,
That his proud scheme succeeded as design'd.
Amidst the pass he *Proserpina* meets;
He smiles exulting, and the damsels greets.
Not so the maid; in sullen mood she stands:
But not a moment ere he seiz'd her hands;
Indignant then, the tear disdainful ran
From her full eyes—she sighing thus began:
'To meet thy wish I ever will refuse;
Thy hateful presence all my woes renews.
'Twere basely done, grim monarch! to assail
Ceres' weak daughter midst of ENNA's vale;
To bring her hither, in this horrid place,
And further try to urge her sure disgrace:
Oh! what obnoxious fumes aspiring roll
In sulph'rous clouds, to agitate my soul;
Without relief, I suffer by despair,
The worst, the deepest, more than I can bear!'

She ceas'd. Grim *Pluto*, much enrag'd, replied,
' Dispraisest thou my realms, which lie so wide?
The burning lakes are far apart the land,
Where golden thrones on pearly mountains stand;
The sulph'rous fumes, which roll in clouds around,
Are close confin'd within a proper bound;
E'en where we stand the richest odours rise,
From fruits and flowers, to scent the spacious skies.
' But, *Proserpine*, know thou, I'll sigh no more;
And gentle Cupid will my peace restore:
Your pleasing charms inspire a tender theme,
And prove how high they're held in my esteem;
Henceforth my queen, no more may thou express
Thy thoughts displeas'd, while DALLIANCE both may bless,
And kindly cause the raptures ever prov'd
The best in loving, and in being belov'd.'

THE GODS' REVENGE;

OR,

THE TRIAL OF CUPID.

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

Jupiter convenes Olympus, and betakes himself to travel.—Juno instigates Cupid to wound the gods; they, on the return of Jove, make a formal complaint, whereupon the culprit is brought to trial: then follows a catalogue of his crimes.—The lamentation of Venus, and the sentence passed on Cupid.

In *Africa* the softer passions reign,
Where *Venus'* son claims still his dark domain;
His colour chang'd from fair to blackest hue,
Thro' deeds unsung, O goddess! bring to view.
Once on a time great Jove, on travel bent,
Conven'd the gods, and thunder'd his intent;
Resign'd his throne in *Juno*'s hands awhile,
Forsook Olympus for the earth's low isle;
Cupid restrain'd his silver shafts to aim
And for a time suspend the gen'rous flame.
When now his queen, to jealousy inclin'd,
Unfolds the sorrows of her lab'ring mind:
'Why did the king *Idalia*'s son controul?
'Tis some base purpose of his guilty soul!

He fears the god, his active power to try,
May some vile mistress, fix'd in love, annoy,
His secret amours keeping from the view,
To torture me, his injur'd queen, anew:
He quits a palace for the lower lands,
And leaves the crown invested in my hands;
So I will set aside his late decree—
Hence he shall know what to expect from me.'
She said. In angry moment LOVE she speeds,
To aim his shafts where'er his fancy leads:
His cruelty, his mischief, know no bound;
Loud sighs of anguish rend the air around;
Till *Iris* flew, the matter to unfold,
And bade the stripling his rash hand to hold.
Cupid assail'd, his crime too late deplores:
The rainbow goddess peace to all restores;
In hopes of justice now no more they grieve:
The culprit hides who did these things achieve;
He dreads the king, afresh his sorrows roll,
And guilty terrors stupify his soul.
Meanwhile great *Jove*, arriving in far climes,
Beheld new scenes, and mark'd the growing times,
Search'd into various foibles of the mind,
And sicken'd at the folly of mankind.
He saw the stronger did the weak oppress,
The rich bore down the poor in their distress;
Worth cloth'd in rags a-foot, while villains went
In the gilt car, their thoughts on mischief bent:
The upright sons of virtue stood debas'd,
And hypocrites, encourag'd, boldy pass'd.
Jove, of the earth disgusted, took his flight,
And swift return'd to rule Olympus' height:
The queen the crown to *Jupiter* returns,
Makes due submission, long her fault she mourns:

The wounded gods approach before the throne,
Justice demanding on the boy alone.
When now the culprit leaves his rosy bower,
Impell'd to go by some superior power:
Indignant *Jove* well each amusement view'd,
Which the weak stripling, thoughtless grown, pursu'd.
Amaz'd, confounded, in the sky he flew,
And every moment more affrighted grew,
Strange consternation his red face display'd,
Till *Venus* sigh'd to see her son dismay'd.
She cries, 'My lovely offspring, how you fly?'
He, groaning, answers, 'Oh! I'm going to die!'
Distress'd, the queen alights before the throne,
And *Hermes* opens judgment midst the upper zone.
'See, where the culprit wing'd along the skies,
A train of fire presents before your eyes!
Ye gods around, the dreadful glare behold,
And give attention while Love's crimes unfold.
When the high THUNDERER sought foreign lands,
The youth arraign'd disputed his commands,
And disobeying, dar'd his shafts to aim,
Spar'd none immortal by their birth or fame;
Nor thought, while twang'd his fatal bow express'd,
The gen'rous flame, o'erheated, racks the breast,
Burns up the soul, brings forth more violent woe,
And levels gods with mortal men below!
So stands his crime expos'd—Yet all give ear,
Another heinous deed of guilt to hear;
For nothing 'scapes, though done in secret guise,
High *Jove*, the ruler of our natal skies.
'Where the clear stream of *prescience* still flows,
Whose precious sluice the things of future shows,
Cupid approach'd, defil'd the golden stream,
And rais'd the phantoms of a lively dream.

Awhile did scenes before his sight arise,
Of men on earth, and gods above the skies:
Here lay fall'n kingdoms, there a new one rears,
And various words, unspoken yet, he hears;
Sees every action, and the cause perceives
Why folly triumphs, and why virtue grieves.

'At length a river hails his prying view,
Along whose banks two rows of poplars grew;
These form'd a shade around the residence
Of craving want, dull care, and indigence:
Yet in this lonely dwelling liv'd a swain,
Whose fame was celebrated on the plain;
His noble mind, enlarg'd by deeds of arms,
Preferr'd retirement to the world's vain charms,
Refusing long before the offer'd crown,
His valour, merit, might have made his own!

'Now, while on matted straw he lay reclin'd,
Hard blew the boist'rous, cold, inclement wind;
Young Cupid flew into his dark abode,
His crimson'd cheeks mischievous ardour glow'd;
He, stamping thrice, address'd the godlike swain:
"Awake, thou mortal, to thy suff'ring pain!
See, where I stand, resolv'd on deeds of ire,
To burn you up by my consuming fire!
Know thou, the haughty, proud supernal gods
Did me affront within the high abodes!
I'll show them all what my revenge will do,
And for their faults I'll surely punish you."

'He spoke; and vex'd, his quiver down he plac'd
On the rough floor; his shining bow he brac'd:
Then to his sight he instantly applies
His crystal lens, and every shaft he tries,
Looking more closely one by one, to find
A weapon suited to his purpos'd mind.

Low kneeling on the dark, neglected ground,
The keenly arrow temper'd well he found;
A fatal arrow, whose drear barb still proves
The bitter griefs of unsuccessful loves;
Impatience, pining sorrow, doleful care,
That cause poor lovers living deaths to bear.
Soon o'er his bow the shaft he's fain to bring,
Fixing the feather'd groove across the string;
He harder strains, and all his strength extends,
Till his bow bending, joins the taper'd ends;
With sudden twang the nimble arrow flew
Right through the heart, and gushing drops issue,
Distaining deep the mould'ring straw with gore,
And rose a stream that reek'd along the floor.
What frantic deed a peerless swain to wound,
Fam'd for his virtues on terrestrial ground!
But JOVE will measure back this act of spite,
And punish Cupid of Olympus' height.'
He ceas'd. Meanwhile the trembling boy, distress'd,
Expecting judgment, smites his abject breast;
Till overpower'd amidst the crowd around,
He drops confounded on the verdant ground:
There, uncollected, owns his secret pains,
And straight is bound in adamantine chains;
A piteous sight, forsook of all the rest,
The daring tyrant who'd the gods oppress'd.
When now Love's queen her pensive silence broke,
Her tears ran streaming, thus she mournful spoke:
'Ah me! I lift my feeble arms in vain
Towards my son, to loose him from his chain—
My fav'rite son, adorn'd with every grace,
Still to endear him to my fond embrace!
Fair as the morn, young CUPID first arose,
His power was courted to ensure repose;

A lasting pleasure reign'd where'er he came,
And e'en stern *Pluto* own'd his goodly flame*!
But now how chang'd! alas! the Fates o'erwhelm
My early offspring of this happy realm;—
Yet know thou, *Jove*, if he, my *Cupid*, die,
I will for ever leave the hated sky!'
No more she said. *Idalia* died away
Amidst the choir concern'd at her dismay:
Alarm'd, they fly the goddess to relieve,
To ease her mind, and cure her heavy grief;
Th'ambrosial cordials instantly they bear,
The queen to succour, and forego her care.
Reviv'd she stands, the renovating bowl
Restores her strength, and lifts her sinking soul.
Jove's voice is heard: 'Know now my fix'd intent,
I Cupid doom to endless banishment!
He, in my absence, dar'd a swain to wound,
Whose virtues fame did far and near resound:
He dar'd, besides, my will to disobey,
A tyrant's part in these our realms to play,
Wounding the gods—a mark on him I'll fix:
All which I'll do—I swear it by the *Styx*.'
Now tearful *Venus* breaks the diamond chains,
Which still oppress'd poor *Cupid* on the plains,
And cried to *Jove*, 'Alas! thy dread decree,
How unpropitious to my son and me!
He's rig'rous doom'd to rend my anxious mind,
And leave me still to justice unresign'd;

* *Own'd his goodly flame*, &c.] Venus, in the mention of her son's various excellencies, alludes to the loves of Pluto and Proserpine. The fair daughter of Ceres was utterly averse to become the wife of Opertus till under the influence of Cupid. She afterwards became excessively fond of her husband, and submitted to share with him the sovereignty of Hell.

But I'll upbraid the ordinance of Fate
For all the woes which on his crime await.'
She spoke. Meanwhile the gods ascend the sky,
Express their triumphs while reveng'd they fly;
High o'er the mountain they their way soon bend,
And in their course the noonday beams transcend;
Alighting all within the fragrant bowers,
With bowls of nectar they beguile the hours.

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

The son of Venus bids a sorrowful adieu to his native clime; after which, the malediction of Jove is completed against him.—His final disgrace, and the creation of a new god of love.—Cupid speedily retires from Mount Olympus.

MEANWHILE mischievous *Cupid* sorely vex'd,
Flies to his grove, and feels still more perplex'd;
Loudly he groans, repentant of his crime,
Fain to disturb the joyful gods each time:
And now, on flutt'ring wing, afar he flies,
Rests on a bank, and thus he sighing cries:
'What have I done?—Oh! my affliction yields
A tearful vent!——
'Adieu, ye verdant fields!
Ye gardens, growing aromatic flowers!
Ye grottoes, winding labyrinths, and bowers!
Ye tow'ring alcoves, form'd sublimely large,
With skill divine, two duties to discharge!
Where the high walls are carv'd with nicest art,
And softer couches welcome rest impart;
The sight reliev'd by marble-sculptur'd gods,
Expressing pastimes of these bless'd abodes,
Adieu!
'Ye paths, that shine so richly fair,
Bestrown with pearls and sparkling ligures rare,
Ye are distinguish'd as the varied ground,
Form'd into angles, ovals, squares around;

Where still th' immortal amaranths display
Impressive sweets, to tempt a longer stay ;
And where the plant endu'd with sense is seen,
Still from the touch to shrink its tender green,
Adieu !

'Nor more will gentle *Flora* play,
Nor cull her flowers, to tempt my ling'ring way :
Alas ! those scenes no more shall hail my eyes ;—
I'm doom'd from hence to quit my kindred skies !
'Ye restless cascades, which precipitate,
And shape your course aslope to terminate,
By the o'erhanging rocks, dash'd white as snow,
Fall in the river, and run smooth below !
Ye distant hills, that rise a giddy height,
O'ertopp'd with trees, branch'd in romantic site,
Of leaf, some faded yellow, dark and lighter green,
And nicely bent, to form a varying scene,
Adieu ! adieu !

'OLYMPUS mount renown'd,
Farewell, your woods and cypress groves around !
Nor more to me the gods their temples rear,
Nor iv'ry domes with rose-strung wreaths appear ;
Nor more to me will sacred altars raise
The glowing flames, aspiring high to blaze !
Oh ! pardon, JOVE ! cause my sad grief to end,
Or, at the least, some comfort deign to send !'
He ceas'd ; for, lo ! before his swollen eyes
Venus appears, and mournful loud she cries,
'Ill-fated *Cupid*, take my last embrace !—
Thou must depart for ever from this place—
Alas ! thou weep'st ! Hear me, avenging *Jove !*
And spare the pleasing, youthful god of love !—
But thou disdain'st me !'—
Venus this did say
With falt'ring voice, and then she died away ;

While, in her sight, volcanic lightning play'd
Below the mount, until, above the glade,
Thick sulphur'ous clouds, uprising swift, did move,
And chang'd the colour of affrighted Love.
With piteous look, recover'd VENUS gush'd
Her tears, as from the sable god she rush'd,
Amaz'd, disgusted, while no more appear'd
The charms, by which he'd till that time endear'd.
But soon the sire, to end his daughter's sighs,
With slumber seal'd *Idalia's* tearful eyes;
Then of a rose, whose dewy leaves display'd
The freshest fragrance, he a cupid made:
Him well he deck'd with every graceful charm,
To please the goddess, and her grief disarm;
His fine blue eyes celestial lustre shin'd,
And every virtue seem'd to form his mind;
His snowy limbs were shap'd with godlike art;
His robe pure white, fit emblem of his heart.
Taught in the rules he sang a lively air,
Which did awake the soul-enchanting fair,
Venus, with rapture, folded in her arms
The beauteous boy, and did admire his charms;
Beheld his bow, and quiver, well supplied
With feather'd arrows, dangling at his side:
The playful zephyrs spread afar around
Delightful scents, from *Flora's* flow'ry ground.
Meanwhile dread thunder gradually comes
Along the sky, and over *Cupid* drums
A fearful sound, that peal'd within his ears,
Before the voice of JUPITER he hears:
'How durst thou stay where endless pleasure reigns?
Go, get thee hence to Afric's distant plains!
The sable tribe befit thy destiny;—
Fly, urchin, fly!—thy face no more I'll see!'

When now, alarm'd, black *Cupid* cheerless sighs,
Outspreads his wings, and thus aloud he cries :
' Ah me ! compell'd to leave the realms above,
Cytherea too, and *Venus*' fost'ring love,
I wish the Thund'rer would his arm extend,
And in a moment my existence end !'
He said, while waving his extended wings ;
Then from the ground, high up aloft, he springs.
The gods beheld the sooty exile rise,
And bade confusion seize him in the skies ;
They loudly shouting in the open air,
Insulted *Cupid* in his dire despair ;
Till more dismay'd, he verg'd his downward flight,
And on the burning arid shore did light.

Note by the Editor.

Ancient writers are silent with regard to the event on which the latter poem is founded ; and, if we can pardon the fault of thus preferring a subject unwarranted by any author, it is in the contrivance of the poet to cover the defect. He tells us, that Jupiter formed another Cupid *immediately*, to fill the station which the other had lost. It hereby seems very probable such a thing might have *been*, but had escaped former observation.

ALPHONSO;

OR,

THE WINTER HERMIT.

A TALE.

AH me! the north wind blows—'tis dismal night;
Fast comes the snow aslant the wintery bourn;
ALPHONSO—hapless, miserable wight!
Lies at his length on wither'd leaves to mourn.

In various ways, for seven long years, he tried
Fair Clementina's high esteem to gain;
But, AH! the prude to meet his hopes denied,
Beheld the youth with looks of fix'd disdain.

Oft would the hind his hapless flame bemoan
Where wilds responsive echo'd to the note;
Where, far from *friends*, a hermit now unknown,
He'd form'd himself a lowly mud-wall cot.

In solitude he nourishes his woes,
Wanders the sloping vale below the hill,
Seeks the lone tree that waves its leafless boughs
Aside the margin of the gurgling rill.

Near to whose brink Alphonso oft would stand;
His tears increas'd the current in its course:
On the tree's bark he grav'd, with trembling hand,
The maiden's *name* affecting him with force.

Now he's retir'd—the bitter cold wind blows,
The gathering clouds spread o'er the gloomy skies;
Beyond the distant hills it faster snows:
"Oh! come, sweet sleep!" the doleful lover cries.

How pale his cheeks! nor cease his tears to run;
He slumbering DREAMS he's loitering on a glade;
He's lost in trackless wilds:—fast sinks the sun
Below the level of the mountain's head.

He cries, "How heavily oppress'd I move,
Drooping beneath a weight of anxious care!
How vainly I my scatter'd thoughts reprove!
My heart beats high—I'm sinking to despair!

"And farewell peace—'tis fled—unhappy wight!
Where can I hope some comfort to acquire?
No happy hamlet hails my ling'ring sight,
Nor friends solacing round a cheerful fire.

"Bewilder'd still, I melancholy turn;
Amidst my grief with danger I'm beset;
Cold is the blast that whistles o'er the bourn,
Fierce the rough storm that scatters snow and wet."

Meanwhile the day drew nearer to its close:
Perplex'd in mind, Alphonso backward hies,
Round various rocks a devious track he goes,
Where the night echo answers to his sighs.

Down yonder cave's descent he bends his way,
Until transfix'd by *Fear*'s restraining dart;
When silent *Horror* starkly did essay
To claim dominion o'er his troubled heart.

Aside the rugged mould'ring cliffs in view,
Hobgoblin spectres twin'd their hideous stings;
Black genii, foul in shape, more frightful grew,
Sprung up aloft, and wav'd their batten'd wings.

Now sunk the sun: nor left one ling'ring beam,
Appall'd, Alphonso late his care repents;
Some wrinkled hags approach—unsightly seen,
To punish him for folly he laments.

He'd fain retrace the footway far around,
Pent up by demons: piteously he weeps;
He vainly stoops to grope along the ground,
The varying path with fruitless tears he steeps.

Oft on the floor of *Horror*'s curs'd abode,
His trembling hand remov'd the moss-grown stones,
Disturb'd the loathsome bigly bloated toad,
Or down morasses shook amidst of *bones*.

Then would the hiss of serpents stun his ears,
And *will o' wisps* to mock his hopes arise;
He upward looks, a fancied moon appears,
And twinkling stars deck the imagin'd skies.

Cold the damp'd air increases more severe:
Alphonso now still greater terror feels;
High o'er his head Death waves an icy spear;
His heart turns chilly, and his blood congeals.

He falls affrighted on th' envenom'd ground,
There lies he prone, to meet his end resign'd;
The hollow rocks, extending far, resound
The cheerless echo of his suff'ring mind.

"Unhappily I sought the dangerous gloom,
And in this horrid cavern lost, I die!
But Heav'n decrees to man a certain doom,
And from the sentence vain it were to fly.

"I bend beneath the power of wayward fate!
My evil stars misled me from my home,
To where huge spectres, rob'd in dismal state,
With glaring aspect issue wide to roam.

"Adieu, proud Clementina! proud as fair;
Adieu, my griefs!—for, lo! the cold pervades!
I fall a sacrifice to my despair,
And sink, unpitied, to *Oblivion*'s shades."

He said no more: benumb'd with cold he lay:
A choir of angels in the cave appears,
Diviner strains of heavenly music play;
Alphonso list'ning, banishes his fears.

Light more resplendent beam'd the stony place:
Confus'd, abash'd, the genii vile did fly;
The lurid gloom forsook the shining space,
Like orbs of smoke ascending in the sky.

And Death malign apart did swift retire,
And *noxious vermin* slunk below the plain;
A brighter ray of warmth-restoring fire
Spread wide, to renovate the drooping swain.

Alphonso on his feet did quickly rise,
To view the splendour which did soon unfold;
Around he cast his wonder-stricken eyes,
And felt surprised such glory to behold.

And now advanc'd a chariot, burnish'd neat;
From which the goddess REASON did descend;
And, while effulgence underspread her feet,
She, smiling, bade the wretched hind attend:

"Alphonso, peace! nor more thy fate upbraid,
Nor longer war with Reason—end thy care:
The powers benign have sent me to thy aid,
To set thee free from torments of despair.

"No more repeat, fond youth, the fruitless sigh,
And stay the tear that glistens o'er thy face:
Lo! the proud maid for whom thy griefs arise,
Appears divest of every mental grace.

"While silly nymphs are of their beauty vain,
To deck their charms is all they seek to know;
The signs of innate worth they still disdain,
And love to follow after outward show.

"Know thou, the sun reflects his early beams
Upon a rock where grow luxuriant vines;
Whose branches lend a shade o'er limpid streams,
Meandering through fine groves of lofty pines.

"'Tis at that rock where Virtue still attends,
To form her daughters' all-accomplish'd minds:
High o'er those mountains loud their praise ascends:
The seraph-choir in admiration joins.

" Wouldst thou be happy, poor mistaken swain!
Choose thee a nymph endu'd with excellence,
Extoll'd for one of Virtue's sacred train,
Jealous of honour, high in truth and sense.

" Such kindly intercourse would e'er excite
Affection daily better to improve,
While thy young offspring crown'd thee with delight,
Domestic bliss, endearing filial love."

Thus spoke the genius; smiles bedeck'd her face;
And to the chariot she the youth invites;
No trace of glory marks the dismal place,
But to their holds return the evil sprites.

High o'er the level of the snow-rob'd ground,
The whirling wheels roll in the darken'd sky;
The swain for joy exclaims while riding round,
And sleep no longer seals his wakeful eye.

Soon the clear vision of the brumal night
Assures his conduct for the time to come;
Reason restores the elevated wight,
Restores him safe once more to bless his home.

Now young Alphonso banishes his woes,
Among his friends an idle life he scorns;
Freed from his pain, no more of grief he knows,
He day and night his thanks to Heaven returns.

THE END.

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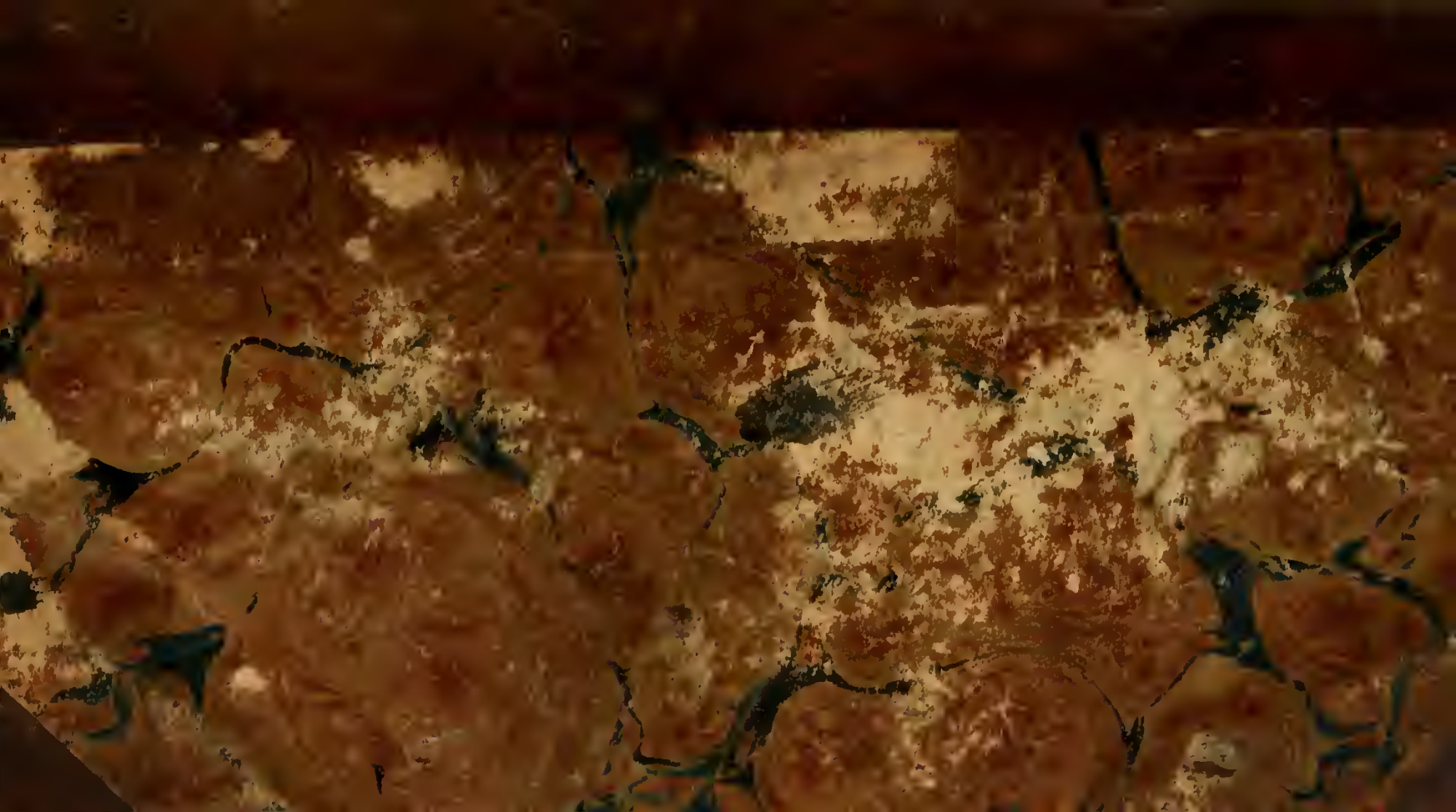
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